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CHOICE READINGS.

BY ^{OC}
ANNA T. RANDALL,
(NOW MRS. DIEHL,)
AUTHOR OF "READING AND ELOCUTION."

"He is the best orator who can turn men's ears into eyes."

7150
New and Revised Edition.



PHILADELPHIA:
E. CLAXTON & COMPANY,
930 MARKET STREET.
1883.



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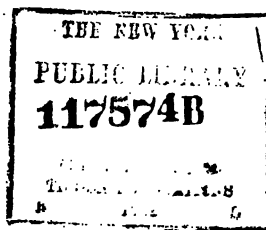
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THE CHOICE-READING SERIES.

FIFTH BOOK.

PART I.

INTRODUCTORY LESSONS.

I. ORTHOEPY.

ORTHOEPY is the correct pronunciation of words. To secure perfection in this very sub-stratum of elocution, the voice must be well drilled upon the elementary sounds of the language.

A Tonic is an unobstructed vocal tone, which is capable of indefinite prolongation.

TABLE.

ā, as in	ate	ȳ, as in	ill
ā, “	arm	ō, “	ode
ā, “	all	ō, “	ooze
ā, “	add	ō, “	ox
ā, “	ask	ū, “	mute
ē, “	eat	ū, “	up
ē, “	end	ou, “	out
ī, “	ice	oi, “	oil

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TABLE.

ā, as in	ate	ī, as in	ill
ā, “	arm	ō, “	ode
ā, “	all	ō, “	ooze
ā, “	add	ō, “	ox
ā, “	ask	ū, “	mute
ē, “	eat	ū, “	up
ē, “	end	ou, “	out
ī, “	ice	oi, “	oil

A Subtonic has vocality, but is interrupted in its passage and cannot be prolonged.

TABLE.

b,	as in	boat	r,	as in	rate
d,	"	day	th,	"	that
g,	"	gate	v,	"	vat
j,	"	jump	w,	"	wine
l,	"	lamp	y,	"	yoke
m,	"	mar	z,	"	zone
n,	"	not	z,	"	azure
ng,	"	sing			

An Atonic is made by an expulsion of whispered breath.

TABLE.

ch,	as in	chain	s,	as in	sin
f,	"	fat	sh,	"	shad
h,	"	hat	t,	"	top
k,	"	kite	th,	"	thin
p,	"	pipe	wh,	"	when

The sound of qu is like kw, x like ks, and c like s or k ; quart, ox, can, ace.

There are a few other "occasional" sounds which it is not thought necessary to give in the preceding tables.

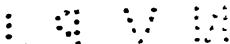
Examples for Vocal Drill.

To promote correct pronunciation and give flexibility to the organs of speech.

COMBINATIONS OF ELEMENTARY SOUNDS.

1. Vowels with single initial consonants.

bā	bī	vā	vī
bā	bō	vā	vō
bā	bō	vā	vō
bā	bō	vā	vō
bā	bū	vā	vū
bē	bū	vē	vū
bē	bow	vē	vow
bī	boy	vī	voy



tant North trampling under foot the dishonored bodies of your fathers, your wives, and your children? If not, defend yourselves! Do you wish that your fellow-countrymen should be dragged away to Siberia, or should fight for tyrants in a foreign land, or writhe in slavery beneath a Russian scourge? If not, defend yourselves! Would you see your villages in flames, and your harvest-fields in ruins? Would you die of hunger on the soil which you have cultivated with sweat and blood? If not, defend yourselves!

This strife is not a strife between two hostile camps, but a war of tyranny against freedom, of barbarians against the collective might of a free nation. Therefore must the whole people arise with the army. If these millions sustain our army, we have gained freedom and victory for universal Europe, as well as for ourselves. Therefore, O strong, gigantic people, unite with the army, and rush to the conflict. Ho! every freeman! To arms! To arms! Thus alone is victory certain. *Louis Kossuth.*

2.

Now for the fight! Now for the cannon peal!

Forward,—through blood, and toil, and cloud, and fire!
Glorious the shout, the shock, the clash of steel,

The volley's roll, the rocket's blasting spire!

They shake! like broken waves their squares retire!
On them, hussars! Now give them rein and heel;

Think of the orphaned child, the murdered sire:
Earth cries for blood! In thunder on them wheel!
This hour to Europe's fate shall set the triumph-seal!

III. The PECTORAL expresses deep-seated anger, great solemnity, despair, etc.

1.

I had a dream which was not all a dream,—
The bright sun was extinguished; and the stars

and so! mother used to have such waffles! and mother knew just how thick and just how thin to make a squash-pie! and, if I could only taste of some of mother's biscuit! Such are the comments of too many husbands when partaking of their meals. It would only be a little more cruel for the husband to throw his fork across the table, or to dash the contents of his tea-cup into his wife's face. The experience of a contrite husband is good reading for those men whose daily sauce is, "How mother did it."

Joshua Jenkins.

2.

Of all the beautiful pictures
That hang on Memory's wall,
Is one of a dim old forest,
That seemeth best of all;
Not for its gnarled oaks olden,
Dark with the mistletoe;
Not for the violets golden
That sprinkle the vale below;
Not for the milk-white lilies
That lean from the fragrant hedge,
Coquetting all day with the sunbeams,
And stealing their golden edge;
Not for the vines on the upland
Where the bright-red berries rest;
Nor the pinks, nor the pale, sweet cowslip
It seemeth to me the best. *Alice Cary.*

II. The OROTUND is used in expressing grandeur, awe, courage, emphatic command, etc.

1.

People of Hungary! Would you die under the destroying sword of the barbarous Russians? If not, defend *your own lives!* Would you see the Cossacks of the dis-

tant North trampling under foot the dishonored bodies of your fathers, your wives, and your children? If not, defend yourselves! Do you wish that your fellow-countrymen should be dragged away to Siberia, or should fight for tyrants in a foreign land, or writhe in slavery beneath a Russian scourge? If not, defend yourselves! Would you see your villages in flames, and your harvest-fields in ruins? Would you die of hunger on the soil which you have cultivated with sweat and blood? If not, defend yourselves!

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III. The PECTORAL expresses deep-seated anger, great solemnity, despair, etc.

1.

I had a dream which was not all a dream,—
The bright sun was extinguished; and the stars

Did wander darkling in the eternal space,
Rayless and pathless; and the icy earth
Swung blind and blackening in the moonless air;
Morn came, and went, and came, and brought no day.

2.

With woeful measures, wan Despair —
Low sullen sounds! — his grief beguiled;
A solemn, strange, and mingled air;
'Twas sad, by fits,— by starts, 'twas wild.

IV. The GUTTURAL is used to express hatred, revenge, contempt, etc.

Shylock. Three thousand ducats,— well.

Bassanio. Ay, sir, for three months.

Shy. For three months,— well.

Bass. For the which, as I told you, Antonio shall be bound.

Shy. Antonio shall become bound,— well.

Bass. May you stead me? Will you pleasure me? Shall I know your answer?

Shy. Three thousand ducats, for three months, and Antonio bound.

Bass. Your answer to that.

Shy. Antonio is a good man.

Bass. Have you heard any imputation to the contrary?

Shy. Oh, no, no, no, no; — my meaning in saying he is a good man is, to have you understand me that he is sufficient: yet his means are in supposition: he hath an argosy bound to Tripolis, another to the Indies; I understand moreover upon the Rialto, he hath a third at Mexico, a fourth for England; and other ventures he hath, squandered abroad. But ships are but boards, sailors but men: there be land-rats and water-rats, water-thieves and land-thieves; I mean, pirates; and then, there is the peril of

waters, winds, and rocks : The man is, notwithstanding, sufficient ; — three thousand ducats ; — I think I may take his bond.

Bass. Be assured you may.

Shy. *I will be assured I may ; and that I may be assured I will bethink me : May I speak with Antonio ?*

Bass. If it please you to dine with us.

Shy. *Yes, to smell pork ; to eat of the habitation which your prophet, the Nazarite, conjured the devil into ! I will buy with you, sell with you, talk with you, walk with you, and so following ; but I will not eat with you, drink with you, nor pray with you. — What news on the Rialto ? — Who is he comes here ?*

Enter ANTONIO.

Bass. This is Signior Antonio.

Shy. *How like a fawning publican he looks !
I hate him, for he is a Christian :
But more, for that, in low simplicity,
He lends out money gratis, and brings down
The rate of usance here with us in Venice :
If I can catch him once upon the hip,
I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him.
He hates our sacred nation ; and he rails,
Even there where merchants most do congregate,
On me, my bargains, and my well won thrift,
Which he calls interest : — Cursed be my tribe,
If I forgive him !* *Shakspeare.*

V. The PLAINTIVE is used in expressing pity, grief, etc.

1.

God bless the little feet that can never go astray,
For the little shoes are empty in the closet laid away ;
Sometimes I take one in my hand, forgetting till I see,
It is a little half-worn shoe not large enough for me,

And all at once I feel a sense of bitter loss and pain,
 As sharp as when, two years ago, it cut my heart in twain.

Oh ! the bitterness of parting can ne'er be done away
 Till I see my darlings walking where their feet can
 never stray.

When I no more am drifting upon the surging tide
 But with them safely landed upon the river side ;
 Be patient, heart, while waiting to see their shining way,
 For the little feet, in the golden street, can never go astray.

VI. The *ASPIRATE* is used in giving the whispered
 utterance of secrecy, fear, etc.

1.

"Pray you tread softly,—that the blind mole may not
 Hear a foot fall : we are now near his cell.

Speak softly !

All's hushed as midnight yet.

See'st thou here ?

This is the mouth o' the cell : no noise ! and enter."

2.

Macbeth. I have done the deed : — Did'st thou not hear
 a noise ?

Lady Macbeth. I heard the owl scream, and the crickets
 cry. Did not you speak ?

Macb. When ?

Lady M. Now.

Macb. As I descended ?

Lady M. Ay.

Macb. Hark ! Who lies i' the second chamber ?

Lady M. Donaldbain.

Macb. This is a sorry sight. [Showing his hands.

Macb. There 's one did laugh in his sleep, and one cried
"Murder!"

That they did wake each other; I stood and heard them:
But they did say their prayers, and addressed them
Again to sleep. *Shakspeare.*

VII. The FALSETTO is used in expressing terror, pain, mockery, anger, affectation, etc.

I was dozing comfortably in my easy-chair, and dreaming of the good times which I hope are coming, when there fell upon my ears a most startling scream. It was the voice of my Maria Ann in mortal agony. The voice came from the kitchen, and to the kitchen I rushed. The idolized form of my Maria Ann was perched upon a chair, and she was flourishing an iron spoon in all directions, and shouting "*Shoo — shoo*," in a general manner to everything in the room. To my anxious inquiries as to what was the matter, she screamed, "*O, Joshua, a mouse, shoo — wha — shoo — a great — shoo — horrid mouse, and it ran right out of the cupboard — shoo — go away — shoo — Joshua — shoo — kill it — oh, my — shoo.*"

NOTE. — The Nasal and the Oral are habitual and not natural qualities, and are seldom used in cultivated expressions.

III. FORCE.

Force refers to the strength or power of the voice.

I. DEGREES.

I. The MODERATE is used with the pure quality of voice.

1.

In all climates spring is beautiful. In the South it is intoxicating, and sets a poet beside himself. The birds begin to sing;—they utter a few rapturous notes, and *then wait for an answer in the silent woods.* Those green-

coated musicians, the frogs, make holiday in the neighboring marshes. They, too, belong to the orchestra of nature; whose vast theater is again opened, though the doors have been so long bolted with icicles, and the scenery hung with snow and frost, like cobwebs. This is the prelude, which announces the rising of the broad green curtain. Already the grass shoots forth. The waters leap with thrilling pulse through the veins of the earth; the sap through the veins of the plants and trees; and the blood through the veins of man. What a thrill of delight in spring-time! What a joy in being and moving! Men are at work in gardens; and in the air there is an odor of the fresh earth. The leaf-buds begin to swell and blush. The white blossoms of the cherry hang upon the boughs like snow-flakes, and ere-long our next-door neighbors will be completely hidden from us by the dense green foliage. The May flowers open their soft blue eyes. Children are let loose in the fields and gardens. They hold butter-cups under each others' chins, to see if they like butter. And the little girls adorn themselves with chains and curls of dandelions; pull out the yellow leaves to see if the school-boys love them, and blow the down from the leafless stalk, to find out if their mothers want them at home.

Longfellow.

2.

Draw up the papers, lawyer, and make 'em good and stout :
Things at home are crossways, and Betsy and I are out.
We, who have worked together so long as man and wife,
Must pull in single harness the rest of our natural life.

Will. M. Carleton.

II. GENTLE force is used in expressing tenderness, love, secrecy, caution, etc.

1.

Was it the chime of a tiny bell,
That came so sweet to my dreaming ear,

Like the silvery tones of a fairy's shell,
That he winds on the beach so mellow and clear,
When the winds and the waves lie together asleep,
And the moon and the fairy are watching the deep,
She dispensing her silvery light,
And he his notes as silvery quite,
While the boatman listens and ships his oar,
To catch the music that comes from the shore? —
Hark! the notes on my ear that play,
Are set to words: as they float, they say,
“Passing away! passing away!”

Pierpont.

III. **HEAVY** force is used in giving the language of command, exultation denunciation, etc.

1.

Envoys of Rome, the poor camp of Spartacus is too much honored by your presence. And does Rome stop to parley with the escaped gladiator, with the rebel ruffian, for whom heretofore no slight has been too scornful? You have come, with steel in your right hand, and with gold in your left. And for your gold — would ye know what we do with that, — go ask the laborer, the trodden poor, the helpless and the hopeless, on our route; ask all whom Roman tyranny had crushed, or Roman avarice plundered. Ye have seen me before; but ye did not then shun my glance as now. Ye have seen me in the arena, when I was Rome's pet ruffian, daily smeared with blood of men or beasts. One day — shall I forget it ever? — ye were present; — I had fought long and well. Exhausted as I was, your munerator, your lord of the games, bethought him, it were an equal match to set against me a new man, younger and lighter than I, but fresh and valiant. With Thracian sword and buckler, forth he came, a beautiful

defiance on his brow! Bloody and brief the fight. "He has it!" cried the people: "*habet! habet!*"

Epes Sargent.

2.

Again to the battle, Achaïans!
 Our hearts bid the tyrants defiance;
 Our land — the first garden of Liberty's tree —
 It has been, and shall yet be, the land of the free:
 For the cross of our faith is replanted,
 The pale dying crescent is daunted,
 And we march that the footprints of Mahomet's slaves
 May be washed out in blood from our forefathers' graves.

Campbell.

II. VARIATIONS OF FORCE, OR STRESS.

I. RADICAL, >. An explosive force upon the opening of the vowel; used in expressing lively description, haste, fear, command, etc.

1.

When the radiant morn of creation broke,
 And the world in the smile of God awoke,
 And the empty realms of darkness and death
 Were moved through their depths by his mighty breath,
 And orbs of beauty and spheres of flame
 From the void abyss by myriads came,—
 In the joy of youth as they darted away,
 Through the widening wastes of space to play,
 Their silver voices in chorus rang,
 And this was the song the bright ones sang:
 Away, away, through the wide, wide sky,
 The fair blue fields that before us lie,—
 Each sun with the worlds that round him roll,
 Each planet, poised on her turning pole;

With her isles of green, and her clouds of white,
 And her waters that lie like fluid light.
 For the source of glory uncovers his face,
 And the brightness o'erflows unbounded space,
 And we drink as we go the luminous tides
 In our ruddy air and our blooming sides :
 Lo, yonder the living splendors play ;
 Away, on our joyous path, away ! *Bryant.*

2.

What man dare, I dare :
 Approach thou like the rugged Russian bear,
 The armed rhinoceros, or the Hyrcan Tiger,
 Take any shape but that, and my firm nerves
 Shall never tremble. Or, be alive again,
 And dare me to the desert with thy sword !
 Hence, horrible shadow ! Unreal mockery, hence !
Shakspeare.

II. FINAL, <. An explosive force upon the closing of the vowel ; used in expressing determination, doggedness, disgust, etc.

1.

Do you hear the rain, Mr. Caudle ? I say, do you hear it ? But I don't care ; I'll go to mother's to-morrow ; I will ; and what's more I'll walk every step of the way ; and you know that will give me my death. Don't call me a foolish woman ; 'tis you that's the foolish man. You know I can't wear clogs ; and, with no umbrella, the wet's sure to give me a cold : it always does : but what do you care for that ? Nothing at all. I may be laid up for what you care, as I dare say I shall ; and a pretty doctor's bill there'll be. I hope there will. It will teach you to lend your umbrellas again. I should n't wonder if I caught my death : yes, and that's what you lent the umbrella for. *Douglas Jerrold.*

2.

Cas. Brutus, bay not me !
I'll not endure it. You forget yourself,
To hedge me in : I am a soldier, I,
Older in practice, abler than yourself
To make conditions.

Bru. Go to ! you are not, Cassius.

Cas. I am.

Bru. I say you are not !

Cas. Urge me no more : I shall forget myself :
Have mind upon your health ; tempt me no further !

Bru. You say you are a better soldier :
 Let it appear so ; make your vaunting true,
 And it shall please me well. For mine own part,
 I shall be glad to learn of noble men.

Cas. You wrong me every way, you wrong me, Brutus.
I said, an elder soldier, not a better.
Did I say better ?

Bru. If you did, I care not !

Cas. When Cæsar lived, he durst not thus have moved me !

Bru. Peace, peace : you durst not so have tempted him !

Cas. I durst not ?

Bru. No.

Cas. What ? durst not tempt him ?

Bru. For your life, you durst not !

Cas. Do not presume too much upon my love ;
I may do that I shall be sorry for. *Shakspeare.*

III. MEDIAN, . A swell upon the middle of the vowel ; used in expressing the language of grandeur, reverence, etc.

1.

Father, thy hand
 Hath reared these venerable columns, thou

Didst weave this verdant roof. Thou didst look down
Upon the naked earth, and, forthwith, rose
All these fair ranks of trees. They, in thy sun,
Budded, and shook their green leaves in thy breeze,
And shot towards heaven. The century-living crow,
Whose birth was in their tops, grew old and died
Among their branches, till, at last, they stood,
As now they stand, massy, and tall, and dark,
Fit shrine for humble worshiper to hold
Communion with his Maker. These dim vaults,
These winding aisles, of human pomp or pride
Report not. No fantastic carvings show
The boast of our vain race to change the form
Of thy fair works. But thou art here — thou fill'st
The solitude. *Bryant.*

2.

Thou, too, sail on, O Ship of State!
Sail on, O Union, strong and great!
Humanity, with all its fears,
With all the hopes of future years,
Is hanging breathless on thy fate!
We know what Master laid thy keel,
What workmen wrought thy ribs of steel,
Who made each mast, and sail, and rope,
What anvils rang, what hammers beat,
In what a forge and what a heat,
Were shaped the anchors of thy hope.
Fear not each sudden sound and shock;
'T is of the wave, and not the rock;
'T is but the flapping of the sail,
And not a rent made by the gale.
Spite of rock and tempest roar,
In spite of false lights on the shore,
Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea;
Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee.

Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,
 Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,
 Are all with thee—are all with thee. *Longfellow.*

IV. THOROUGH, □. An explosive force along the whole extent of the vowel ; used in expressing command, denunciation, bravado, braggadocio, etc.

1.

These abominable principles, and this more abominable avowal of them, demand the most decisive indignation.

2.

"Now, small boys, get out of the way ;
 Here comes the wonderful one-horse shay." *Holmes.*

V. COMPOUND, X. An explosive force upon both the opening and the closing of the vowel ; used in expressing surprise, in Irish brogue, etc.

1.

Sir Peter, would you restrain the freedom of speech ?
Knowles.

2.

"Now, Rory, be aisy," sweet Kathleen would cry,
 Reproof on her lip, but a smile in her eye ;
 "With your tricks, I don't know, in troth, what I'm about.
 Faith ! you've teased till I've put on my cloak inside out."
 "Oh ! jewel," says Rory, "that same is the way
 You've treated my heart this many a day,
 And 't is pleased that I am ; and why not, to be sure ?
 For 't is all for good luck," says bold Rory O'More.
Lover.

VI. TREMULOUS, ~~~. A waving movement of voice ; used in expressing joy, grief, fear, old age, etc.

1.

He's sinking, he's sinking,
O, what shall I do!

2.

He conquers the current,
He gains on the sea,—
O, where is the swimmer
Like Charlie Machree! *Wm. J. Hoppin.*

3.

Only waiting till the shadows
Are a little longer grown ;
Only waiting till the glimmer
Of the day's last beam is flown ;
Till the night of earth is faded
From the heart once full of day ;
Till the stars of heaven are breaking
Through the twilight soft and gray.



IV. TIME.

I. MOVEMENT OR MEASURE OF SPEECH.

I. MODERATE. — The rate used in narrative or conversational style.

1.

How June stands illuminated in the calendar! The windows are all wide open; only the Venetian blinds closed. Here and there a long streak of sunshine streams in through a crevice. We hear the low sound of the wind among the trees; and, as it swells and freshens, the distant doors clap to, with a sudden sound. The trees are heavy with leaves; and the gardens full of blossoms, red and white. *The whole atmosphere is laden with perfume and*

sunshine. The birds sing. Insects chirp in the grass. Yellow butter-cups stud the green carpet like golden buttons, and the red blossoms of the clover like rubies. The elm-trees reach their long, pendulous branches almost to the ground. White clouds sail aloft; and vapors fret the blue sky with silver threads. The white village gleams afar against the dark hills. Through the meadow winds the river, — careless, indolent. It seems to love the country, and is in no haste to reach the sea. The bee only is at work, — the hot and angry bee. All things else are at play; he never plays, and is vexed that any one should.

Longfellow.

2.

“Is there any money in it?”

Asks the calculating man —

“And shall we be sure to win it

If I join you in your plan?

I’d be richer if I’d heeded

Such advice as this before —

Let me know how much is needed,

And I’ll think the matter o’er?”

Is there any money in it? —

Is the question of the hour.

Men will listen in a minute

To your scheme, for money’s power.

Who these times can do without it?

Or who, having, wants not more?

Tell your neighbor all about it.

Let him think the matter o’er.

Some "will not invest a shilling —
 Care not to increase their store,"
 But you'll find them very willing
 When they've thought the matter o'er.

II. QUICK. — The movement of haste, joy, humor, etc.

1.

Now you see the water foaming all around. See how fast you pass that point! Up with the helm! Now turn! Pull hard! Quick! quick! quick! pull for your lives! pull till the blood starts from your nostrils, and the veins stand out like whip-cords upon your brow! Set the mast in the socket! hoist the sail! Ah! ah! it is too late! Shrieking, howling, blaspheming, over they go. *Gough.*

2.

"Ho! a sail! Ho! a sail!" cried the man at the lea,
 "Ho! a sail!" and they turned their glad eyes o'er the sea.
 "They see us, they see us, the signal is waved,
 They bear down upon us,
 They bear down upon us,
 Huzza! we are saved."

III. SLOW. — Used in giving the language of grandeur, gloom, awe, etc.

1.

Heavy and solemn,
 A cloudy column.
 Through the green plain they marching come
 Measureless spread, like a table dread,
 For the wild grim dice of the iron game.
 Looks are bent on the shaking ground,
 Hearts beat low with a knelling sound. *Schiller.*

2.

O thou eternal One! whose presence bright
 All space doth occupy, all motion guide;

Unchanged through time's all-devastating flight;
 Thou only God! There is no God beside!
 Being above all beings! Three-in-One!
 Whom none can comprehend, and none explore;
 Who fill'st existence with Thyself alone;
 Embracing all — supporting — ruling o'er —
 Being whom we call God — and know no more!
Derzhaver.

II. PAUSE OR GROUPING OF SPEECH.

1. SENTENTIAL. — Determined by the structure of the sentence, and usually indicated by the marks of punctuation.
2. RHETORICAL. — Dependent upon sense and emotion.

EXAMPLES.

- (1.) After the subject of a sentence:
 Wine | is a mocker.
- (2.) After the subject-phrase:
 The fame of Milton | will live forever.
- (3.) When the subject is inverted:
 The best of books | is the Bible.
- (4.) Before the prepositional phrase:
 The boat is sailing | across the river.
- (5.) After every emphatic word:
 William | is an honest boy.
 William *is* | an honest boy.
 William is an *honest* | boy.
- (6.) Whenever an ellipsis occurs:
 This | friend, that | brother,
 Friends and brothers all.
- (7.) In order to arrest the attention:
 The cry was | peace! peace!

V. MELODY.

I. PITCH.

Pitch refers to the elevation of sounds.

I. MIDDLE. — Used in conversational language.

Who shall judge a man from manners?
Who shall know him by his dress?
Paupers may be fit for princes,
Princes fit for something less;
Crumpled shirt and dirty jacket,
Maybe clothe the golden ore
Of the deepest thought and feeling—
Satin vests could do no more.

II. HIGH. — Indicating joy, grief, etc.

Last came JOY's ecstatic trial:
He, with viny crown advancing,
First to the lively pipe his hand addressed;
But soon he saw the brisk, awakening viol,
Whose sweet entrancing voice he loved the best.
They would have thought, who heard the strain,
They saw, in Tempe's vale, her native maids,
Amidst the festal-sounding shades,
To some unwearied minstrel dancing:
While, as his flying fingers kissed the strings,
LOVE framed with MIRTH, a gay fantastic round,
Loose were her tresses seen, her zone unbound:
And he, amidst his frolic play,
As if he would the charming air repay,
Shook thousand odors from his dewy wings.

William Collins.

III. Low. — Expresses emotions of awe, sublimity, gravity, etc.

1.

I am thy father's spirit;
Doomed for a certain term to walk the night,
And for the day confined to fast in fires,
Till the foul crimes done in my days of nature,
Are burned and purged away.

Shakspeare.

2.

With woeful measures, wan Despair —
Low sullen sounds! — his grief beguiled;
A solemn, strange, and mingled air;
'T was sad, by fits, — by starts, 't was wild.

II. MONOTONE.

Sameness of voice used in expressing solemnity, power, reverence, etc.

Thē hēavens dēclāre thē glōry ōf Gōd, ānd thē fīrmāmēnt
shōwēth His hāndy wōrk. Dāy ūntō dāy ūttērēth spēēch,
ānd nīght ūntō nīght shōwēth knōwlēdge. Thēre īs nō spēēch
nōr lānguāge, whēre thēir vōice īs nōt hēard.

Bible.

III. SEMITONE.

The progress of pitch through the interval of a half tone. Called also the Chromatic melody, because it paints pity, grief, etc.

Weary and faint,
Prone on the soldier's couch, ah, how can I rest
With this shot-shattered head, and sabre-pierced breast?

Comrades, at roll-call, when I shall be sought,
Say I fought till I fell, and fell where I fought, —
Wounded and faint.

Dying at last!

My Mother, dear Mother, with meek, tearful eye,
Farewell! and God bless you, forever and aye!
Oh, that I now lay on your pillowing breast,
To breathe my last sigh on the bosom first prest:
Dying at last!

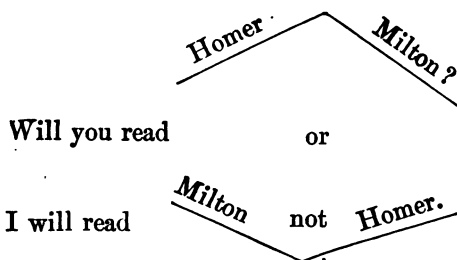
I am no saint!

But, boys, say a prayer. There's one that begins, —
"Our Father;" and then says, "Forgive us our sins," —
Don't forget that part, say that strongly, and then
I'll try to repeat it, and you'll say, Amen!
Ah, I'm no saint!

IV. SLIDES.

The Rising Slide is an upward turn of the voice.

The Falling Slide is a downward turn of the voice.



Direct questions usually require the rising slide, and
their answers the falling.

Have you heard Nilsson sing?

Yes.

Indirect questions usually require the falling slide.

When will you start for California?

V. WAVE.

The union of two or more slides upon a single sound or syllable is called a Wave. It is used in expressing contrast, sarcasm, raillery, scorn, contempt, sorrow, admiration, etc.

The DIRECT WAVE is formed by uniting the rising and the falling slides, .

I said  Mary might go.

The INVERTED WAVE is formed by the union of the falling and the rising.

Can  none but Mary go?

A SINGLE WAVE is the union of two slides, .

A COMPOUND WAVE is the union of more than two slides, .

"You forget what your situation was when I married you."
Sir Peter.

SEMITONIC WAVE.

 Pity the sorrows of a  poor old  man.

DIATONIC WAVE.

 Hail, holy light!

High on a throne of  royal state?

WAVE OF A THIRD.

I said he was  my friend.

Ah! is he  your friend, then?

WAVE OF A FIFTH, OR OCTAVE.

Yes, I said he was *my* friend.

Is he solely *your* friend?

"Must I budge?"

VI. GESTURE.

I. POSITION OF THE HAND.

1. Supine; open hand, fingers relaxed, palm upward; used in appeal, entreaty, in expressing light, joyous emotions, etc.
2. Prone; open hand, palm downward; used in negative expressions, etc.
3. Vertical; open hand, palm outward; for repelling, warding off, etc.
4. Clenched; hand tightly closed; used in defiance, courage, threatening, etc.
5. Pointing; prone hand, loosely closed, with index finger extended; used in pointing out, designating, etc.

II. DIRECTION.

1. Front; the hand descending below the hip, extending horizontally, or ascending to a level or above the head, at right angles with the speaker's body.
2. Oblique; at an angle of forty-five degrees from the speaker's body.
3. Extended; direct from the speaker's side.
4. Backward; reversely corresponding to the oblique.

ABBREVIATIONS.

R. H. S.	Right Hand Supine.
R. H. P.	Right Hand Prone.
R. H. V.	Right Hand Vertical.
B. H. S.	Both Hands Supine.
B. H. P.	Both Hands Prone.
B. H. V.	Both Hands Vertical.
D. f.	Descending Front.
H. f.	Horizontal Front.
A. f.	Ascending Front.
D. o.	Descending Oblique.
H. o.	Horizontal Oblique.
A. o.	Ascending Oblique.
D. e.	Descending Extended.
H. e.	Horizontal Extended.
A. e.	Ascending Extended.
D. b.	Descending Backward.
H. b.	Horizontal Backward.
A. b.	Ascending Backward.

DIRECTIONS.

The dotted words indicate where the hand is to be raised in preparation.

The gesture is made upon the words in capitals.

The hand drops upon the italicized word or syllable following the word in capitals. If italicized words precede the word in capitals, it indicates that the hand is to follow the line of gesture.

The following examples have appeared in several works on Elocution — The New York Speaker, Reading and Elocution, etc.

R. H. S.

D. f. This sentiment I will maintain | with the last breath of LIFE.

H. f. I appeal | to YOU, sir, for your de cis ion.

A. f. I appeal | to the great Searcher of HEARTS for the truth of what I ut ter.

D. o. Of all mistakes | NONE are so fa tal as those which we incur through prejudice.

H. o. Truth, honor, | Jus tice were his mo tives.

A. o. Fix your eye | on the prize of a truly NO ble am bi tion.

D. e. AWAY | with an idea so absurd !

H. e. The breeze of morning | wafted IN cense on the air.

A. e. In dreams thro' camp and court he bore | the trophies of a CON queror.

D. b. AWAY | with an idea so abhorrent to humanity !

H. b. Search the records of the remotest an TI quity for a parallel to this.

A. b. Then rang their proud HURRAH !

R. H. P.

D. f. Put DOWN | the unworthy feeling !

H. f. Re STRAIN the unhallowed pro pen sity.

D. o. Let every one who would merit the Christian name | re PRESS | such a feeling.

H. o. I charge you as men and as Christians | to lay a re STRAINT on all such dispo si tions !

A. o. Ye gods | with HOLD your ven geance !

D. e. The hand of affection | shall smooth the TURF for your last pil low !

H. e. The cloud of adver | sity threw its gloom over all his PROS pects.

A. e. So darkly glooms yon thunder cloud that swathes | as with a purple SHROUD Benledi's distant hill.

R. H. V.

H. f. Arise ! meet | and re PEL your foe !

A. f. For BID it, Almighty God !

H. o. He generously extended the arm of power | to ward OFF the blow.

A. o. May Heaven a VERT the cal am ity !

H. e. Out of my SIGHT, | thou serpent !

H. b. Thou tempting fiend, a VAUNT !

B. H. S.

D. f. All personal feeling he de POS ited on the *al tar* of his country's good.

H. f. Listen, I im PLORE you, to the voice of *rea son* !

A. f. HAIL! universal *Lord*.

D. o. Every personal advantage | he sur REN dered to the common *good*.

H. o. WELCOME! once more to your early *home* !

A. o. HAIL! holy *Light* !

D. e. I utterly re NOUNCE | all the supposed advantages of such a station.

H. e. They yet slept | in the wide a BYSS of possi bil ity.

A. e. Joy, joy | for EVER.

B. H. P.

D. f. Lie LIGHT ly on him, *earth* — his step was light on thee.

H. f. Now all the blessings of a glad father LIGHT on thee !

A. f. Blessed be Thy NAME, O Lord Most *High*.

D. o. We are in Thy sight | but as the *worms of the DUST* !

H. o. May the grace of God | *abide with you for EVER*.

A. o. And let the triple rainbow rest | o'er all the *mountain TOPS*.

D. e. Here let the tumults of passion | *forever CEASE* !

H. e. Spread wide a ROUND the heaven-breathing *calm* !

A. e. Heaven | opened WIDE her ever-during *gates*.

B. H. V.

H. f. . . . HENCE, hideous *specter* !

A. f. AVERT, O God, the frown of thy indignation !

H. o. Far from OUR hearts be so inhuman a feeling.

A. o. Let me not | NAME it to you, ye chaste stars!

H. e. And if the night have gathered aught of evil or concealed, dis PERSE it.

A. e. Melt and dis PEL, ye specter doubts!

VII. METHODS OF SELF-CULTURE.

The living teacher, as a model, is better than all books of rules upon elocution; yet, if the pupil cannot be drilled by a master in the art, he may study carefully some good work upon the subject, and if he is observing and has no serious defect of voice, may still make much progress in self-culture. The following exercises are recommended as helps for developing and improving the voice:

1. Breathing deeply and slowly, rapidly and explosively.
2. Reading in a whisper so distinctly as to be readily heard throughout a large room.
3. Reading loudly in doors, out of doors, and when running up hill.
4. Read slowly and rapidly alternately.
5. Read high and low alternately.
6. Read heavy and gentle alternately.
7. Increase and diminish in force alternately.
8. Read up and down the musical scale alternately.

SPECIFICS.

1. For strength of voice loud explosive exercises.
2. For distinct enunciation the whisper or an aspirated voice.
3. For smoothness the medium stress with slow time.

4. For flexibility as rapidly as possible.

5. For meeting with any measure of success, keep the eyes and ears open and *practice, practice, practice.*

The chief requisites of the reader are voice, imitation, feeling, artistic skill and common sense. Endowed with these, let the soul manifest itself in countenance, gesture and tone.



PART II.

SELECTIONS FOR READING.

A CHILD'S DREAM OF A STAR.

THERE was once a child, and he strolled about a great deal, and thought of a number of things. He had a sister, who was a child too, and his constant companion. These two used to wonder all day long. They wondered at the beauty of the flowers; they wondered at the height and blueness of the sky.

They used to say to one another, sometimes: Supposing all the children upon earth were to die, would the flowers, and the water, and the sky, be sorry? They believed they would be sorry. For, said they, the buds are the children of the flowers, and the little playful streams that gambol down the hill-sides are the children of the water; and the smallest bright specks, playing at hide-and-seek in the sky all night, must surely be the children of the stars; and they would all be grieved to see their playmates, the children of men, no more.

There was one clear shining star that used to come out in the sky before the rest, near the church-spire above the graves. It was larger and more beautiful, they thought, than all the others, and every night they watched for it, standing hand in hand at a window. Whoever saw it first, cried out, "I see the star!" And often they cried out both together, *knowing so well* when it would rise, and

where. So they grew to be such friends with it, that, before lying down in their beds, they always looked out once again, to bid it good-night; and when they were turning round to sleep, they used to say, "God bless the star!"

But while she was still very young, oh, very, very young, the sister drooped, and came to be so weak that she could no longer stand in the window at night; and then the child looked sadly out by himself, and when he saw the star, turned round and said to the patient pale face on the bed, "I see the star!" and then a smile would come upon the face, and a little weak voice used to say, "God bless my brother and the star!"

And so the time came all too soon when the child looked out alone, and when there was no face on the bed; and when there was a little grave among the graves, not there before; and when the star made long rays down towards him, as he saw it through his tears.

Now, these rays were so bright and they seemed to make such a shining way from earth to heaven, that when the child went to his solitary bed he dreamed about the star; and dreamed that, lying where he was, he saw a train of people taken up that sparkling road by angels. And the star, opening, showed him a great world of light, where many more such angels waited to receive them.

All the angels who were waiting turned their beaming eyes upon the people who were carried up into the star; and some came out from the long rows in which they stood, and fell upon the people's necks, and kissed them tenderly, and went away with them down avenues of light, and were so happy in their company that, lying in his bed, he wept for joy.

But there were many angels who did not go with them, and among them one he knew. The patient face that once had lain upon the bed was glorified and radiant, but his heart found out his sister among all the host.

His sister's angel lingered near the entrance of the star, and said to the leader among those who had brought the people thither :

"Is my brother come?"

And he said, "No."

She was turning hopefully away, when the child stretched out his arms, and cried, "O sister, I am here! Take me!" and then she turned her beaming eyes upon him, and it was night; and the star was shining into the room, making long rays down towards him as he saw it through his tears.

From that hour forth the child looked upon the star as on the home he was to go to when his time should come; and he thought that he did not belong to the earth alone, but to the star, too, because of his sister's angel gone before.

There was a baby born to be a brother to the child; and while he was so little that he never yet had spoken a word, he stretched out his tiny form on his bed, and died.

Again the child dreamed of the opened star, and of the company of angels, and the train of people, and the rows of angels with their beaming eyes all turned upon these people's faces.

Said his sister's angel to the leader: "Is my brother come?"

And he said, "Not that one, but another."

As the child beheld his brother's angel in her arms, he cried, "O sister, I am here! Take me!" And she turned and smiled upon him; and the star was shining.

He grew up to be a young man, and was busy at his books, when an old servant came to him and said:

"Thy mother is no more. I bring blessings on her darling son."

Again at night he saw the star and all that former company. Said his sister's angel to the leader:

"Is my brother come?"

And he said, "Thy mother!"

A mighty cry of joy went forth through all the star, because the mother was reunited to her two children. And he stretched out his arms and cried, "O mother, sister, and brother, I am here! Take me!" And they answered him, "Not yet;" the star was shining.

He grew up to be a man, whose hair was turning gray, and he was sitting in his chair by the fireside, heavy with grief, and with his face bedewed with tears, when the star opened.

Said his sister's angel to the leader, "Is my brother come?"

And he said, "Nay, but this maiden daughter."

And the man who had been the child saw his daughter, newly lost to him, a celestial creature among those three, and he said, "My daughter's head is on my sister's bosom, and her arm is around my mother's neck, and at her feet is baby of old time, and I can bear the parting from her, God be praised."

And the star was shining.

Thus the child came to be an old man, and his once smooth face was wrinkled, and his steps were slow and feeble, and his back was bent. And one night, as he lay upon his bed, his children standing round, he cried, as he had cried so long ago:

"I see the star!"

They whispered one another, "He is dying."

And he said, "I am. My age is falling from me like a garment, and I move towards the star as a child. And O, my Father, now I thank thee that it has so often opened to receive those dear ones who await me!"

And the star was shining: and it shines upon his grave.

Charles Dickens.

MONK FELIX.

ONE morning all alone,
Out of his convent of gray stone,
Into the forest older, darker, grayer,
His lips moving as if in prayer,
His head sunken upon his breast
As in a dream of rest,
Walked the Monk Felix. All about
The broad, sweet sunshine lay without,
Filling the summer air ;
And within the woodlands as he trod,
The twilight was like the truce of God
With worldly woe and care.

Under him lay the golden moss ;
And above him the boughs of the hemlock-trees
Waved, and made the sign of the cross,
And whispered their Benedicites ;
And from the ground
Rose an odor, sweet and fragrant,
Of the wild flowers and the vagrant
Vines that wandered,
Seeking the sunshine round and round ;
These he heeded not, but pondered
On the volume in his hand,
A volume of St. Augustine,
Wherein he read of the unseen
Splendors of God's great town
In the unknown land,
And, with his eyes cast down,
In humility he said :
" I believe, O God,
What herein I have read,
But, alas ! I do not understand ! "

And lo! he heard
The sudden singing of a bird,
A snow-white bird, that from a cloud
Dropped down,
And among the branches brown
Sat singing
So sweet, and clear, and loud,
It seemed a thousand harp-strings ringing.
And the Monk Felix closed his book,
And long, long,
With rapturous look,
He listened to the song,
And hardly breathed or stirred,
Until he saw, as in a vision,
The land of Elysian,
And in the heavenly city heard
Angelic feet
Fall on the golden flagging of the street.
And he would fain have caught the wondrous bird,
But strove in vain ;
For it flew away, away,
Far over hill and dell,
And instead of its sweet singing
He heard the convent-bell
Suddenly in the silence ringing
For the service of noonday,
And he retraced
His pathway homeward, sadly and in haste.

In the convent there was a change!
He looked for each well-known face,
But the faces were new and strange ;
New figures sat in the oaken stalls,
New voices chanted in the choir ;
Yet the place was the same place,

The same dusty walls
Of cold gray stone ;
The same cloisters, and belfry, and spire.

A stranger and alone
Among that brotherhood
The Monk Felix stood.
"Forty years," said a friar,
"Have I been prior
Of this convent in the wood ;
But for that space,
Never have I beheld thy face !"

The heart of the Monk Felix fell ;
And he answered with submissive tone,
"This morning after the hour of Prime
I left my cell,
And wandered forth alone,
Listening all the time
To the melodious singing
Of a beautiful white bird,
Until I heard
The bells of the convent ringing
Noon from their noisy towers.
It was as if I dreamed ;
For what to me had seemed
Moments only, had been hours !"

"Years !" said a voice close by.
It was an aged monk who spoke,
From a bench of oak
Fastened against the wall ;
He was the oldest monk of all.
For a whole century
Had he been there,
Serving God in prayer,

The meekest and humblest of his creatures.
He remembered well the features
Of Felix, and he said;
Speaking distinct and slow :
"One hundred years ago,
When I was a novice in this place,
There was here a monk full of God's grace,
Who bore the name
Of Felix, and this man must be the same."

And straightway
They brought forth to the light of day
A volume old and brown,
A huge tome, bound
In brass and wild boar's hide,
Wherein was written down
The names of all who had died
In the convent since it was edified.
And there they found,
Just as the old monk said,
That on a certain day and date,
One hundred years before,
Had gone forth from the convent-gate
The Monk Felix, and never more
Had entered that sacred door.
He had been counted among the dead !
And they knew, at last,
That such had been the power
Of that celestial and immortal song,
A hundred years had passed,
And had not seemed so long as a single hour !
Longfellow.

BY THE ALMA RIVER.

WILLIE, fold your little hands ;
Let it drop that "soldier" toy ;
 Father, who here kissed his boy
Not two months since, — father kind,
Who this night may — never mind
Mother's sob, my Willie dear ;
Call aloud that he may hear
Who is God of Battles, say
"O, keep father safe this day
 By the Alma river."

Ask no more, child. Never heed
Either Russ, or Frank, or Turk,
Right of nations, or of creeds,
 Chance-poised victory's bloody work.
Any flag i' the wind may roll
On thy heights, Sebastopol ;
Willie, all to you and me
Is that spot, where'er it be,
Where he stands — no other word —
Stands — God save the child's prayer heard
 By the Alma river.

Willie, listen to the bells
Ringing through the town to-day,
That's for victory. Ah, no knells
 For the many swept away, —
Hundreds — thousands ! Let us weep,
We who heed not — just to keep
Reason steady in my brain,
Till the morning comes again,
Till *the third dread morning tell*
Who they were that fought and fell
 By the Alma river.

Come, we'll lay us down, my child,
Poor the bed is, poor and hard;
Yet thy father, far exiled,
Sleeps upon the open sward,
Dreaming of us two at home;
Or beneath the starry dome
Digs out trenches in the dark,
Where he buries — Willie, mark —
Where *he buries* those who died
Fighting bravely by his side,
By the Alma river.

Willie, Willie, go to sleep,
God will keep us, O my boy;
He will make the dull hours creep
Faster, and send news of joy,
When I need not dread to meet
Those dread placards in the street,
Which for weeks will ghastly stare
In some eyes, — child, say thy prayer
Once again, a different one;
Say, "O God, Thy will be done
By the Alma river."

Dinah Maria Mulock.

"HOW HUSBAND'S MOTHER DID IT."

IF we were to suggest one thing which, above all other things combined, would most contribute to the happiness of the young housekeeper, it would be to learn how to cook as a husband's mother cooked. Mother used to make coffee so and so! Mother used to have such waffles! and mother knew just how thick or how thin to make a squash-pie! And, O, if I could only taste of mother's biscuit! Such are the comments of the husband, when partaking of

their meals. It would only be a little more cruel for the husband to throw his fork across the table, or to dash the contents of his teacup in his wife's face. The experience of a contrite husband is good reading for those men whose daily sauce is "How mother did it." He says:

"I found fault, some time ago, with Maria Ann's custard-pie, and tried to tell her how my mother made custard-pie. Maria made the pie after my receipt. It lasted longer than any other pie we ever had. Maria set it on the table every day for dinner; and you see I could not eat it, because I forgot to tell her to put in any eggs or shortening. It was economical; but in a fit of generosity I stole it from the pantry and gave it to a poor little boy in the neighborhood. The boy's funeral was largely attended by his former playmates. I did not go myself.

"Then there were some buckwheat cakes. I told Maria Ann any fool could beat her at making those cakes; and she said I had better try it. So I did. I emptied the batter all out of the pitcher one evening and set the cakes myself. I got the flour and the salt and water, and, warned by the past, put in a liberal quantity of eggs and shortening. I shortened with tallow from roast beef, because I could not find any lard. The batter did not look right, and I lit my pipe and pondered. Yeast, yeast, to be sure. I had forgotten the yeast. I went and woke up the baker, and got six cents' worth of yeast. I set the pitcher behind the sitting-room stove and went to bed.

"In the morning I got up early and prepared to enjoy my triumph; but I did n't. That yeast was strong enough to raise the dead, and the batter was running all over the carpet. I scraped it up and put it into another dish. Then I got a fire in the kitchen and put on the griddle. The first lot of cakes stuck to the griddle. The second dittoed, only more. Maria came down and asked me what was burning. She advised me to grease the griddle. I

did it. One end of the griddle got too hot, and I dropped the thing on my tenderest corn while trying to turn it around.

"Finally the cakes were ready for breakfast, and Maria got the other things ready. We sat down. My cakes did not have exactly the right flavor. I took one mouthful, and it satisfied me. I lost my appetite at once. Maria would not let me put one on her plate. I think those cakes may be reckoned a dead loss. The cat would not eat them. The dog ran off and stayed away three days after one was offered to him. The hens would n't go within ten feet of them. I threw them into the back yard, and there has not been a pig on the premises since. I eat what is put before me now, and do not allude to my mother's system of cooking." *Joshua Jenkins.*

SAM WELLER'S VALENTINE.

"I've done now," said Sam, with slight embarrassment; "I've been a writin'."

"So I see," replied Mr. Weller. "Not to any young 'ooman, I hope, Sammy."

"Why, it's no use a sayin' it ain't," replied Sam. "It's a valentine."

"A what?" exclaimed Mr. Weller, apparently horror-stricken by the word.

"A valentine," replied Sam.

"Samivel, Samivel," said Mr. Weller, in reproachful accents, "I did n't think you'd ha' done it. Arter the warnin' you've had o' your father's wicious propensities; arter all I've said to you upon this here wery subject; arter activally seein' and bein' in the company o' your own step-mother, vich I should ha' thought was a moral lesson as no man could ever ha' forgotten to his dyin' day! I

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got wot this 'ere word is," said Sam, scratching his head with the pen, in vain attempts to remember.

"Why don't you look at it, then?" inquired Mr. Weller.

"So I *am* a lookin' at it," replied Sam, "but there's another blot: here's a 'c,' and a 'i,' and a 'd.'"

"Circumwented, p'rhaps," suggested Mr. Weller.

"No, it ain't that," said Sam: "'circumscribed,' that's it."

"That ain't as good a word as circumwented, Sammy," said Mr. Weller, gravely.

"Think not?" said Sam.

"Nothin' like it," replied his father.

"But don't you think it means more?" inquired Sam.

"Vell, p'rhaps it's a more tenderer word," said Mr. Weller, after a few moments' reflection. "Go on, Sammy."

"'Feel myself ashamed and completely circumscribed in a dressin' of you, for you are a nice girl, and nothin' but it.'"

"That's a wery pretty sentiment," said the elder Mr. Weller, removing his pipe to make way for the remark.

"Yes, think it's rayther good," observed Sam, highly flattered.

"Wot I like in that 'ere style of writin'," said the elder Mr. Weller, "is, that there ain't no callin' names in it, — no Wenuses, nor nothin' o' that kind; wot's the good o' callin' a young 'ooman a Venus or a angel, Sammy?"

"Ah! what indeed?" replied Sam.

"You might just as well call her a griffin, or a unicorn, or a king's arms at once, which is wery well known to be a col-lection o' fabulous animals," added Mr. Weller.

"Just as well," replied Sam.

"Drive on, Sam," said Mr. Weller.

Sam complied with the request, and proceeded as fol-

lows: his father continuing to smoke with a mixed expression of wisdom and complacency.

“‘Afore i see you i thought all women was alike.’”

“So they are,” observed the elder Mr. Weller, emphatically.

“‘But now,’” continued Sam, “‘now i find what a reg’lar soft-headed, ink-red’lous turnip i must ha’ been, for there ain’t nobody like you, though i like you better than nothin’ at all.’ I thought it best to make that rayther strong,” said Sam, looking up.

Mr. Weller nodded approvingly, and Sam resumed.

“‘So I take the privilidge of the day, Mary, my dear, — as the gen’lem’n in difficulties did, ven he valked out of a Sunday, — to tell you that the first and only time i see you your likeness was took on my hart in much quicker time and brighter colors than ever a likeness was taken by the profeel macheen, (which p’rhaps you may have heerd on Mary, my dear,) although it *does* finish a portrait and put the frame and glass on complete with a hook at the end to hang it up by, and all in two minutes and a quarter.’”

“I am afeerd that werges on the poetical, Sammy,” said Mr. Weller, dubiously.

“No, it don’t,” replied Sam, reading on very quickly to avoid contesting the point.

“‘Except of me, Mary, my dear, as your valentine, and think over what I’ve said. My dear Mary I will now conclude.’ That’s all,” said Sam.

“That’s rayther a sudden pull up, ain’t it, Sammy?” inquired Mr. Weller.

“Not a bit on it,” said Sam; “she’ll vish there wos more, and that’s the great art o’ letter writin’.”

“Well,” said Mr. Weller, “there’s somethin’ in that; and I wish your mother-in-law ’ud only conduct her con-

versation on the same gen-teel principle. Ain't you a goin' to sign it?"

"That's the difficulty," said Sam; "I don't know what to sign it."

"Sign it — Veller," said the oldest surviving proprietor of that name.

"Won't do," said Sam. "Never sign a valentine with your own name."

"Sign it Pickvick, then," said Mr. Weller; "it's a werry good name, and a easy one to spell."

"The werry thing," said Sam. "I *could* end with a werse: what do you think?"

"I don't like it, Sam," rejoined Mr. Weller. "I never know'd a respectable coachman as wrote poetry; 'cept one as made an affectin' copy o' werse the night afore he wos hung for a highway robbery, and *he* was only a Cambervell, so even that's no rule."

But Sam was not to be dissuaded from the poetical idea that had occurred to him, so he signed the letter, —

"Your love-sick
Pickwick."

Charles Dickens, Adapted.

THE BURNING SHIP.

THE storm o'er the ocean flew furious and fast,
And the waves rose in foam at the voice of the blast,
And heavily labored the gale-beaten ship,
Like a stout-hearted swimmer, the spray at his lip;
And dark was the sky o'er the mariner's path,
Save when the wild lightning illumined in wrath.

A young mother knelt in the cabin below,
And pressing her babe to her bosom of snow,

lows: his father continuing to smoke with a mixed expression of wisdom and complacency.

“‘Afore i see you i thought all women was alike.’”

“So they are,” observed the elder Mr. Weller, emphatically.

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And the smoke in thick wreaths mounted higher and higher.

"O God, it is fearful to perish by fire."

Alone with destruction, alone on the sea,

"Great Father of mercy, our hope is in thee."

Sad at heart and resigned, yet undaunted and brave,

They lowered the boat, a mere speck on the wave.

First entered the mother, infolding her child :

It knew she caressed it, looked upward and smiled.

Cold, cold was the night as they drifted away,

And mistily dawned o'er the pathway the day : —

And they prayed for the light, and at noontide about,

The sun o'er the waters shone joyously out.

"Ho! a sail! Ho! a sail!" cried the man at the lea,

"Ho! a sail!" and they turned their glad eyes o'er the sea.

"They see us, they see us, the signal is waved!

They bear down upon us, they bear down upon us :

Huzza! we are saved."

STORMY DAYS.

THERE are two ways of looking at stormy days. One is to regard them in the light of our own personal convenience. We *must* so regard them. When men are administering a public trust, and storms intervene, they cannot regard them from an æsthetical point of view. They cannot stop to admire the clouds, or to enjoy the sweet influences of nature. The thought and the feeling must be low and personal under such circumstances. And we are apt to make them so at any time when the weather is such as to interfere with our ease, or comfort, or plans.

A wet day is a day of umbrellas and rubbers to us. We sink it and lose it in the merest, and, I may say, the meanest, matters of personal convenience. It is a day of

interruption to our pleasures. It is a day on which we must prorogue some joys which we have ordained for ourselves. So we are frequently filled with discontent while God is unrolling in panorama before us innumerable wonders, which our condition of mind unfits us for seeing, and which are to be seen but once.

Storms never repeat themselves. There is something new in every storm. In every storm there are new designs and new developments. We lose these things often by looking in a peevish, selfish way at the diversities of the season and the weather.

Now, although it seems to us as if the perturbations of the seasons were interruptions, the year is harmoniously one. All calms, and shinings, and brightness, and storms, and ragings of the elements, are a part of the completed whole. Storms have just as much to do in nourishing the year as calms have. The seasons are not accidental. God provided for the winter as much as for the summer. There is as much evidence of divine wisdom in the winter as in the summer. Although we find more agreeable signs of the nourishing care of God in summer, yet there is a divine thoughtfulness, genial and kind and wise, even in winter, and in the stormiest days of winter.

As it is with nature, so it is with human life. It is not the best things (that is, the things which we call best) that make *men*; nor is it the pleasantest things; it is the rugged experiences, the tempests and trials of life. The discipline of life is here good and there evil, here joyful and there troublous, here rude and there smooth; and the alternations of the one and the other which necessitate adaptations, constitute a part of that education which makes a man a *man*, in distinction from an animal. Man is, unlike the animal, which has no reason and no moral sentiment, susceptible of unlimited development; and he advances as well in winter as in summer, as well in

stormy days as in calm. Indeed, looking back upon life, I think stormy days, well borne, are better for us than days which require nothing but enjoying. The rough paths of our youth, the hard places of our manhood, the difficulties which we are called to overcome, those things which oblige us to put out all our strength, and keep it out — these, though they are less palatable than many other things, have the most to do with making us worthy men.

Rev. Henry Ward Beecher.

CAST ASHORE.

BUT a few hours before I had been lying in a nook amidst the huge rocks, high above the sands, gazing down at the sea, which curled over with a long ripple upon the yellow sands. The sun poured down with all his rich mellow autumn glory, and far as eye could reach the bosom of the sea was one shimmering surface of glittering silver — here tinged with the palest of greens, there passing into a lovely blue, while, almost motionless, ship after ship, with every stitch of sail spread in a perfect cloud of canvas, added to the beauty of the scene.

Where I lay, sheltered by a large overhanging rock, a tiny stream slowly trickled out of a cavern whose mouth was beautifully fringed by many varieties of fern, while other growths, nurtured by the cool freshness of the never-failing water, added their velvety beauty to the favored spot:

But now how different! I stood in an opening in the rocks where the village was built, and the great jetty ran down into the sea. The wind tore by me so that I could hardly stand against its fury, while down by the pier and the rocks, the waves came tumbling in ten or twelve feet *high*, curling over and over, as if to scoop out the shore;

and wherever they encountered rock or pier there seemed a momentary halt, as if they gathered strength, when with a mighty leap up flew tons of water in a fountain of foam, which was again swept against the face of the long line of rocks behind the sand, or dashed over them and carried in a storm of spray inland.

The noise was deafening, for the shingle and huge stones were being churned over and over, and, as it were, pounded by the waves, while wherever there was a cavern the water rushed in with a bellowing roar that was at times deepened into thunder, while the concussion and force of the hissing water seemed enough to rend the rocks asunder, and plow up the earth beyond, till the current forced its way through, to tear on as a devastating river, and drown all that came in its path.

"What?" I shouted to a fisherman whose lips I had seen move, while his words were swept away.

"Three ships ashore," he shouted back, in the sing-song tone peculiar to the men of Cornwall, who draw their harvest from the sea, — the sturdy, sober, honest fellows, who seem gentlemen in comparison with the general run of fishermen at our ports and fishing-stations, — men whom I had sat upon the rocks to listen to night after night, when a knot would get together and sing in capital tune and time — and with every part in the harmony carefully preserved — some melodious air, which, floating out to sea, sounded sweet beyond conception, and made me think what little need there was for people to go abroad to find scenery and national peculiarity. But it always was a failing among us to be so far-sighted that the beauties of home were overlooked.

"Three ships ashore," he shouted, pointing in three different directions; but I had already made them out, and now we went down as close to the pier as the waves would permit, for but some fifty yards from the end lay a

small schooner with the waves washing over her — one by one the men who had clung to her rigging and sides being beaten off, washed towards the shore, and then drawn back by the undertow again and again.

Every minute the pier would be left clear out of the water, which poured off its sides, and in one of these intervals a sailor was seen swimming strongly close alongside, riding up and down the huge billows, but fighting hardly for his life.

All at once I saw a man seize a life-buoy, one of those large yellow cork rings; and as the last wave left the stone pier free from water right to where the lighthouse rose, he dashed along it, running swiftly towards where the swimmer was striving to reach the shore.

In a few moments he was beside him, and threw the buoy so that the poor fellow reached it, when the men around me began to shout to the gallant fellow to return. But every shout seemed beaten back instantly; and amidst a violent commotion — men running and seizing ropes, women shrieking and clutching one another — I saw a large wave come tearing in, rise like a huge beast at a leap, and curl right over the pier, sweeping it from end to end, and deluging it with many feet of water. This was succeeded by another and another, and then once more the water was streaming off the stones, and one could see the fisherman who ran to his brother man's rescue struggling for his own life on the other side of the pier, against which he was at length violently dashed. But there were kinsmen and friends at hand in plenty, and one with a rope round him ran down the pier, plunged in, swam to the poor fellow, clutched him, and then they were drawn ashore together insensible, but locked in a tight embrace.

All this time the sailor who clung to the buoy seemed *wild and confused*, and ignorant of its purpose, for all at

once a groan rose from the crowd assembled, when loosing his hold, the drowning man threw up his arms and disappeared in the boiling surge.

In rushed the waves again and again, while more than once the yellow life-buoy could be seen ; but as the waves receded they dragged it back, and now every eye was directed to the little schooner, which seemed to lift with the waves, and then tremble in every beam as it was dashed down again, till the masts went over the side.

About a hundred yards lower down I could see a crowd of people assembled facing a large brig which had struck among the rocks, and whose crew seemed doomed to meet with a watery grave.

But preparations were being made to afford succor here, for, as I reached the crowd, I saw them busy with the rocket apparatus. There were the rocket and the long line carefully laid in and out, round peg after peg, in its case, so that it might run forth swiftly and easily ; and just then the stand was directed right, the rocket aimed, the fire applied, and after a loud rushing sound, off darted the fiery messenger on his errand of mercy, forming an arc in the air and falling upon the other side of the doomed ship, which lay about sixty yards from the shore.

An exultant chorus followed this successful attempt to connect the vessel with the shore by means of a cord, for the rocket-line ran easily and perfectly out, and the cable at hand being now attached, the sailors on board began to haul, when, like a snake, the great rope slowly ran down the beach, plunged into the boiling surf, and still kept on uncoiling and running down till those on the cliff signaled down that the end was hauled on board and made it fast to the mast.

And now so far successful, the cable and a line being on board, the cable hauled tight by those on shore, and secured to a capstan used for hauling up fishing-boats, the

rest of the arrangements were concluded, and those on board drew the tarpauling and rope seat which run by a ring along the cable, and into which a person coming ashore slipped his legs, and then swung beneath the tightened rope as the apparatus was hauled by those on shore, and the shipwrecked one rode over the boiling waves, and was perhaps only once immersed where the rope sank down in the middle.

All seemed ready, the men by me began to haul, and it was then seen that a woman was swinging beneath the rope, which rose and fell with the weight upon it, till for a few seconds the poor creature disappeared from sight in the tossing waves. But the men worked well, and the next minute, with a loud hurrah, she was ashore, and a dozen hands ready to free the drenched sufferer, when the joy was turned into sorrow, for it was seen that, in the hurry of passing the poor woman over the ship's side, the rope had become entangled round her neck, and she had been strangled just in those brief minutes when there was life and safety before her.

But there were other lives to save, and as the body of the fair delicate woman was borne with tender, loving hands up the sands, through the opening, and then to the large inn, the sling was drawn back by the crew of the ship, and another tried the perilous passage.

How the angry waves leaped up, and darted again and again, as if to tear the men being rescued from the rope of safety, and how those ashore cheered again and again as each poor drenched and dripping wretch, half choked with the brine, was hauled ashore, and then stood trembling and tottering, sometimes not even able to stand from being so exhausted! Some shouted for joy, some burst into fits of crying, others stood stolidly gazing at their saviors, while one or two went down on their knees devoutly to offer *thanks for the life saved.*

To five-and-twenty souls did that thin line, shot over the wreck by means of a rocket, carry life and hope, and heartily their fellow-men worked to save them from the sea that fought hard to take them for its prey; and when, at last, nearly every man had come ashore upon the frail bridge of hemp, the waves seemed to tear at the wreck with redoubled fury, piling mountains of foaming water upon it, leaping upon the deck, or lifting the hull to dash it again upon the cruel rocks that were gnawing their way through the bottom.

"Only the captain left now," said the last poor fellow who came ashore, and then he staggered and fell — quite insensible from the revulsion of feeling. And on hearing these words the men set the slings free, but they were dragged back only slowly, as if the poor captain was about exhausted. Every now and then we could make him out clinging to the rigging where the end of the cable had been secured, but all at once a regular mountain of a wave came coursing in faster and faster, leaped up, seemed hanging in mid-air for a few moments, and then poured down with resistless fury upon the doomed vessel. There was a wild confused cry from those on shore, which was heard above the howling of the storm; men and women clasped their hands and ran hither and thither, as if agonized at their helplessness to render aid, and then, as I looked out seaward, I could only see the clean-swept deck at intervals, for the rigging was gone, while the cable, that bridge of safety to so many, now hung slack in the water.

"Haul!" shouted the man who managed the rocket apparatus, — one of the old Coast Guardsmen, — and a score of willing hands crowded down to get a clutch at the cable, when at a given signal they started inshore to run it up, but checked directly, for they found that there was a large tangle of wreck attached, which came up slowly,

with the huge waves tearing at it as though to drag it back ; but as more and more of the dripping cable appeared from the water, more willing hands seized upon it, so that at last it came faster and faster, and part of a mast, with a confusion of blocks, ropes, and shrouds appeared at the edge of the sands where the water boiled so furiously, and the next minute was high upon the sands

I hurried down to be one of the knots of people who crowded round, when my heart sank, for it was as I feared — the captain, a fine, calm, stern-browed man, lay there among the cordage, one leg in the slings, as if about to venture, when that cruel wave poured ruin on the deck of the ship, and tore away his lost chance for life.

Twisted, tangled, and confused, the ropes lay together, and it was only by means of a free use of their clasp-knives that the beachmen and sailors set the poor fellow free.

Slowly and sadly we stood round, looking down upon the pale features of the brave man who had clung to his ship till the last of his crew was ashore ; but there was no weeping and wailing wife to cast herself upon the cold, drenched form, and sweep the hair from his broad forehead ; so, slowly, and with the crowd following in silence, we bore the corpse to the inn, to lay it side by side with that of the wife he had tried to save.

A young, noble-looking pair, with faces calm and pale, seeming but to sleep as they lay there hushed in death — in that great mystery, for the sea had conquered.

“Sixty years have I lived down here, man and boy,” said a fisherman, in his pleasant sing-song tone, “and if I were to try and count up the lives of men as the great sea has taken, I could hardly believe it. I’ve seen the sea-shore strewn with wreck, and I’ve known the waves cast up the dead day after day for weeks after a storm ; some calm and pale-faced, some beaten, torn, and not to be

looked upon without a shudder. Seems, sir, as if the sea kept 'em as long as it could, and then cast them up and busily tried to hide 'em, throwing up sand and shells — sand and shells, so that I've found them sometimes half-hidden, and the water lapping melancholy-like around. Now it's some poor fisherman — now a sailor, or a gentleman been a-yachting; or a foreigner from some fine vessel. Every year hundreds are taken, and every dead body with such a tale of sorrow, and misery, and wretchedness attached as would make your heart ache could you but read it. Ah, the sea is a great thing, and I as live by it knows it well. To-day you see it quiet and still — to-morrow it's tearing at the shore with fury, and it's only God who can still its rage."

But still, year after year, in their calm dependence upon His great arm, our fishers and sailors put forth to tempt the perils of the vast deep for their livelihood. Right and left of them others are taken; but still the busy toilers thrust forth from the shore and make their voyage easily, or in an agony of fear are overtaken by the storm, and at length, "being exceedingly tossed with the tempest. . . . lighten the ship." And, again, when run ashore, cling terror-stricken to the vessel and its rigging till beaten off before succor arrives, when they are cast ashore.

From Original Penny Readings.

BURNING OF CHICAGO.

HARK! hark! hark!
From the midnight's hush and dark
Hear a wild, wild cry of fear
Rising on the atmosphere;
Weird and shrill the echo flies,
Louder, hoarser clamors rise;

Now a red gleam skyward darts,
Quickly throb a thousand hearts ;
Now they gather on the street,
Dismal tread of tramping feet ;
 Fire ! FIRE !! FIRE !!!
See the red flames leaping higher.

Peal, peal, peal,
Bells of brass and bells of steel ;
How they ring an awful chime
Through the dismal midnight time.
How the fiery demon gloats,
How he scorns the brazen throats
Which the dauntless firemen aim
At his surging bands of flame ;
Ah ! but fire is king to-night,
And the waters yield the fight ;
 Higher, higher, higher,
Like a tempest sweeps the fire.

Street to street,
Like a raid of horsemen fleet,
Now the fiery chargers dash,
Now their lances gleam and flash ;
Attic height and cellar's gloom,
Lo, they smite with sudden doom ;
Palsied limbs and tiny feet
Ruthless drive they to the street ;
Food of millions they devour,
Gourmands of the midnight hour !
 How they spoil
Treasured arts of time and toil.

Crash ! crash ! crash !
See the fiery surges lash

Cross-crowned spire and splendid dome,
Proud arcade and palace home;
Molten acres seethe and roll,
City lords no more control;
Riot flames in fury whirl,
Toss their plumes, and madly curl
Lips of scorn at human cries
Help imploring from the skies;
To and fro
Rolls a sea of human woe.

Fire — fire — fire —
Bristles every throbbing wire;
Cities list with wild surprise,
As a prostrate city lies
At her ashen altars low
Breathing out her midnight woe;
Charred and crisp her pictured walls,
Blank and drear her proudest halls,
All the land with pallor turns
As Chicago wails and burns;
Let us pray,
God, O God, thy judgment stay.

In thy grief,
Pitying hands reach out relief;
Lo! a hundred cities wait
In this hour of thy sad fate.
Prostrate Queen, thy wail is heard,
All the nation's heart is stirred;
We shall love thee for thy woe,
By this grief thou yet shalt know
Sweeter ties of brotherhood,
Binding millions of one blood;
City fair,
Droop not long in wild despair.

Unto Thee,
God of refuge, now we flee,
Spread the shelter of thy wing
O'er the sad and sorrowing ;
For the rich, now poor, we pray,
Gently shield and lead their way ;
For the sad and houseless poor,
Open thou some loving door ;
For thy scattered children all,
Proud and lowly, great and small,
Hear us plead,
Help, O help them in their need.

Rev. Dwight Williams.

THE YOUNG SOLDIER.

INTO the house ran Lettice,
With hair so long and so bright,
Crying, "Mother! Johnny has 'listed!
He has 'listed into the fight!"

"Don't talk so wild, little Lettice!"
And she smoothed her darling's brow ;
"'T is true! you'll see — as true can be—
He told me so just now!"

"Ah, that's a likely story!
Why, darling, don't you see,
If Johnny had 'listed into the war,
He would tell your father and me!"

"But he is really going, mother,
Whether it's right or wrong ;
He is thinking of it all the while,
And he won't be with us long."

"Our Johnny going to the war?"

"Ay, ay, and the time is near;
He said, when the corn was once in the ground,
We could n't keep him here!"

"Hush, child; your brother Johnny
Meant to give you a fright."

"Mother, he'll go, — I tell you I know
He's 'listed into the fight!"

"Plucking a rose from the bush, he said,
Before its leaves were black,
He'd have a soldier's cap on his head,
And a knapsack on his back!"

"A dream! a dream! little Lettice,
A wild dream of the night;
Go find and fetch your brother in,
And he will set us right."

So out of the house ran Lettice,
Calling near and far, —
"Johnny, tell me, and tell me true,
Are you going to the war!"

At last she came and found him
In the dusty cattle-close,
Whistling Hail Columbia,
And beating time with his rose.

The rose he broke from the bush, when he said,
Before its leaves were black,
He'd have a soldier's cap on his head,
And a knapsack on his back.

Then all in gay mock-anger
He plucked her by the sleeve,

Saying, " Dear, sweet little sister,
I am going, by your leave!"

" O Johnny! Johnny!" low he stooped,
And kissed her wet cheeks dry,
And took her golden head in his hands,
And told her he would not die.

" But, Letty, if anything happens —
There won't," and he spoke more low —
" But if anything should, you must be twice as good
As you are to mother, you know!

" Not but that you are good, Letty,
As good as you can be;
But then, you know, it might be so,
You'd have to be good for me!"

So straight to the house they went, his cheeks
Flushing under his brim;
And his two broad-shouldered oxen
Turned their great eyes after him.

That night in the good old farmstead
Was many a sob of pain;
" O Johnny, stay! if you go away,
It will never be home again!"

But Time its still sure comfort lent,
Crawling, crawling past,
And Johnny's gallant regiment
Was going to march at last.

And steadying up her stricken soul,
The mother turned about,
Took what was Johnny's from the drawer,
And shook the rose-leaves out.

And brought the cap she had lined with silk,
And strapped his knapsack on,
And her heart, though it bled, was proud, as she said.
"You would hardly know our John!"

Another year, and the roses
Were bright on the bush by the door;
And into the house ran Lettice,
Her pale cheeks glad once more.

"O mother! news has come to-day!
'T is flying all about!
Our John's regiment, they say,
Is all to be mustered out!

"O mother, you must buy me a dress,
And ribbons of blue and buff;
O, what shall we say to make the day
Merry and mad enough!

"The brightest day that ever yet
The sweet sun looked upon,
When we shall be dressed in our very best,
To welcome home our John!"

So up and down ran Lettice,
And all the farmstead rung
With where he would set his bayonet,
And where his cap would be hung?

And the mother put away her look
Of weary, waiting gloom,
And a feast was set and the neighbors met
To welcome Johnny home.

The good old father silent stood,
With his eager face at the pane,

And Lettice was out at the door to shout
When she saw him in the lane.

And by and by a soldier
Came over the grassy hill,
It was not he they looked to see,
And every heart stood still.

He brought them Johnny's knapsack,
'T was all that he could do ;
And the cap he had worn, begrimed and torn,
With a bullet-hole straight through !

Alice Cary.

ALICE CARY'S FUNERAL.

THE funeral of Alice Cary took place February 14th, 1870, at the Church of the Strangers, on Mercer Street. The Rev. Dr. Deems, an intimate friend of the deceased officiated. Although the severest snow-storm of the season raged fiercely, a large number of the friends of the lamented poet attended the services. The pall-bearers were Horace Greeley, Bayard Taylor, P. T. Barnum, Oliver Johnston, Dr. W. F. Holcombe, A. J. Johnson, F. B. Carpenter, and Richard B. Kimball.

Dr. Deems's address was a simple pathetic expression of grief over the departure of a loved friend, whose genius he admired, and whose noble qualities of heart and mind he revered. We give the entire report of it taken from the columns of a daily paper :

"I have not thought of a single word to say to you to-day, and I do not know that it is necessary to say one word more than is set down in the church service. Most of us knew and loved Alice Cary, and to those who did not know her my words would fail in describing the sweetness and gentleness of her disposition and temper. It

seems, indeed, that, instead of standing here, I too should be sitting there among the mourners." The speaker then described the patience with which she had borne her last sickness, and told how he had been by her side when the pain was so intense that the prints of her finger-nails would be left in the palm of his hand as he would hold hers. But she never made a complaint. "She was a parishioner," said he, "who came very close to my heart in her suffering and sorrow. I saw how good and true she was, and the interest she had in all the work I had in hand; and I feel as if an assistant had died out of my family. The people of my congregation who did not know her ought to be glad that I did. How many traits of tenderness have come before you here, how many observations have I been able to make to you, because I had been with her! To-day I can only make my lament over her as you do, in the simplicity of affection. Men loved Alice Cary, and women loved her. When a man loves a woman, it is of nature; when a woman loves a woman, it is of grace — of the grace that a woman makes by her love; and it is one of the finest things that can be said of Alice Cary, that she had such troops of friends of her own sex. On the public side of her life she had honor, on the private side honor and tenderest affection.

"And now she has gone from our mortal sight, but not from the eyes of our souls. She has gone from her pain, as she desired to die, in sleep, and after a deep slumber she has passed into the morning of immortality. The last time I saw her I took down her works and alighted on this passage, so full of consonance with the anthems just sung by the choir, and almost like a prophecy of the manner in which she passed away:

"My soul is full of whispered song,
My blindness is my sight:
The shadows that I feared so long
Are all alive with light."

"There was one thing in Alice Cary of which we had better remind ourselves of now, because many of us are working people, and people who work very much with our brains; and I see a number of young people who are come out of tenderness to her memory to the church to-day, and there may be among them literary people just commencing their career, and they say:

" 'Would I could write so beautiful and so easily as she did.' It was not easily done. She did nothing easily; but in all this that we read she was an earnest worker; she was faithful, painstaking, careful of improving herself, up to the last moment of her life. Yesterday I looked into the drawer, and the last piece of MS. she wrote turned up, and I said to Phebe, 'That is copied,' and she said, 'No, that is Alice's writing.' It was so exceedingly plain it looked like print in large type, though she wrote a very wretched hand. But her sister told me that when she came to be weak that she could not write much any longer, she began to practice like a little girl, to learn to form all her letters anew. She worked to the very last, not only with the brains but the fingers.

"When Phebe wrote me last Sunday that she was alone and that Alice was gone, I could not help telling my people, and there was a sob heard that went through the congregation. It was from an old lady, a friend of hers, who often told me about her and spoke of her nobility of soul. Alice Cary once thought of making a cap for her, and she said, 'I will make a cap for Mrs. Brown,' but her fingers ached so and her arm became so tired, she had to drop it; and the needle is sticking in that unfinished cap now, just as she left it. She would have finished it, but they had finished her own crown in glory, and she could not stay away from her coronation. And we will keep that cap with care; and I think Jesus will remind her of it, and say, 'Child, inasmuch as you did it to one of the least ones, you did it

unto me.' Should I speak for hours, I could only tell you how I loved her. She came to me in the winter of my fortunes, when I had very few friends, and I loved her, and will revere her memory forever — forever. And now I will not shed a tear for Alice Cary ; I am glad she is gone. I felt at once like saying, 'Thanks be to God,' when I heard that the pain was over ; and it was so delightful to go to stand over her and see her face without a single frown, and to think she is gone to her Father and my Father, and into His hands I commit her."

DRIFTING.

My soul to-day is far away
Sailing the Vesuvian Bay ;
My winged boat, a bird afloat,
Skims round the purple peaks remote.

Round purple peaks it sails and seeks
Blue inlets and their crystal creeks,
Where high rocks throw, through deeps below,
A duplicated golden glow.

Far, vague, and dim the mountains swim ;
While on Vesuvius' misty brim,
With outstretched hands, the gray smoke stands
O'erlooking the volcanic lands.

Here Ischia smiles o'er liquid miles,
And yonder, bluest of the isles,
Calm Capri waits her sapphire gates
Beguiling to her bright estates.

I heed not, if my rippling skiff
Float swift or slow from cliff to cliff ;

With dreamful eyes my spirit lies
Under the walls of Paradise.

Under the walls where swells and falls
The Bay's deep breast at intervals,
At peace I lie, blown softly by
A cloud upon this liquid sky.

The day so mild is heaven's own child,
With earth and ocean reconciled :
The airs I feel around me steal
Are murmuring to the murmuring keel.

Over the rail my hand I trail,
Within the shadow of the sail ;
A joy intense, the cooling sense,
Glides down my drowsy indolence.

With dreamful eyes my spirit flies
Where summer sings and never dies —
O'er veiled with vines, she glows and shine
Among her future oils and wines.

Her children, hid the cliffs amid,
Are gamboling with the gamboling kid ;
Or down the walls, with tipsy calls,
Laugh on the rock like waterfalls.

The fisher's child, with tresses wild,
Unto the smooth, bright sand beguiled,
With glowing lips sings as she skips,
Or gazes at the far-off ships.

Yon deep bark goes where traffic blows,
From lands of sun to lands of snows ;
This happier one its course has run,
From lands of snow to lands of sun.

Oh! happy ship, to rise and dip,
With the blue crystal at your lip!
Oh! happy crew, my heart with you
Sails, and sails, and sings anew!

No more, no more the worldly shore
Upbraids me with its loud uproar!
With dreamful eyes my spirit lies
Under the walls of Paradise!

T. Buchanan Read.

REMINISCENCES OF T. BUCHANAN READ.

“MANY there are who have tarried in old Rome who will attest, with lingering regret and pride, to the pleasant hours which flew all too swiftly beneath the roof of this princely host. In conversation, his words fell pleasantly upon the ear. Without any apparent effort, he at once enchained your attention. His wit was never-ceasing. His repartees flashed brilliant and instantaneous, his puns were irrepressible; they were spoken with ready grace and fluency unequalled. It was only a few mornings before he breathed his last that a dear friend, sitting by his bedside, held his wasted hand. Upon one finger was a beautiful cameo ring.

“‘Ah! I see you have a head of Shakspeare,’ she said, as she examined the well-cut features of the bard.

“‘Yes,’ he answered feebly; ‘it is the only way I could get a head of him!’

“Soon after Pius IX. ceased to reign as ‘Temporal Sovereign’ of the Eternal City, and the flag of United Italy floated from the Capitol and from the Castle of St. Angelo, Prince Humbert, the son of King Victor Emmanuel, came with his beautiful young wife, the fair Princess Marguerite, to reside at the Palace of the Quirinal.

Fame had already made the American poet known to the Prince, yet desiring to form a personal acquaintance with Mr. Read, he signified, through a special messenger, his intention of calling at his studio.

“He came, attended with several members of his court. Mr. Read received him with that ease and simplicity of manner which so distinguished him. Passing from one to the other of the many charming creations of the artist’s fancy which were scattered through the suite of rooms, the Prince expressed himself in the warmest terms of admiration, stopping again and again before ‘The Star of Bethlehem,’ irradiated by the glory of the angels appearing to the shepherds upon the plains of Bethlehem, or pausing to admire anew the ethereal loveliness of the ‘Pleiades.’ In one of the smaller rooms his eye at once detected a bust of Sheridan, the work of Mr. Read himself, whose early predilection for sculpture now and then moved this versatile genius to try his ‘cunning hand.’

“‘Ah!’ cried the Prince in Italian, ‘that is the great General Americano — Sheridan. I know him; I saw him in Florence. Ah! it is very good — it is excellent! Will you tell me, Signore Read, the name of the artist?’

“When Mr. Read, smiling, named himself in reply, the Prince caught his hand, exclaiming:

“‘A poet — a painter — a sculptor! Ah! gentlemen,’ to those around him, ‘I find we have a Michael Angelo in Signore Read.’

“Perhaps this was one of the most graceful compliments ever bestowed upon genius.”

HANNAH JANE.

ABEL MERRIWEATHER, REPRESENTATIVE IN CONGRESS FROM THE
THIRTY-THIRD DISTRICT OF INDIANA — LAWYER, WRITER, ORATOR
— SOLVES ONE SOCIAL PROBLEM.

SHE is n't half so handsome as when, twenty years ago,
At her old home in Piketown Parson Avery made us one;
The great house crowded full of guests of every degree,
The girls all envying Hannah Jane, the boys all envying me.

All's changed; the light of seventeen's no longer in her eyes;
Her wavy hair is gone—that loss the coiffure's art supplies;
Her form is thin and angular; she slightly forward bends;
Her fingers, once so shapely, now are stumpy at the ends.

I know there is a difference: at reception and levee
The brightest, wittiest, and most famed of women smile
on me:
And everywhere I hold my place among the greatest men,
And sometimes sigh, with Whittier's judge, "Alas! it
might have been."

She had four hundred dollars left her from the old estate;
On that we married, and, thus poorly armored, faced our fate.
I wrestled with my books; her task was harder far than
mine—

'T was how to make two hundred dollars do the work of
nine.

At last I was admitted; then I had my legal lore,
An office with a stove and desk, of books perhaps a score;
She had her beauty and her youth, and some housewifely
skill,
And love for me and faith in me, and back of that a will.

I had no friends behind me — no influence to aid;
I *worked and fought* for every little inch of ground I *was*

And how she fought beside me : never woman lived on less ;
In two long years she never spent a single cent for dress.

Ah ! how she cried for joy when my first legal fight was won,
When our eclipse passed partly by, and we stood in the sun !
The fee was fifty dollars—'t was the work of half a year —
First captive, lean and scraggy, of my legal bow and spear.

I well remember, when my coat (the only one I had)
Was seedy grown and threadbare, and, in fact, most
"shocking bad,"

The tailor's stern remark, when I a modest order made :
"Cash is the basis, sir, on which we tailors do our trade."

Her winter cloak was in his shop by noon that very day ;
She wrought on hickory shirts at night that tailor's skill
to pay.

I got a coat, and wore it ; but alas ! poor Hannah Jane
Ne'er went to church or lecture till warm weather came
again.

No negro ever worked so hard a servant's pay to save,
She made herself most willingly a household drudge and
slave.

What wonder that she never read a magazine or book,
Combining, as she did in one, nurse, housemaid, seamstress,
cook !

What wonder that the beauty fled that I once so adored !
Her beautiful complexion my fierce kitchen fire devoured ;
Her plump, soft, rounded arm was once too fair to be con-
cealed ;
Hard work for me that softness into sinewy strength con-
gealed.

I was her altar, and her love the sacrificial flame ;
Ah ! with what pure devotion she to that altar came,

And, tearful, flung thereon—alas! I did not know it then—
All that she was, and more than that, all that she might
have been!

At last I won success. Ah! then our lives were wider
parted;
I was far up the rising road; she, poor girl! where we
started.
I had tried my speed and mettle, and gained strength in
every race;
I was far up the heights of life — she drudging at the base.

At twenty-eight the State-house; on the bench at thirty-
three;
At forty every gate in life was opened wide to me.
I nursed my powers, and grew, and made my point in life;
but she —
Bearing such pack-horse, weary loads, what could a woman
be?

What could she be? Oh, shame! I blush to think what
she has been;
The most unselfish of all wives to the selfishest of men.
Yes, plain and homely now she is; she's ignorant, 't is true;
For me she rubbed herself quite out: I represent the two.

Well, I suppose that I might do as other men have done —
First break her heart with cold neglect, then shove her
out alone.
The world would say 't was well, and more, would give
great praise to me
For having borne with "such a wife" so uncomplainingly.

And shall I? No! The contract 'twixt Hannah, God,
and me,
Was not for one or twenty years, but for eternity.

No matter what the world may think ; I know down in
my heart

That, if either, I'm delinquent, she has bravely done her
part.

There's another world beyond this ; and on the final day
Will intellect and learning 'gainst such devotion weigh ?
When the great one, made of us two, is torn apart again,
I'll kick the beam, for God is just, and he knows Hannah
Jane.

Petroleum V. Nasby.

PETER BRYAN'S FAMILY.

PRETTY low down ! 't would be hard to get lower ;
Here's Pete, (tell the lady "good day," and don't
stutter ;)

He stays with his mammy down here in the cellar,
While Peter, his pap, spends his time in the gutter.

(Pete, stop your yarping !) Don't mind him, I beg,
ma'am ;

You see that to-day I'd have earned a bit scrubbin',
But Peter, his pappy, came home in a fury,
And left me so lame from a masterful drubbin',

That all the day long I've sot achin' and groanin',
Scarce able to stir — what ! a wretch ? no ; I'm thinkin'
You don't know my husband. A finer don't live, ma'am ;
St. Matthew himself would be cross after drinkin'.

When Peter is sober, his better's not breathin' ;
And even when drunk he's not wrong altogether :
Last night he was hungry — and men can't be civil
With stomach and pocket both light as a feather.

The last cold potato he'd thrown at my head, ma'am,
But (Pete, stop your screaming!) he did n't remember;
And I guess if your man had no victuals or cinders,
And was tipsy, beside, in the month of December,
Your bones would ache, too, ma'am — mine might have
been broken,
If Peter possessed no discretion or reason;
But one thing I'll say for my husband — his beatings
Are masterful hard, but he leaves off in season.

Jim Akers, he broke his wife's arm, one fine mornin',
By the aid of an axe-handle, right through the middle;
And Timothy Carnochan — brute that he is, ma'am —
Laid his good woman as dead as a fiddle.

Why don't I leave Peter? Oh, sure you're crazy!
And what is the reason his wife should forsake him!
It's jokin' you are — or you're after forgettin'
"For better or worse" I have promised to take him.

It's long been for worse, but all lanes have a turnin',
And love can make parks out of ditches, I'm thinkin';
You're heartless and hard, or you'd not be advisin'
A woman to go from her husband — for drinkin'.

What's that? do I love him? — a beautiful question
To ask a wife, and a mother beside, ma'am!
What need to say "Yes!" — it's the love that compels
me
To stick to him, no matter what may betide, ma'am.

He's little Pete's father! (Oh, child, stop your cryin'!)
Poor darlin', he's weak, and his stomach is cravin';
He has n't had nothing since yesterday morning —
Why, mercy! The child's forgot all his behavin',
And gone without even a "Thank you!" but, bless him!
"Tis hunger alone that could make him uncivil;

But there comes a staggerin' man down the alley —
Lord save and protect us! 't is Peter, the evil!

You'd better be startin' — he's rough after drinkin',
And hardly polite to people that greet him.
Good-by, ma'am — here, this is the way — come again,
ma'am.

There, right round the stable. Thank God, she won't
meet him.

Rebecca W. Easterbrooks.

KING ALCOHOL.

THE history of King Alcohol is a history of shame and corruption, of cruelty, crime, rage, and ruin.

He has taken the glory of health from the cheek, and placed there the reddish hue of the wine-cup.

He has taken the luster from the eye, and made it dim and bloodshot.

He has taken beauty and comeliness from the face, and left it ill-shapen and bloated.

He has taken firmness and elasticity from the steps, and made them faltering and treacherous.

He has taken vigor from the arm, and left flabbiness and weakness.

He has taken vitality from the blood, and filled it with poison and seeds of disease and death.

He has transformed the body, fearfully and wonderfully and majestically made, God's masterpiece of animal mechanism, into a vile, loathsome mass of humanity.

He has entered the brain — the temple of thought — dethroned reason, and made it reel with folly.

He has taken the beam of intelligence from the eye, and exchanged it for the stupid stare of idiocy and dullness.

He has taken the impress of ennobled manhood from

off the face, and left the marks of sensuality and brutishness.

He has bribed the tongue to utter madness and cursing.

He has taken cunning from the hands, and turned them from the deeds of usefulness to become instruments of brutality and murder.

He has broken the ties of friendship, and planted seeds of enmity.

He has made a kind, indulgent father a brute, a tyrant, a murderer.

He has transformed the loving mother into a very fiend of brutish incarnation.

He has made obedient and affectionate sons and daughters the breakers of hearts and the destroyers of home.

He has taken luxuries from off the table, and compelled men to cry on account of famine, and beg for bread.

He has stripped backs of the broadcloth and silk, and clothed them with rags.

He has stolen men's palaces, and given them wretched hovels in exchange.

He has taken away acres, and given not even a decent burial-place in death.

He has filled our streets and by-ways with violence and lawlessness.

He has complicated our laws and crowded our courts.

He has filled to overflowing our penitentiaries and houses of correction.

He has peopled with his multitude our poor-houses.

He has straitened us for room in our insane asylums.

He has filled our world with tears and groans, with the poor and helpless, with wretchedness and want.

These are the counts of our indictment. Let the world judge of the truth.

“There was one thing in Alice Cary of which we had better remind ourselves of now, because many of us are working people, and people who work very much with our brains; and I see a number of young people who are come out of tenderness to her memory to the church to-day, and there may be among them literary people just commencing their career, and they say :

“ ‘ Would I could write so beautiful and so easily as she did.’ It was not easily done. She did nothing easily; but in all this that we read she was an earnest worker; she was faithful, painstaking, careful of improving herself, up to the last moment of her life. Yesterday I looked into the drawer, and the last piece of MS. she wrote turned up, and I said to Phebe, ‘ That is copied,’ and she said, ‘ No, that is Alice’s writing.’ It was so exceedingly plain it looked like print in large type, though she wrote a very wretched hand. But her sister told me that when she came to be weak that she could not write much any longer, she began to practice like a little girl, to learn to form all her letters anew. She worked to the very last, not only with the brains but the fingers.

“ When Phebe wrote me last Sunday that she was alone and that Alice was gone, I could not help telling my people, and there was a sob heard that went through the congregation. It was from an old lady, a friend of hers, who often told me about her and spoke of her nobility of soul. Alice Cary once thought of making a cap for her, and she said, ‘ I will make a cap for Mrs. Brown,’ but her fingers ached so and her arm became so tired, she had to drop it; and the needle is sticking in that unfinished cap now, just as she left it. She would have finished it, but they had finished her own crown in glory, and she could not stay away from her coronation. And we will keep that cap with care; and I think Jesus will remind her of it, and say, ‘ Child, *inasmuch as you did it to one of the least ones, you did it*

unto me.' Should I speak for hours, I could only tell you how I loved her. She came to me in the winter of my fortunes, when I had very few friends, and I loved her, and will revere her memory forever — forever. And now I will not shed a tear for Alice Cary ; I am glad she is gone. I felt at once like saying, 'Thanks be to God,' when I heard that the pain was over ; and it was so delightful to go to stand over her and see her face without a single frown, and to think she is gone to her Father and my Father, and into His hands I commit her."

DRIFTING.

My soul to-day is far away
Sailing the Vesuvian Bay ;
My winged boat, a bird afloat,
Skims round the purple peaks remote.

Round purple peaks it sails and seeks
Blue inlets and their crystal creeks,
Where high rocks throw, through deeps below,
A duplicated golden glow.

Far, vague, and dim the mountains swim ;
While on Vesuvius' misty brim,
With outstretched hands, the gray smoke stands
O'erlooking the volcanic lands.

Here Ischia smiles o'er liquid miles,
And yonder, bluest of the isles,
Calm Capri waits her sapphire gates
Beguiling to her bright estates.

I heed not, if my rippling skiff
Float swift or slow from cliff to cliff ;

THE GEORGIA VOLUNTEER.

FAR up the lonely mountain side
My wandering footsteps led ;
The moss lay thick beneath my feet,
The pine sighed over head.
The trace of a dismantled fort
Lay in the forest wave,
And in the shadow near my path,
I saw a soldier's grave.

The bramble wrestled with the weed,
Upon the lowly mound ;
The simple head-board, rudely writ,
Had rotted to the ground ;
I raised it with a reverent hand,
From dust its words to clear ;
But time had blotted all but these :
“*A Georgia volunteer !*”

I saw the toad and scaly snake
From tangled covert start,
And hide themselves among the weeds
Above the dead man's heart ;
But undisturbed in sleep profound,
Unheeding there he lay,
His coffin but the mountain soil,
His shroud Confed'rate gray.

I heard the Shenandoah roll
Along the vale below ;
I saw the Alleghanies rise
Toward the realms of snow.
The “Valley Campaign” rose to mind,—
Its leader's name, — and then
I knew the sleeper had been one
Of Stonewall Jackson's men.

Yet whence he came, what lips shall say ?
What tongues shall ever tell,
What desolate hearths and hearts
Have been because he fell ?
What sad-eyed maiden braids her hair,
Her hair which he held dear ?
One lock of which perchance lies with
The Georgia volunteer.

What fights he fought, what wounds he bore,
Are all unknown to fame.
Remember, on his lonely grave
There is not e'en a name !
That he fought well and bravely, too,
And never knew a fear,
We know — else he had never been
"A Georgia volunteer."

He sleeps — what need to question now
If he were wrong or right ;
He knows ere this whose cause is just
In God the Father's sight.
He wields no warlike weapons now,
Returns no foeman's thrust —
Who but a coward would revile
An honest soldier's dust ?

Roll, Shenandoah, proudly roll,
Adown the rocky glen ;
Above thee lies the grave of one
Of Stonewall Jackson's men !
Beneath the cedar and the pine,
In solitude austere,
Unknown, unnamed, forgotten, lies
"A Georgia volunteer."

Xarifa.

MY DOG AND I.

COME here, old Jack, sit by my knee ;
I'll smoke my pipe beside the fire,
And should I break my reverie
And talk, I'm sure you will not tire.
'Tis six years since, a long-legged pup,
They brought you here with too much collar ;
I don't know where they picked you up,
I know I *owe* for you a dollar.

Well, good old boy, in those six years,
With some few months and odd since gathered,—
Time faster goes than it appears ! —
You've made some girth, and I have weathered
Some cares, some debt, a few gray hairs,
A face less gay than when I started ;
My fault if then I planted tares,
And reap them somewhat heavier hearted.

I think, Jack, in those six long years
I've won and lost most things worth winning,
Nor traveled on untracked by tears,
Through wine, and work, and pleasant sinning
Yet this. Whatever they may say
Of chances gone and lessons wasted,
I would not give Fate back one day,
Bitter or sweet, that I have tasted.

What matter, when the sun is set,
Whether it be on joy or sorrow .
Why waste the night in dull regret,
Instead of waiting for the morrow ?
There's work in hand — a sweet girl's smile,
A friend in time of need to send to,
And but to wait a little while,
That friend will be a friend to lend to.

Your fond old nose rests in my hand,
As if you think I reck at little;
I half believe you understand —
Let's have some sugar and a kettle —
I half believe you understand
My vagrant mood, the way you're listening.
Old boy! Time will run out his sand,
Whether your eyes or mine are glistening.

You drop a paw upon my breast,
Half timid whether you may risk it;
Why, Jack, no truer touch e'er pressed,
So here's some sugar and a biscuit.
I'd rather pat your silken head
Than fondle a Delilah's tresses;
Your love wants little, hers instead
At least a novelty in dresses.

With you I've no heart bitterness —
No false kiss given — promise broken —
No subtle wrong beyond redress —
No treacherous word in sweetness spoken,
I would not take from Fate one day;
I would not give to Fate another,
For fairest thing in human clay,
For nearest kith or dearest brother.

My pipe, my dog close by my knee;
My quiet corner by the fire;
The right to hold a reverie,
With book and pen — all I require.
What matter when the sun is set,
Whether it be on joy or sadness?
To waste the night in dull regret
At best is but a dullard's madness.

There's work in hand — let that be done.
A sweet girl's smile — how many share it?
'T was dearly prized and hardly won;
Yet I'd without much heartache spare it.
The friend in time of need to ask,
He'd make the most of smallest favor.
We'll save him, Jack, the ugly task,
And save ourselves the ugly savor.

Love — friendship — beauty; things that fly;
Give them their due — a passing greeting.
Better to let them come and die —
Careless in parting as in meeting.
There is not one that is not bought
By longer purse or newer pleasure,
I seek them not, nor would be sought;
Such sweets make dregs — I've drained the measure.

So let them go, Jack; I and you
Will do as we have in worst of weather;
Do what there's left — the best to do,
And plod our simple way together.
You have your biscuit — I my smoke —
A glass of grog — a quiet corner;
So let life be a pleasant joke,
Until you are my only mourner.

Ernest Brent.

MEDIOCRITY.

FOR aught I see, they are as sick that surfeit with too
much as they that starve with nothing: it is no mean
happiness, therefore, to be seated in the mean; superfluity
comes sooner by white hairs, but competency lives longer.

Shakespeare.

SKIPPER IRESON'S RIDE.

OF all the rides since the birth of time,
Told in story or sung in rhyme,—
On Apuleius's Golden Ass,
Or one-eyed Calendar's horse of brass,
Witch astride of a human back,
Islam's prophet on Al-Borak,—
The strangest ride that ever was sped
Was Ireson's, out from Marblehead !
 Old Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart,
 Tarred and feathered and carried in a cart
 By the women of Marblehead !

Body of turkey, head of owl,
Wings a-droop like a rained-on fowl,
Feathered and ruffled in every part,
Skipper Ireson stood in the cart.
Scores of women, old and young,
Strong of muscle, and glib of tongue,
Pushed and pulled up the rocky lane,
Shouting and singing the shrill refrain :
 " Here 's Flud Oirson, fur his horrd horrt,
 Torr'd an' futherr'd an' corr'd in a corrt
 By the women o' Morble'ead ! "

Wrinkled scolds with hands on hips,
Girls in bloom of cheek and lips,
Wild-eyed, free-limbed, such as chase
Bacchus round some antique vase,
Brief of skirt, with ankles bare,
Loose of kerchief and loose of hair,
With conch-shells blowing and fish-horns' twang,
Over and over the Mænads sang :
 " Here 's Flud Oirson, fur his horrd horrt,
 Torr'd an' futherr'd an' corr'd in a corrt
 By the women o' Morble'ead ! "

Small pity for him!— He sailed away
From a leaking ship, in Chaleur Bay,—
Sailed away from a sinking wreck,
With his own towns-people on her deck!
“Lay by! lay by!” they called to him.
Back he answered, “Sink or swim!
Brag of your catch of fish again!”
And off he sailed through the fog and rain!
 Old Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart,
 Tarred and feathered and carried in a cart
 By the women of Marblehead!

Fathoms deep in dark Chaleur
That wreck shall lie for evermore.
Mother and sister, wife and maid,
Looked from the rocks of Marblehead
Over the moaning and rainy sea,—
Looked for the coming that might not be!
What did the winds and sea-birds say
Of the cruel captain who sailed away?—
 Old Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart,
 Tarred and feathered and carried in a cart
 By the women of Marblehead!

Through the street, on either side,
Up flew windows, doors swung wide;
Sharp-tongued spinsters, old wives gray,
Treble lent the fish-horns’ bray.
Sea-worn grandsires, cripple-bound,
Hulks of old sailors run aground,
Shook head, and fist, and hat, and cane,
And cracked with curses the hoarse refrain:
 “Here’s Flud Oirson, fur his horrd horrt,
 Torr’d an’ futherr’d an’ corr’d in a corrt
 By the women o’ Morble’ead!”

Sweetly along the Salem road
Bloom of orchard and lilac showed.
Little the wicked skipper knew
Of the fields so green and the sky so blue.
Riding there in his sorry trim,
Like an Indian idol glum and grim,
Scarcely he seemed the sound to hear
Of voices shouting far and near :

“ Here ’s Flud Oirson, fur his horrd horrt,
Torr’d an’ futherr’d an’ corr’d in a corrt
By the women o’ Morble’ead ! ”

“ Hear me, neighbors ! ” at last he cried ;
“ What to me is this noisy ride ?
What is the shame that clothes the skin,
To the nameless horror that lives within ?
Waking or sleeping, I see a wreck
And hear a cry from a reeling deck !
Hate me and curse me,— I only dread
The hand of God and the face of the dead ! ”

Said old Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart,
Tarred and feathered and carried in a cart
By the women of Marblehead !

Then the wife of the skipper lost at sea,
Said, “ God has touched him ! — why should we ? ”
Said an old wife mourning her only son,
“ Cut the rogue’s tether and let him run ! ”
So with soft relentings and rude excuse,
Half scorn, half pity, they cut him loose,
And gave him a cloak to hide him in,
And left him alone with his shame and sin.

Poor Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart,
Tarred and feathered and carried in a cart
By the women of Marblehead.

John G. Whittier.

117574B

THE ONE-LEGGED GOOSE.

A WEALTHY gentleman in Herefordshire,
Not troubled with an overplus of brains,
Like many a worthy country squire
Whose craniums give them very little pains,
Lived quietly upon his own estate.
He was a bachelor, but whether that
Argues in favor of his understanding,
Or militates against it, is a question
That I would wish to have no hand in,
But leave it to your cool digestion.
 He ne'er perplexed his pate
 With the affairs of state,
But led a calm domestic life
Far from the noise of party strife.
He loved to smoke his pipe with jovial souls;
Prided himself upon his skill at bowls,
At which he left his neighbors in the lurch.
On Sundays, too, he always went to church,
(As should each penitential sinner,)
Took during sermon time his usual snore,
And gave his sixpence at the door,
And then went comfortably home to dinner.

As there are many, I dare say,
Who into such affairs have never looked,
I think I'd better mention, by the way,
That dinners ere they're eaten should be cooked
At least our squire's were so before he took 'em,
And consequently he'd a cook to cook 'em.
Now, as I shall have work enough
For this most gracious kitchen stuff,
It may not be amiss to tell you that
(*Of lusty beauty, quite a masterpiece,*)

This modern maid of Fat
Surpassed the famous ancient dames of Greece
Of course, then, she had lovers plenty.
Ay, that she had, sir, nearly twenty ;
But none did she so dote upon
As our squire's lusty gardener John.

It chanced, one day, as almanacs can tell,
St. Michael's day on Sunday fell,
The Squire the night before, as was his use,
Gave Peggy orders to procure a goose,
Then went to church, next morning, cheerfully,
And ordered dinner to be done at three.

'T was half-past two, the cloth was laid,
Peggy the apple-sauce had made ;
The bird was done, and she for master wishing,
When lo ! attracted by the luscious gale,
And somewhat elevated with strong ale,
John stepped into the kitchen.

"What, cookie, got a goose? Well, that's nice!
Faith! cookie, I should like to have a slice.
And apple-sauce, too; there's a darling, Peg,
Do take a knife and cut me off a leg."

"Cut off a leg? that would be a pretty fun.
What! serve it up to Squire with only one?"

"Ay, to be sure! why, Master dursent kill you.
I'll cut it off." "Adone, you fool, now will you?"

What arguments he used, I cannot say;
But love, whose scepter's all-commanding sway
Cook-maids as well as countesses obey,
Ordaigned it so, that, spite of all the reasoning,
John got the leg with lots of sauce and seasoning.
Though Peg, poor wretch, was rather vexed
At this unlooked for sad disaster,

She was not quite so much perplexed
As you may think. She had been used to gull
The Squire, and knew the thickness of his skull ;
And consequently this conclusion fell,
That they who could do a goose so well
Would not be troubled much to do her master.

Home came the Squire, to the moment true,
And rang for dinner in a hurry.
She browned the mutilated leg anew,
And put it on the table in a flurry.
Soon as it met his eye, the Squire
Exclaimed, with wonderment and ire :
“ Why, what the dickens do you call this, Peg ?
Zounds, hussy ! where ’s the other leg ? ”

Peg courtesied, and replied in modest tones :
“ An ’t please you, sir, it never had but one.”
“ Only one leg ! where did you buy it, pray ? ”
“ At Farmer Grains’s, across the way ;
And if to-night, sir, you will go with me,
I ’ll pledge my life that you shall see
A number of the farmer’s geese
Which, like this bird, have only one apiece.”
“ Well, prove it, and that alters quite the case ,
But if you don’t, mind, you lose your place.”
He ate his dinner, and began to doubt it ;
Ay, grumbled most terribly about it.
“ The place was brown, like all the rest,” he saw ;
“ Hang it, she surely never ate it raw.”

Evening arrives, Peg puts her bonnet on,
And with her master to the farmer goes.
With expectation big they softly creep
Where Farmer Grains’s geese are fast asleep.

Now to your recollection I would bring,
That when the pretty creatures go to roost,
They draw up one leg close beneath the wing,
And stand upon the other like a post.

"There, sir," cries Peg; "now pray, sir, cease your pother.
There, sir, there's one; and there, sir, is another!"

"Pooh! nonsense! stuff!" exclaimed the Squire;
"'St! 'st! now, cookey, now they do get on two legs,
cookey!"

"Ay, sir," cries Peg, "had you said that at home,
Nor you nor I had cause to roam;
But recollect, sir, ere you think I'm beaten,
You did n't say 'st! 'st! to the one you've eaten!"

DINNA GROWL.

DINNA growl,
Fret, nor scowl,
If the work goes wrong;
Work the harder wi' the hands,
And use the less o' tongue.
Or, ye see, that will be,
What a waste o' time!
While a song will help along
Wi' its merry chime.

Ye can see
The ant and bee
Gathering in their store;
Greater needs have you and me,
And we should work the more.
Or, ye see, that will be
Wasting precious time;
While a song will help along
Wi' its merry chime.

If ye've health,
Ye have wealth
Money canna buy ;
If ye've naething else besides,
Ye've nae need to cry.

For, ye see, that will be
Just a waste o' time ;
While a song will help along
Wi' its merry chime.

Health should be
Thankfully
Used for every good ;
A little pains wi' use o' brains
Makes it understood.

Or, ye see, that will be
Waste o' life and time,
That will drift ye far away
From the better clime.

Keep the soul
True and whole,
Wi' an honest heart,
And where duty calls the roll,
Bravely do your part.

Or, ye see, that will be
Wasting precious time,
That will drift ye far away
From the better clime.

Anna Linden, in Herald of Health..

PHEBE.

PHEBE, idle Phebe,
On the door-step in the sun,
Drops the ripe-red currants
Through her fingers, one by one.

Heedless of her pleasant work,
Rebel murmurs rise and lurk
In the dimples of her mouth.
Winds come perfumed from the South ;
Musical with swarms of bees
Are the overhanging trees :
Phebe does not care
If the world is fair.
“ Phebe ! Phebe ! ”
It was but a wandering bird
That pronounced the word.

Phebe, listless Phebe,
Leaves the currants on the stem,
Saying, “ Since he comes not,
Labor’s lost in picking them : ”
Loiters down the alleys green,
Crowds of blushing pinks between
Followed by a breeze that goes
Whispering secrets of the rose.
Does that saucy bird’s keen eye
Read her heart, as he flits by ?
Syllables that mock,
Haunt the garden walk :
“ Phebe ! Phebe ! ”
Lilac-thickets hid among,
His refrain is sung.

Phebe, wistful Phebe,
Leans upon the mossy wall.
Nothing stirs the stillness
Save a trickling brooklet’s fall.
Phebe’s eyes, against her will,
Seek the village on the hill.
“ If he knew he had the power
So to chill and change the hour, —

Knew the pain to me it is
His approaching step to miss, —
Knew the blank, the ache,
His neglect can make," —
"Phebe! Phebe!"
From a neighboring forest roof
Echoed the reproof.

Phebe, troubled Phebe,
With the brook still murmurs on :
"If he knew how sunshine
Pales and thins when he is gone, —
Know that I, who seem so cold,
Lock up tenderness untold,
As the full midsummer glow
Hides its live roots under snow, —
In my heart's warm silence deep,
And for him that hoard must keep
Till he brings the key,
Would he scoff at me!"
"Phebe! Phebe!"
The receding singer's throat
Shaped a warning note.

"Phebe, darling Phebe!"
Like a startled fawn she turns.
Over cheek and forehead
Swift the rising rose-flush burns.
"Sweetheart, if you only knew
That my life's one dream is — you!"
"Hence, eavesdropper!" though she crieth,
Gentle eyes her lips belied.
Lost in foolish lover-chat,
Picking currants they two sat,
Till a woodland bird
Sent his good-night word,

“Phebe! Phebe!”
In faint mockery, as he fled
Through the evening-red.

Lucy Larcom.

BEFORE THE WEDDING.

MILK-WHITE and honey-sweet its flowers
The locust-tree is shedding ;
O, if this weather would but stay,
I could not ask a lovelier day,
To-morrow, for my wedding !
Yes, 't is, in truth, *my* bridal path
The wind with flowers is strewing.
The thing a woman says she won't,
She's always sure of doing ;
And from a child, I have declared
I'd choose a maid to tarry,
And single-handed fight my way,
Before I'd ever marry
(Though he, by all his deeds and words,
Were worth and wisdom proving)
A Methodist itinerant,
And keep forever moving,
Moving, moving, moving,
Just two years in a place,
Stopping here and off again,
With scarce a breathing space.

But when camp-meeting came around,
A year ago this summer,
The Sudbury people had a tent,
And I, with Sister Hartley, went,
And first heard Brother Plummer.

"A young man looking for a wife,"
Was some one's sly reminder.
"And he may look for all of me,"
I said, "and never find her."

But when I came to hear him preach,
He told the Gospel story
So thrillingly, through all the grove
Went up one shout of "Glory!"
Rough men were bowed, hard sinners wept,
I owned his power to hold me,—
His glowing fervor, like a spell,
Against my will controlled me.
"For, who is he?" I said, my own
Admiring thoughts reproving;
"A Methodist itinerant,
Who keeps forever moving,
Moving, moving, moving,—
Just two years in a place.
That's too hard a way," thought I,
"To run the Christian race!"

I said the preacher pleased me not,—
I did not wish to meet him;
And, when we met, I tried to see
How coldly formal I could be
And courteously treat him;
But when a woman tries to hate,
Be sure it's love's beginning;
The more I frowned, the more I felt
That he my heart was winning;
Dull (may the Lord forgive!) I found
The class, unless he led it,
And sweeter seemed the blessed word
Of Scripture, if he read it;
And, from the closing love-feast, when,

As we walked home together,
He led me down a quiet path,
And calmly asked me whether
"My future should be one with his?"
And I must take or lose him,
I felt my hold on earthly joy
Was lost, should I refuse him.
"But, if I love, there's but one way,"
I said, "my love of proving;
And I am willing, for your sake,
To keep forever moving,
Moving, moving, moving,—
Just two years in a place,—
Happy, wheresoe'er I go,
If I but see your face!"

So, now, my bridal blossoms fall,
These locust-flowers sweet-scented!
My future pathway is the one
I've always thought that I would shun,
Yet I am well contented!
We choose not for ourselves; we go
The way the Conference sends us;
But rough or smooth, we know, through all,
A Father's care attends us.
His perfect strength our weakness shields,
His patient love broods o'er us,—
What matters it what changes fill
The years that lie before us?
We only pray we may be kept
From faithless servants proving,
And onward, as our footsteps press,
May they be heavenward moving!

Marian Douglas.

MISS MALONEY ON THE CHINESE QUESTION.

OCH! don't be talkin'. It is howld on, ye say? An' did n't I howld on till the heart of me was clane broke entirely, and me wastin' that thin, you could clutch me wid yer two hands. To think o' me toilin' like a nager for the six year I've been in Ameriky — bad luck to the day I iver left the owld counthry! to be bate by the likes o' them! (faix an' I'll sit down when I'm ready, so I will, Ann Ryan, an' ye'd better be list'nin', than drawing your remarks.) An' is it mysel', with five good characters from respectable places, would be herdin' wid the haythens? The saints forgive me, but I'd be buried alive sooner'n put up wid it a day longer. Sure an' I was the granehorn not to be lavin' at onct, when the missus kim into me kitchen wid her perlaver about the new waiter man which was brought out from Californy. "He'll be here the night," says she; "and, Kitty, it's meself looks to you to be kind and patient wid him, for he's a furriner," says she, a kind o' lookin' off. "Sure an' it's little I'll hinder nor interfare wid him nor any other man," says I, a kind o' stiff, for I minded me how these French waiters, wid their paper collars and brass rings on their fingers, is n't company for no gurril brought up dacint and honest. Och! sorra a bit I knew what was comin' till the missus walked into me kitchen smilin', and says, kind o' schared: "Here's Fing Wing, Kitty; an' you'll have too much sinse to mind his bein' a little strange." Wid that she shoots the doore, and I, misthrustin' if I was tidied up sufficient for me fine buy wid his paper collar, looks up and — Howly fathers! may I niver brathe another breath, but there stood a rale haythen Chineser, a grinnin' like he'd just come off a tay-box. If you'll belave me, the crayture was that yellor it'ud sicken you to see him; and sorra stich was on *him but a black night-gown over his trowsers, and the*

front of his head shaved cleaner than a copper biler, and a black tail a hangin' down from it behind, wid his two feet stook into the heathenestest shoes you ever set eyes on. Och ! but I was upstairs afore you could turn about, a givin' the missus warnin', and only stopt wid her by her raisin' me wages two dollars, and playdin' wid me how it was a Christian's duty to bear wid haythens and taitch 'em all in our power — the saints save us ! Well, the ways and trials I had wid that Chineser, Ann Ryan, I could n't be tellin'. Not a blissed thing cud I do but he'd be lookin' on wid his eyes cocked up'ard like two poomp-handles, an' he widdout a speck or smitch o' whiskers on him, an' his finger-nails full a yard long. But it's dyin' you'd be to see the missus a larnin' him, and he grinnin' and gettin' into her ways wonderful quick, I don't deny ; imitatin' that sharp, you'd be shurprised, and ketchin' and copyin' things the best of us will do a hurried wid work, yet don't want comin' to the knowledge of the family — bad luck to him !

But the worrest of all was the copyin' he'd be doin' till ye'd be dishtracted. It's yersel' knows the tinder feet that's on me since ever I've bin in this counthry. Well, owin' to that I fell into the habit o' slippin' me shoes off when I'd be settin' down to pale the praties or the likes o' that ; and, do ye mind ! that haythen would do the same thing after me whiniver the missus set him to parin' apples or tomaterses. The saints in heaven could n't have made him belave he cud kape the shoes on him when he'd be palin' anything.

Did I lave fur that ? Faix an I did n't. Did n't he get me into throuble wid my missus, the haythen ? You're aware yersel' how the boondles comin' in from the grocery often contain more'n 'll go into anything dacently. So, for that matter, I'd now and then take out a sup o' sugar or flour or tay an' wrap it in paper and put it in me bit

of a box tucked under the ironin' blankit, the how it cud-dent be bodderin' any one. Well, what shud it be, but this blessed Sathurday morn the missus was a spakin' pleasant and respectful wid me in me kitchen when the grocer boy comes in an' stands forninst her wid his boondles, an' she motions like to Fing Wing (while I never would call him by that name nor any other but just haythen); she motions to him, she does, for to take the boondles an' empty out the sugar an' what not where they belongs. If you'll belave me, Ann Ryan, what did that blatherin' Chineser do but take out a sup o' sugar, an' a handful o' tay, an' a bit o' chase right afore the missus, wrap them into bits o' paper, an' I spachless wid shurprise, an' he the next minute up wid the ironin' blankit and pullin' out me box wid a show o' bein' sly to put them in. Och, the Lord forgive me, but I clutched it, and the missus sayin', "O Kitty!" in a way that 'ud cruddle your blood. "He's a haythen," says I. "I've found you out," says she. "I'll arrist him," says I. "It's you ought to be arristed," says she. "You won't," says I. "I will," says she—and so it went till she gave me such sass as I cuddent take from no lady, an' I give her warnin' and left that instant, and she a pointin' to the doore.

Mary E. Dodge.

(From the Innocents Abroad.)

THE GRAVE OF ADAM.

RIGHT under the roof of this great church, Adam himself, the father of the human race, lies buried. There is no question that he was actually buried in the grave which is pointed out as his,—there can be none,—because it never has been proven that this is not the grave in which he lies buried.

The tomb of Adam! How touching it was, here in a

land of strangers, far removed from home and friends, thus to discover the grave of a blood relation. True, a distant one, but still a relation. The unerring instinct of nature thrilled its recognition. The fountain of my filial emotion was stirred to the profoundest depths, and I gave way to tumultuous emotion. I leaned upon a pillar and burst into tears. I deem it no shame to have wept at the grave of my poor, dead relative.

Noble old man! He did not live to see me, and I — I — did not live to see *him*. Weighed down by sorrow and disappointment, he died before I was born — six thousand brief summers before I was born.

But let us try to bear it with fortitude. Let us trust that he is better off where he is. Let us take comfort in the thought that his loss is our gain.

Mark Twain.

KEEPING HIS WORD.

“ONLY a penny box,” he said:
But the gentleman turned away his head,
As if he shrunk from the squalid sight
Of the boy who stood in the failing light.

“Oh, sir!” he stammered, “you cannot know,”
(And he brushed from his matches the flakes of snow
That the sudden tear might have chance to fall,)
“Or I think, I think you would take them all.

“Hungry and cold at our garret-pane
Ruby will watch till I come again,
Bringing the loaf. The sun has set,
And he has n’t a crumb of breakfast yet.

“One penny, and then I can buy the bread.”
The gentleman stopped. “And you?” he said:

"I — I can put up with them, hunger and cold ;
But Ruby is only five years old.

"I promised our mother before she went —
She knew I would do it, and died content —
I promised her, sir, through best, through worst,
I would always think of Ruby first."

The gentleman paused at his open door,
Such tales he had often heard before ;
But he fumbled his purse in the twilight drear,
"I have nothing less than a shilling here."

"Oh, sir, if you'll only take the pack,
I'll bring you the change in a moment back.
Indeed you may trust me!" "Trust you? — no!
But here is the shilling; take it and go."

The gentleman lolled in his cozy chair,
And watched his cigar-wreath melt in air,
And smiled on his children, and rose to see
The baby asleep on its mother's knee.

"And now it is nine by the clock," he said,
"Time that my darlings were all abed ;
Kiss me 'good night,' and each be sure,
When you're saying your prayers, remember the poor."

Just then came a message — "A boy at the door," —
But ere it was uttered he stood on the floor
Half breathless, bewildered, and ragged and strange :
"*I'm Ruby — Mike's brother — I've brought you the change.*

"Mike's hurt, sir; 't was dark; the snow made him blind,
And he did n't take notice the train was behind
Till he slipped on the track; and then it whizzed by :
And he's home in the garret. I think he will die.

"Yet nothing would do him, sir — nothing would do
But out through the snow I must hurry to you ;
Of his hurt he was certain you would n't have heard,
And so you might think *he had broken his word.*"

When the garret they hastily entered, they saw
Two arms mangled, shapeless, outstretched from the straw.
"*You did it — dear Ruby — God bless you !*" he said,
And the boy, gladly smiling, sank back — and was dead.

FROM INDIA.

"OH, come you from the Indies, and, soldier, can you tell
Aught of the gallant 90th, and who are safe and well ?
Oh, soldier, say my son is safe — for nothing else I care,
And you shall have a mother's thanks — shall have a
widow's prayer."

"Oh, I've come from the Indies — I've just come from
the war ;
And well I know the 90th, and gallant lads they are ;
From colonel down to rank and file, I know my comrades
well,
And news I've brought for you, mother, your Robert
bade me tell."

"And do you know my Robert, now ? Oh, tell me, tell
me true,
Oh, soldier, tell me word for word all that he said to you !
His very words—my own boy's words—oh, tell me every
one !
You little know how dear to his old mother is my son."

"Through Havelock's fights and marches the 90th were
there ;
In all the gallant 90th did, your Robert did his share ;

Twice he went into Lucknow, untouch'd by steel or ball,
And you may bless your God, old dame, that brought
him safe through all."

"Oh, thanks unto the living God that heard his mother's
prayer,
The widow's cry that rose on high her only son to spare!
Oh, bless'd be God, that turned from him the sword and
shot away!
And what to his old mother did my darling bid you say?"

"Mother, he saved his colonel's life, and bravely it was
done;
In the despatch they told it all, and named and praised
your son;
A medal and a pension's his; good luck to him, I say,
And he has not a comrade but will wish him well to-day."

"Now, soldier, blessings on your tongue. Oh, husband,
that you knew
How well our boy pays me this day for all that I've
gone through,
All I have done and borne for him the long years since
you're dead!
But, soldier, tell me how he look'd, and all my Robert
said."

"He's bronzed, and tann'd, and bearded, and you'd
hardly know him, dame,
We've made your boy into a man, but still his heart's
the same;
For often, dame, his talk's of you, and always to one tune,
But there, his ship is nearly home, and he'll be with you
soon."

"Oh, is he really coming home, and shall I really see
My boy again, my own boy, home? and when, when will
it be?"

Did you say soon?" — "Well, he is home; keep cool, old
dame; he's here."

"Oh, Robert, my own blessed boy!" — "Oh, mother —
mother dear!"

W. C. Bennett.

THREE LITTLE NEST-BIRDS.

WE meant to be very kind;
But if ever we find
Another soft, gray-green, moss-coated, feather-lined nest
in a hedge,
We have taken a pledge —
Susan, Jemmy, and I — with remorseful tears, at this
very minute,
That if there are eggs or little birds in it,
Robin or wren, thrush, chaffinch, or linnet,
We'll leave them there
To their mother's care.

There were three of us — Kate, and Susan, and Jem —
And three of them —
I don't know *their* names, for they could n't speak,
Except with a little imperative squeak
Exactly like Poll,
Susan's squeaking doll,
But squeaking dolls will lie on the shelves
For years, and never squeak of themselves.
The reason we like little birds so much better than toys
Is because they are *really* alive, and know how to make a
noise.

There were three of us and three of them :

Kate — that is I — and Susan and Jem.

Our mother was busy making a pie,

And theirs, we think, was up in the sky.

But for all Susan, Jemmy, or I can tell,

She may have been getting their dinner as well.

They were left to themselves (and so were we)

In a nest in the hedge by the willow-tree,

And when we caught sight of three red little fluff-tufted,
hazel-eyed, open-mouthed, pink-throated heads, we
all shouted for glee.

The way we really did wrong was this :

We took them for mother to kiss.

And she told us to put them back,

While out on the weeping-willow *their* mother was crying,

“ Alack ! ”

We really heard

Both what mother told us to do and the voice of the
mother-bird.

But we three — that is, Susan and I and Jem —

Thought we knew better than either of them ;

And in spite of our mother’s command, and the poor
bird’s cry,

We determined to bring up her three little nestlings our-
selves on the sly.

We each took one :

It did seem such excellent fun !

Susan fed hers on milk and bread !

Jem got wriggling worms for his instead.

I gave mine meat,

For, you know, I thought, “ Poor darling pet ! why
should n’t it have roast beef to eat ? ”

But, oh dear ! oh dear ! How we cried

*When, in spite of milk and bread, and worms, and roast
beef, the little birds died !*

It's a terrible thing to have heartache.
I thought mine would break
As I heard the mother-bird's moan,
And looked at the gray-green, moss-coated, feather-lined
nest she had taken such pains to make,
And her three little children dead and cold as a stone.
Mother said, and it's sadly true,
"There are some wrong things one can never
undo."
And nothing that we could do or say
Would bring life back to the birds that day.

The bitterest tears that we could weep
Would n't wake them out of their stiff, cold sleep.
But then
We — Susan and Jem and I — mean never to be so selfish
and willful and cruel again.
And we three have buried that other three
In a soft, green, moss-covered, flower-lined grave at the
foot of the willow-tree.
And all the leaves which its branches shed
We think are tears because they are dead.
Harper's Bazar.

THE BEACON-LIGHT.

A GERMAN LEGEND.

"Go seaward, son, and bear a light!"
Up spoke the sailor's wife;
"Thy father sails this stormy night
In peril of his life!"

“ His ship that sailed to foreign lands,
This hour may heave in sight ;
O should it wreck upon the sands ! —
Go, son, and bear a light ! ”

He lights a torch and seaward goes,
Naught boots the deed, I doubt ;
The rain it rains ; the wind it blows ;
And soon the light goes out.

The boy comes back : “ O, mother dear !
Bid me not go again ;
No torch can live, ’t is very clear,
Before the wind and rain ! ”

“ No sailor’s blood hast thou, I trow,
To fear a stormy night ;
Let rains descend ; let tempests blow !
Go, son, and bear a light ! ”

Once more he lights the torch, and goes
Towards the foaming main ;
The rain it rains ; the wind it blows ;
Out goes the torch again !

The boy comes back : “ O, mother dear !
The storm puts out the light ;
The night is drear, and much I fear
The woman dressed in white ! ”

“ No sailor’s blood hast thou, I trow,
To tremble thus before
A mermaid’s face — take heart of grace,
And seek again the shore ! ”

The boy comes back : “ O, mother dear !
Go thou unto the strand ;

My father's voice I sure did hear
In tones of stern command!"

And now the mother lights the torch:
And, see! the kindling rays
Have caught the thatch — from roof to porch
The hut is all ablaze!

"What hast thou done?" the urchin cries;
"O piteous sight to see!
Cold is the night! O wretched plight!
No house nor home have we!"

"No sailor's blood hast thou, I wis;
When torches fail to burn,
A blazing hovel — such as this —
May serve as good a turn!"

Joy to the sailor! See! he clears
The shoals on either hand;
Thanks to the light! — and now he steers
In safety to the land!

John G. Saxe.

GRANDMOTHER TENTERDEN.

MASSACHUSETTS SHORE, 1800.

I MIND it was but yesterday —
The sun was dim, the air was chill;
Below the town, below the hill,
The sails of my son's ship did fill —
My Jacob, who was cast away.

He said, "God keep you, mother dear,"
But did not turn to kiss his wife;
They had some foolish, idle strife;
Her tongue was like a two-edged knife,
And he was proud as any peer.

Howbeit that night I took no note
Of sea nor sky, for all was drear ;
I marked not that the hills looked near,
Nor that the moon, though curved and clear,
Through curd-like scud did drive and float.

For with my darling went the joy
Of autumn woods and meadows brown ;
I came to hate the little town ;
It seemed as if the sun went down
With him, my only darling boy.

It was the middle of the night,
The wind it shifted west-by-south ;
It piled high up the harbor mouth ;
The marshes, black with summer drouth,
Were all abroad with sea-foam white.

It was the middle of the night —
The sea upon the garden leapt,
And my son's wife in quiet slept.
And I, his mother, waked and wept,
When lo ! there came a sudden light

And there he stood ! his seaman's dress
All wet and dripping seemed to be ;
The pale blue fires of the sea
Dripped from his garments constantly —
I could not speak, through cowardness.

"I came through night and storm," he said .
"Through storm and night and death," said he,
"To kiss my wife, if it so be
That strife still holds 'twixt her and me,
For all beyond is Peace," he said.

“The sea is His, and He who sent
The wind and wave can soothe their strife;
And brief and foolish is our life.”
He stooped and kissed his sleeping wife.
Then sighed, and like a dream he went.

Now, when my darling kissed not me,
But her — his wife — who did not wake,
My heart within me seemed to break;
I swore a vow! nor thenceforth spake
Of what my clearer eyes did see.

And when the slow weeks brought him not,
Somehow we spoke of aught beside;
For she, — her hope upheld her pride;
And I, — in me all hope had died,
And my son passed as if forgot.

It was about the next spring-tide,
She pined and faded where she stood;
Yet spake no word of ill or good;
She had the hard, cold Edward's blood
In all her veins, — and so she died.

One time I thought, before she passed,
To give her peace, but ere I spake
Methought, “He will be first to break
The news in Heaven,” and for his sake
I held mine back until the last.

And here I sit, nor care to roam,
I only wait to hear his call;
I doubt not that this day, next fall,
Shall see me safe in port; where all
And every ship at last comes home.

And you have sailed the Spanish main,
And know my Jacob? . . . Eh! Mercy!
Ah God of wisdom! hath the sea
Yielded its deep to humble me!
My boy! . . . my Jacob . . . Turn again!
Bret Harte.

PAUL'S DEFENCE BEFORE AGRIPPA.

ACTS, XXVI.

THEN Agrippa said unto Paul, Thou art permitted to speak for thyself. Then Paul stretched forth the hand, and answered for himself: I think myself happy, King Agrippa, because I shall answer for myself this day before thee touching all the things whereof I am accused of the Jews: especially because I know thee to be expert in all customs and questions which are among the Jews: wherefore I beseech thee to hear me patiently.

My manner of life from my youth, which was at the first among mine own nation at Jerusalem, know all the Jews; which knew me from the beginning, if they would testify, that after the most straightest sect of our religion I lived a Pharisee. And now I stand and am judged for the hope of the promise made of God unto our fathers: unto which promise our twelve tribes, instantly serving God day and night, hope to come. For which hope's sake, King Agrippa, I am accused of the Jews.

Why should it be thought a thing incredible with you, that God should raise the dead? I verily thought with myself, that I ought to do many things contrary to the name of Jesus of Nazareth. Which thing I also did in Jerusalem: and many of the saints did I shut up in prison, having received authority from the chief priests; and when they were put to death, I gave my voice against *them*. And I punished them oft in every synagogue,

and compelled them to blaspheme ; and being exceedingly mad against them, I persecuted them even unto strange cities.

Whereupon as I went to Damascus with authority and commission from the chief priests, at mid-day, O king, I saw in the way a light from heaven, above the brightness of the sun, shining round about me and them which journeyed with me. And when we were all fallen to the earth, I heard a voice speaking unto me, and saying in the Hebrew tongue, Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me ? it is hard for thee to kick against the pricks. And I said, Who art thou, Lord ? And he said, I am Jesus whom thou persecutest. But rise, and stand upon thy feet : for I have appeared unto thee for this purpose, to make thee a minister and a witness both of these things which thou hast seen, and of those things in the which I will appear unto thee ; delivering thee from the people, and from the Gentiles, unto whom now I send thee, to open their eyes, and to turn them from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God, that they may receive forgiveness of sins, and inheritance among them which are sanctified by faith that is in me.

Whereupon, O King Agrippa, I was not disobedient unto the heavenly vision : but shewed first unto them of Damascus, and at Jerusalem, and throughout all the coasts of Judea, and then to the Gentiles, that they should repent and turn to God, and do works meet for repentance. For these causes the Jews caught me in the temple, and went about to kill me. Having therefore obtained help of God, I continue unto this day, witnessing both to small and great, saying none other things than those which the prophets and Moses did say should come : that Christ should suffer, and that he should be the first that should rise from the dead, and should shew light unto the people, and to the Gentiles.

And as he thus spake for himself, Festus said with a loud voice, Paul, thou art beside thyself; much learning doth make thee mad.

But he said, I am not mad, most noble Festus; but speak forth the words of truth and soberness. For the king knoweth of these things, before whom also I speak freely: for I am persuaded that none of these things are hidden from him; for this thing was not done in a corner. King Agrippa, believest thou the prophets? I know that thou believest. Then Agrippa said unto Paul, Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian. And Paul said, I would to God, that not only thou, but also all that hear me this day, were both almost and altogether such as I am, except these bonds.

And when he had thus spoken, the king rose up, and the governor, and Bernice, and they that sat with them: and when they were gone aside, they talked between themselves, saying, This man doeth nothing worthy of death or of bonds. Then said Agrippa unto Festus, This man might have been set at liberty, if he had not appealed unto Cæsar.

Bible.

BRUTUS ON THE DEATH OF CÆSAR.

ROMANS, countrymen, and lovers! Hear me for my cause; and be silent that you may hear. Believe me for mine honor; and have respect to mine honor, that you may believe. Censure me in your wisdom; and awake your senses, that you may the better judge. If there be any in this assembly — any dear friend of Cæsar's — to him I say, that Brutus' love to Cæsar was not less than his. If, then, that friend demand why Brutus rose against Cæsar, this is my answer: Not that I loved Cæsar less, *but that I loved Rome more.* Had you rather Cæsar

were living, and die all slaves, than that Cæsar were dead, to live all freemen? As Cæsar loved me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I honor him; but as he was ambitious, I slew him. There are tears, for his love; joy, for his fortune; honor, for his valor; and death, for his ambition! Who is here so base, that would be a bondman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so rude, that would not be a Roman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so vile, that will not love his country? If any, speak; for him have I offended. I pause for a reply.

None? Then none have I offended. I have done no more to Cæsar than you shall do to Brutus. The question of his death is enrolled in the Capitol; his glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy; nor his offences enforced, for which he suffered death.

Here comes his body, mourned by Mark Antony; who, though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying, a place in the commonwealth: as which of you shall not? With this I depart: That, as I slew my best lover for the good of Rome, I have the same dagger for myself, when it shall please my country to need my death.

Shakspeare.

ANNABEL LEE.

BY PAUL PEEBLES.

WHILE Mr. Thompson was conducting the *Southern Literary Messenger*, Poe was a regular visitor to the editorial sanctum of that excellent magazine—or rather, he was an exceedingly irregular dropper-in; his normal condition being, so to speak, always abnormal, if judged by the ordinary human standards. Generally under the combined influence of poetic frenzy and of strong alcoholic

stimulant, he was likewise celebrated for a perpetual imppecuniosity. Money seemed to drill holes through his pockets, and, by some curious invention of the laws of nature, the hard cash he was able to obtain (for *his* day was the day of gold and silver) underwent a summary process of liquefaction. Like an excellent sponge, he was always absorbent and soon dry.

One day, entering Thompson's room, Poe requested a small loan, saying that he had received a sudden call to Philadelphia, and was out of funds — "would Mr. Thompson oblige him with five dollars."

The editor of the *Southern Literary*, accustomed to Poe's peculiar ways, met the demand with the easy grace and open hand for which he is noted; and Poe, bowing his thanks, retreated toward the door; but, pausing at the threshold, he carelessly flung to Thompson a small bit of writing, with the remark:

"By the way, Thompson, there is a little thing I knocked off last night — *it's not much*; but you've been very kind to me, and perhaps you can make room for it somewhere in the magazine!" saying which he turned and left.

Thompson opened the paper and found the manuscript of "Annabel Lee" — one of the most charming of love-songs. It appeared in the next number of the *Southern Literary Messenger*. Thompson, I believe, still preserves the autograph copy as a memento of Poe.

ANNABEL LEE.

I.

It was many and many a year ago,
In a kingdom by the sea,
That a maiden there lived whom you may know
By the name of Annabel Lee;
*And this maiden she lived with no other thought
Than to love and be loved by me.*

II.

I was a child and *she* was a child,
In this kingdom by the sea;
But we loved with a love that was more than love,
I and my Annabel Lee;
With a love that the winged seraphs of heaven
Coveted her and me.

III.

And this was the reason that long ago,
In this kingdom by the sea,
A wind blew out of a cloud, chilling
My beautiful Annabel Lee;
So that her high-born kinsman came
And bore her away from me,
To shut her up in a sepulcher
In this kingdom by the sea.

IV.

The angels, not half so happy in heaven,
Went envying her and me:
Yes! that was the reason (as all men know
In this kingdom by the sea)
That the wind came out of a cloud by night
Chilling and killing my Annabel Lee.

V.

But our love it was stronger by far than the love
Of those who were older than we—
Of many far wiser than we;
And neither the angels in heaven above,
Nor the demons down under the sea,
Can ever dissever my love for the soul
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee.

VI.

For the moon never beams without bringing me dreams
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;
And the stars never rise but I feel the bright eyes
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;
And so, all the night-tide, I lie down by the side
Of my darling — my darling — my life and my bride,
In the sepulcher there by the sea,
In her tomb by the sounding sea.

Edgar A. Poe.

AN EASTERN STORY,
OF HIM "WHOM ALL THINGS NAME."

I.

THREE times our world hath been in deadly strait,
Plucked sorrowing from the verge of awful doom.
List to the Arab fable: All men know
The great, just mandate of the Lord of life,
That, if there come a moment when no voice
In all the idolatrous, forgetful earth
Speaks the dread name of Allah, swift shall fall
Black chaos and destruction everywhere.

II.

Once, in long ages past, there came a time,
A summer noon, when all the lands lay still,
Drunk with hot suns, and palpitant sweet airs
That wandered wanton from the land of Gul;
Through length and breadth of habitable space
Not one soul called on God! Dark grew the sun
Against the shriveling sky; when, lo! it chanced
An outcast woman, idiot, leprous, starved,
Lay dying by the city's outer gate.
*Fevered, she dreamed of waters walled and cool,
And beings plashing in them with white feet,*

Who called to her, "Come wash, be whole, and live!"
Such gladness overcame the sleeping wretch,
Some memory, sealed up in brighter days,
Burst its hard sepulcher within her brain,
And from the unclean portal of her lips
Leaped forth the one all-hallowed, saving name:
So, as she died, the hovering doom passed on.

III.

A thousand years thereafter lowered again
The threatening besom. Then a three-months' babe,
Swinging cool-hammocked from an almond-tree,
Woke from its slumbers, saw its mother's face,
Struck out its happy feet, and curved its neck,
While "Lal-la-al-la," gurgled from its lips
Betwixt the hindering kisses. Once more Fate
Was cheated of her errand.

Yet again,

And now more near and dreadful, seemed the end;
For terrible agues shook the sickened earth,
And from the loftiest tree-tops jarred the fruit.
Dumb with great fear were tongues of men; when, lo!
A hungry parrot, chattering on her perch,
For joy to see the ripe dates rattling down,
Screeched, "Praised be Allah!" in the nick of time.

IV.

So runs the Moslem legend; ending which,
Our guide brought fruit to wash our wonder down.
Then spoke our merry traveler, bleeding out
A red pomegranate's heart upon his lips, —
"Sure we may rest in safety, unalarmed;
The crack of doom will sound not in our time,
Since babes and dreaming idiots everywhere
Are on the increase. Parrots too, we know,
Praise well in Christian as in Moslem tongue!"

V.

Answered him thus our gentlest spirit: "Nay!
There is a dash of sweetness at the core
Of this odd tale. What could they speak, but God?
Is aught that lives so ignorant, weak, or vile,
It cannot lend the All-in-All a tongue?
'If these spake not, the very stones would cry,'
Our prophet said; and, were the story true
Of such a mandate, I would think the flowers,
The very daisies, holding up their lips
To greet the blessed dew at eventide,
Do speak enough of Allah to make sure
The golden chain that holds the farthest stars."

Helen Barron Bostwick.

A NORSELAND SKETCH.

I WILL endeavor to describe a village wedding in Sweden. It shall be in summer-time, that there may be flowers, and in a southern province, that the bride may be fair. The early song of the lark and of chanticleer are mingling in the clear morning air, and the sun, the heavenly bridegroom with golden locks, arises in the east, just as our earthly bridegroom with yellow hair arises in the south. In the yard there is a sound of voices and trampling of hoofs, and horses are led forth and saddled. The steed that is to bear the bridegroom has a bunch of flowers upon his forehead, and a garland of corn-flowers around his neck. Friends from the neighboring farms come riding in, their blue cloaks streaming to the wind; and finally the happy bridegroom, with a whip in his hand, and a monstrous nosegay in the breast of his black jacket, comes forth from his chamber; and then to horse and away, towards the village where the bride already sits and waits.

Foremost rides the spokesman, followed by some half dozen village musicians. Next comes the bridegroom between his two groomsmen, and then forty or fifty friends and wedding guests, half of them perhaps with pistols and guns in their hands. A kind of baggage-wagon brings up the rear, laden with food and drink for these merry pilgrims. At the entrance of every village stands a triumphal arch, adorned with flowers and ribbons and evergreens; and as they pass beneath it the wedding guests fire a salute, and the whole procession stops. And straight from every pocket flies a black-jack, filled with punch or brandy. It is passed from hand to hand among the crowd; provisions are brought from the wagon, and after eating and drinking and hurraing, the procession moves forward again, and at length draws near the house of the bride. Four heralds ride forward to announce that a knight and his attendants are in the neighboring forest, and pray for hospitality. "How many are you?" asks the bride's father. "At least three hundred," is the answer; and to this the host replies, "Yes; were you seven times as many, you should all be welcome; and in token thereof receive this cup." Whereupon each herald receives a can of ale; and soon after the whole jovial company comes storming into the farmer's yard, and riding round the May-pole, which stands in the center, alights amid a grand salute and flourish of music.

In the hall sits the bride, with a crown upon her head and a tear in her eye, like the Virgin Mary in old church paintings. She is dressed in a red bodice and kirtle, with loose linen sleeves. There is a gilded belt around her waist; and around her neck strings of golden beads, and a golden chain. On the crown rests a wreath of wild roses, and below it another of cypress. Loose over her shoulders falls her flaxen hair; and her blue innocent eyes are fixed upon the ground. O thou good soul!

thou hast hard hands, but a soft heart! Thou art poor. The very ornaments thou wearest are not thine. They have been hired for this great day. Yet art thou rich; rich in health, rich in hope, rich in thy first, young, fervent love. The blessing of Heaven be upon thee! So thinks the parish priest, as he joins together the hands of bride and bridegroom, saying in deep, solemn tones, "I give thee in marriage this damsel, to be thy wedded wife in all honor, and to share thy lock and key, and every third penny which you two may possess, or may inherit, and all the rights which Upland's laws provide, and the holy King Erik gave."

The dinner is now served, and the bride sits between the bridegroom and the priest. The spokesman delivers an oration after the ancient custom of his fathers. He interlards it well with selections from the Bible; and invites the Saviour to be present at this marriage feast as he was at the marriage feast in Cana of Galilee. The table is not sparingly set forth. Each makes a long arm, and the feast goes cheerly on. Punch and brandy pass round between the courses, and here and there a pipe is smoked, while waiting for the next dish. They sit long at table; but, as all things must have an end, so must a Swedish dinner. Then the dance begins. It is led off by the bride and the priest, who perform a solemn minuet together. Not till after midnight comes the last dance. The girls form a ring around the bride, to keep her from the hands of the married women, who endeavor to break through the magic circle and seize their new sister. After long struggling they succeed; and the crown is taken from her head and the jewels from her neck, and her bodice is unlaced and her kirtle taken off; and like a vestal virgin clad all in white she goes, and the wedding guests follow her with lighted candles in their hands. And this is a *village bridal*.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

ROSALIND IN THE FOREST.

Rosalind. [*Aside.*] I will speak to him like a saucy lacquey, and under that habit play the knave with him.—
[*To ORLANDO.*] Do you hear, forester?

Orlando. Very well: what would you?

Ros. I pray you, what is 't a clock?

Orl. You should ask me what time o' day: there's no clock in the forest.

Ros. Then there is no true lover in the forest; else sighing every minute, and groaning every hour, would detect the lazy foot of Time as well as a clock.

Orl. And why not the swift foot of Time? had not that been as proper?

Ros. By no means, sir: Time travels in divers paces with divers persons. I'll tell you who Time ambles withal, who Time trots withal, who Time gallops withal, and who he stands still withal.

Orl. I pr'y thee, who doth he trot withal?

Ros. Marry, he trots hard with a young maid between the contract of her marriage and the day it is solemniz'd: if the interim be but a se'nnight, Time's pace is so hard that it seems the length of seven year.

Orl. Who ambles Time withal?

Ros. With a priest that lacks Latin, and a rich man that hath not the gout; for the one sleeps easily, because he cannot study; and the other lives merrily, because he feels no pain: the one lacking the burden of lean and wasteful learning; the other knowing no burden of heavy tedious penury. These Time ambles withal.

Orl. Who doth he gallop withal?

Ros. With a thief to the gallows; for though he go as softly as foot can fall, he thinks himself too soon there.

Orl. Who stays it still withal?

Ros. With lawyers in the vacation; for they sleep be-

tween term and term, and then they perceive not how Time moves.

Orl. Where dwell you, pretty youth?

Ros. With this shepherdess, my sister; here in the skirts of the forest, like fringe upon a petticoat.

Orl. Are you a native of this place?

Ros. As the coney that you see dwell where she is nurtured.

Orl. Your accent is something finer than you could purchase in so removed a dwelling.

Ros. I have been told so of many: but indeed an old religious uncle of mine taught me to speak, who was in his youth an inland man; one that knew courtship too well, for there he fell in love. I have heard him read many lectures against it; and I thank God I am not a woman, to be touched with so many giddy offences as he hath generally tax'd their whole sex withal.

Orl. Can you remember any of the principal evils that he laid to the charge of women?

Ros. There were none principal: they were all like one another as half-pence are; every one fault seeming monstrous till his fellow-fault came to match it.

Orl. I pr'y thee, recount some of them.

Ros. No; I will not cast away my medicine but on those that are sick. There is a man haunts the forest, that abuses our young plants with carving *Rosalind* on their barks; hangs odes upon hawthorns, and elegies on brambles; all, forsooth, deifying the name of *Rosalind*: if I could meet that fancy-monger, I would give him some good counsel, for he seems to have the quotidian of love upon him.

Orl. I am he that is so love-shak'd: I pray you, tell me your remedy.

Ros. There is none of my uncle's marks upon you: he taught me how to know a man in love; in which cage of rushes I am sure you are not a prisoner.

Orl. What were his marks?

Ros. A lean cheek,— which you have not; a blue eye and sunken,— which you have not; an unquestionable spirit,— which you have not; a beard neglected,— which you have not;— but I pardon you for that. Then your hose should be ungarter'd, your bonnet unbanded, your sleeve unbutton'd, your shoe untied, and everything about you demonstrating a careless desolation. But you are no such man: you are rather point-device in your accoutrements; as loving yourself than seeming the lover of any other.

Orl. Fair youth, I would I could make thee believe I love.

Ros. Me believe it! you may as soon make her that you love believe it; which I warrant she is apter to do than to confess she does: that is one of the points in the which women still give the lie to their consciences. But, in good sooth, are you he that hangs the verses on the trees, wherein Rosalind is so admired?

Orl. I declare to thee, youth, by the white hand of Rosalind, I am that he, that unfortunate he.

Ros. But are you so much in love as your rhymes speak?

Orl. Neither rhyme nor reason can express how much.

Ros. Love is merely a madness, and, I tell you, deserves as well a dark house and a whip as madmen do: and the reason why they are not so punish'd and cured is, that the lunacy is so ordinary, that the whippers are in love too: Yet I profess curing it by counsel.

Orl. Did you ever cure any so?

Ros. Yes, one; and in this manner: He was to imagine me his love, his mistress; and I set him every day to woo me: at which time would I, being but a moonish youth, grieve, be effeminate, changeable, longing, and liking; proud, fantastical, apish, shallow, inconstant, full of tears.

full of smiles; for every passion something, and for no passion truly anything, as boys and women are for the most part cattle of this color: would now like him, now loathe him; then entertain him, then forswear him; now weep for him, then spit at him; that I drave my suitor from his mad humor of love to a loving humor of madness; which was, to forswear the full stream of the world, and to live in a nook merely monastic. And thus I cur'd him; and this way will I take upon me to wash your liver as clean as a sound sheep's heart, that there shall not be one spot of love in 't.

Orl. I would not be cured, youth.

Ros. I would cure you, if you would but call me Rosalind, and come every day to my cote, and woo me.

Orl. Now, by the faith of my love, I will: tell me where it is.

Ros. Go with me to it, and I'll show it you; and, by the way, you shall tell me where in the forest you live. Will you go?

Orl. With all my heart, good youth.

Ros. Nay, you must call me Rosalind: — Come, sister, will you go?
Shakspeare.

MY LAMBS.

I LOVED them so,
That when the Elder Shepherd of the fold
Came, covered with the storm, and pale and cold,
And begged for one of my sweet lambs to hold,
I bade him go.

He claimed the pet —
A little fondling thing, that to my breast
Clung always, either in quiet or unrest —
I thought of all my lambs I loved him best,
And yet — and yet —

I laid him down
In those white, shrouded arms, with bitter tears ;
For some voice told me that, in after-years,
He should know naught of passion, grief, or fears,
As I had known.

•
And yet again
That Elder Shepherd came. My heart grew faint.
He claimed another lamb, with sadder plaint,
Another ! She who, gentle as a saint,
Ne'er gave me pain.

Aghast I turned away !
There sat she, lovely as an angel's dream,
Her golden locks with sunlight all agleam,
Her holy eyes with heaven in their beam.
I knelt to pray.

"Is it Thy will ?
My Father, say, must this pet lamb be given ?
Oh ! Thou hast many such, dear Lord, in heaven."
And a soft voice said : "Nobly hast thou striven ;
But — peace, be still."

Oh ! how I wept,
And clasped her to my bosom, with a wild
And yearning love — my lamb, my pleasant child ;
Her, too, I gave. The little angel smiled,
And slept.

"Go ! go !" I cried :
For once again that Shepherd laid His hand
Upon the noblest of our household band.
Like a pale specter, there He took His stand.
Close to his side.

And yet how wondrous sweet
The look with which he heard my passionate cry :
" Touch not my lamb ; for him, oh ! let me die ! "
" A little while, " He said, with smile and sigh,
" Again to meet. "

Hopeless I fell ;
And when I rose, the light had burned so low,
So faint, I could not see my darling go :
He had not bidden me farewell, but oh !
I felt farewell

More deeply, far,
Than if my arms had compassed that slight frame :
Though could I but have heard him call my name —
" Dear mother ! " — but in heaven 't will be the same ;
There burns my star !

He will not take
Another lamb, I thought, for only one
Of the dear fold is spared, to be my sun,
My guide ; my mourner when this life is done :
My heart would break.

Oh ! with what thrill
I heard Him enter ; but I did not know
(For it was dark) that He had robbed me so.
The idol of my soul — he could not go —
O heart ! be still !

Came morning. Can I tell
How this poor frame its sorrowful tenant kept ?
For waking tears were mine ; I, sleeping, wept,
And days, months, years, that weary vigil kept.
Alas ! " Farewell. "

How often it is said !
I sit and think, and wonder too, sometime,
How it will seem, when, in that happier clime,
It never will ring out like funeral chime
Over the dead.

No tears! no tears!
Will there a day come that I shall not weep?
For I bedew my pillow in my sleep.
Yes, yes; thank God! no grief that clime shall keep,
No weary years.

Ay! it is well:
Well with my lambs, and with their earthly guide
There, pleasant rivers wander they beside,
Or strike sweet harps upon its silver tide —
Ay! it is well.

Through the dreary day,
They often come from glorious light to me;
I cannot feel their touch, their faces see,
Yet my soul whispers, they do come to me;
Heaven is not far away.
From the Changed Cross.

THE ANGELS OF BUENA VISTA.

I.

SPEAK and tell us, our Ximena, looking northward far
away,
O'er the camp of the invaders, o'er the Mexican array,
Who is losing? who is winning? are they far or come
they near?
Look abroad, and tell us, sister, whither rolls the storm
we hear.

II.

"Down the hills of Angostura still the storm of battle
rolls;
Blood is flowing, men are dying; God have mercy on
their souls!"
Who is losing? who is winning? — "Over hill and over
plain,
I see but smoke of cannon clouding through the mountain
rain."

III.

Holy Mother! keep our brothers! Look, Ximena, look
once more.
"Still I see the fearful whirlwind rolling darkly as before.
Bearing on, in strange confusion, friend and foeman, foot
and horse,
Like some wild and troubled torrent sweeping down its
mountain course."

IV.

Look forth once more, Ximena! "Ah! the smoke has
rolled away;
And I see the Northern rifles gleaming down the ranks
of gray.
Hark! that sudden blast of bugles! there the troop of
Minon wheels;
There the Northern horses thunder, with the cannon at
their heels.

V.

"Jesu, pity! how it thickens! now retreat and now
advance!
Right against the blazing cannon shivers Puebla's charg-
ing lance!
Down they go, the brave young riders; horse and foot
together fall;
Like a ploughshare in the fallow, through them ploughs
the Northern ball."

VI.

Nearer came the storm and nearer, rolling fast and fright-
ful on :

Speak, Ximena, speak and tell us, who has lost, and who
has won ?

“ Alas ! alas ! I know not ; friend and foe together fall,
O'er the dying rush the living ; pray, my sisters, for them
all !

VII.

“ Lo ! the wind the smoke is lifting : Blessed Mother,
save my brain !

I can see the wounded crawling slowly out from heaps of
slain.

Now they stagger, blind and bleeding ; now they fall, and
strive to rise ;

Hasten, sisters, haste and save them, lest they die before
our eyes !

VIII.

“ O my heart's love ! O my dear one ! lay thy poor head
on my knee :

Dost thou know the lips that kiss thee ? Canst thou hear
me ? canst thou see ?

O my husband, brave and gentle ! O my Bernal, look
once more

On the blessed cross before thee ! Mercy ! mercy ! all is
o'er ! ”

IX.

Dry thy tears, my poor Ximena ; lay thy dear one down
to rest ;

Let his hands be meekly folded, lay the cross upon his
breast,

Let his dirge be sung hereafter, and his funeral masses
said ;

To-day, *thou poor bereaved one*, the living ask thy aid.

X.

Close beside her, faintly moaning, fair and young, a soldier lay,
Torn with shot and pierced with lances, bleeding slow his life away ;
But, as tenderly before him, the lorn Ximena knelt,
She saw the Northern eagle shining on his pistol-belt.

XI.

With a stifled cry of horror straight she turned away her head ;
With a sad and bitter feeling looked she back upon her dead ;
But she heard the youth's low moaning, and his struggling breath of pain,
And she raised the cooling water to his parching lips again.

XII.

Whispered low the dying soldier, pressed her hand and faintly smiled :
Was that pitying face his mother's? did she watch beside her child ?
All his stranger words with meaning her woman's heart supplied ;
With her kiss upon his forehead, "Mother!" murmured he and died.

XIII.

"A bitter curse upon them, poor boy, who led thee forth,
From some gentle, sad-eyed mother, weeping, lonely, in the North!"
Spake the mournful Mexic woman, as she laid him with her dead,
And turned to soothe the living, and bind the wounds *which bled*.

XIV.

Look forth once more, Ximena! "Like a cloud before
the wind
Rolls the battle down the mountains, leaving blood and
death behind;
Ah! they plead in vain for mercy; in the dust the
wounded strive;
Hide your faces, holy angels! O, thou Christ of God,
forgive!"

XV.

Sink, O night, among thy mountains! let the cool, gray
shadows fall;
Dying brothers, fighting demons, drop thy curtain over all!
Through the thickening winter twilight, wide apart the
battle rolled,
In its sheath the saber rested, and the cannon's lips grew
cold.

XVI.

But the noble Mexic women still their holy task pursued,
Through that long, dark night of sorrow, worn and faint
and lacking food;
Over weak and suffering brothers; with a tender care they
hung,
And the dying foemen blessed them in a strange and
Northern tongue.

XVII.

Not wholly lost, O Father! is this evil world of ours:
Upward, through its blood and ashes, spring afresh the
Eden flowers;
From its smoking hell of battle, Love and Pity send their
prayer,
And still thy white-winged angels hover dimly in our air.

John G. Whittier.

PRAYER AND POTATOES.

"If a brother or sister be naked, and destitute of daily food, and one of you say unto them, Depart in peace, be ye warmed and filled; notwithstanding ye give them not those things which are needful to the body; what doth it profit?"—JAMES ii. 15, 16.

AN old lady sat in her old arm-chair,
With wrinkled visage and disheveled hair,
And hunger-worn features:
For days and for weeks her only fare,
As she sat in her old arm-chair,
Had been potatoes.

But now they were gone: of bad or good
Not one was left for the old lady's food,
Of those potatoes;
And she sighed and said, "What shall I do?
Where shall I send, and to whom shall I go,
For more potatoes?"

And as she thought of the deacon over the way,
The deacon so ready to worship and pray,
Whose cellar was full of potatoes,
She said, "I will send for the deacon to come;
He'll not much mind to give me some
Of such a store of potatoes."

And the deacon came over as fast as he could,
Thinking to do the old lady some good,
But never for once of potatoes.
He asked her at once what was her chief want,
And she, simple soul, expecting a grant,
Immediately answered, "Potatoes."

But the deacon's religion did n't lie that way;
He was more accustomed to preach and pray
Than to give his hoarded potatoes;

So not hearing, of course, what the old lady said,
He rose to pray with uncovered head,
But she only thought of potatoes.

He prayed for patience, goodness and grace,
But when he prayed "Lord, give her peace,"
She audibly sighed, "Give potatoes."
And at the end of each prayer which he said,
He heard, or thought he heard, in its stead
That same request for potatoes.

Deacon was troubled — knew not what to do;
'T was very embarrassing to have her act so;
And about those carnal potatoes.
So ending his prayers he started for home;
The door closed behind, he heard a deep groan,
"O give to the hungry, potatoes!"

And the groan followed him all the way home,
In the midst of the night it haunted his room,
"O give to the hungry, potatoes!"
He could bear it no longer; arose and dressed,
From his well-filled cellar taking in haste
A bag of his best potatoes.

Again he went to the widow's lone hut;
Her sleepless eyes she had not yet shut,
But there she sat in her old arm-chair,
With the same wan features, same wan air;
And entering in, he poured on the floor
A bushel or more from his goodly store
Of choicest potatoes.

The widow's heart leaped up for joy,
Her face was haggard and pale no more;

"Now," said the deacon, "shall we pray?"
"Yes," said the widow, "now you may."
And he knelt him down on the sanded floor,
Where he had poured out his goodly store;
And such a prayer the deacon prayed,
As never before his lips essayed.
No longer embarrassed, but free and full,
He poured out the voice of a liberal soul,
And the widow responded a loud "amen!"
But said no more of potatoes.

And would you hear this simple tale —
Pray for the poor, and praying, prevail?
Then preface your prayer with alms and good deeds:
Search out the poor, their wants and needs;
Pray for their peace and grace, spiritual food,
For wisdom and guidance: all these are good;
But don't forget the potatoes!

THE LAST MATCH!

THE last in the bunch!
If this should fail —
(Matches are such uncertain things,) —
And the fisherman's boat in this terrible gale
Should strike on the rock where the mermaid sings,
With her wreathing arms like the white sea-foam,
And eyes, whose gleam o'er her watery home,
Misleads, in the darkness, the 'wilderer tar,
Till he dreams of the home-light waiting afar,
The light that glimmers for him.

Only a tiny splint of wood,
Faintly tipped and frightfully frail;

Frightfully frail — for on it rests

A life so dear to the fisherman's wife
That her heart grows faint, and her bright cheek pale,
As she slowly lifts, with tremulous touch,
The fragile thing whose kindling tests
The wifely courage that in her dwells.
Should it fail! she lists to the toll of bells,
And her pulses stop and her heart is chill,
As fancy hears through the midnight still
The roar of BREAKERS, the cry for aid.
Perhaps — but no! it *shall* not fail!
And she braces her woman's heart anew,
As slowly across the ceiling rude
She draws that frail, life-freighted splint.
It has kindled, see! but the light burns blue,
Sluggish and slow; and the kindling wood
Scarce yields itself to the struggling flame
That flickers and flares, uncertain and tame.
Though kindled with care by a little brown hand,
Yet that treacherous breeze from the wave-wet sand
Is a foe RESISTLESS and dread.

A fiercer blast — it has gone at last!
But no, 't is alight! thank God! alight!
And now let winds and waves assail
The sturdy boat on her homeward track,
For the beacon flame burns clear and bright,
And the fisherman feareth nor wind nor gale;
And over the fire the kettle swings
And the fisherman's wife as blithely sings,
For she knows that afar, o'er the waters dim,
Shines the beacon bright that shall welcome him
To home and his waiting love.

Mrs. H. G. Rowe.

A COUNTRY PICTURE.

OLD Baltus Van Tassel was a perfect picture of a thriving, contented, liberal-hearted farmer. He seldom, it is true, sent either his eyes or his thoughts beyond the boundaries of his own farm; but within those, everything was snug, happy and well-conditioned. He was satisfied with his wealth, but not proud of it; and piqued himself upon the hearty abundance, rather than the style in which he lived.

His stronghold was situated on the bank of the Hudson, in one of those green, sheltered, fertile nooks in which the Dutch farmers are so fond of nestling. A great elm-tree spread its broad branches over it, at the foot of which bubbled up a spring of the softest and sweetest water, in a little well, formed of a barrel, and then stole sparkling away, through the grass, to a neighboring brook, that bubbled along among alders and dwarf-willows.

Hard by the farm-house was a vast barn, that might have served for a church, every window and crevice of which seemed bursting forth with the treasures of the farm. The flail was busily resounding within it from morning till night; swallows and martins skimmed twittering about the eaves; and rows of pigeons, some with one eye turned up, as if watching the weather, some with their heads under their wings, or buried in their bosoms, and others swelling, and cooing, and bowing about their dames, were enjoying the sunshine on the roof. Sleek, unwieldy porkers were grunting in the repose and abundance of their pens, whence sallied forth, now and then, troops of pigs, as if to sniff the air.

A stately squadron of snowy geese was riding in an adjoining pond, convoying whole fleets of ducks; regiments of turkeys were gobbling through the farm-yard, and *guinea-fowls* fretting about it, like ill-tempered house-

wives, with their peevish discontented cry. Before the barn-door strutted the gallant cock, that fine pattern of a husband, a warrior, and a fine gentleman, clapping his burnished wings, and crowing in the pride and gladness of his heart — sometimes tearing up the earth with his feet, and then generously calling on his ever-hungry family of wives and children to enjoy the rich morsel he had discovered.

The hungry mind might picture to itself every roasting-pig running about with an apple in its mouth; the pigeons snugly put to bed in a comfortable pie, and tucked in with a coverlet of crust; the geese swimming in their own gravy; and the ducks pairing cosily in dishes, like snug married couples, with a decent competency of sauce. In the porkers might be carved out the future sleek side of bacon and juicy relishing ham; each turkey daintily trussed up, with its gizzard under its wings, and, peradventure, a necklace of savory sausages; and even the bright chanticleer himself sprawling on his back, in a side dish, with uplifted claws, as if craving that quarter which his chivalrous spirit disdained to ask while living.

The house was one of those spacious farm-houses, with high-ridged, but lowly-sloping roofs, built in the style handed down from the first Dutch settlers; the low projecting eaves forming a piazza along the front, capable of being closed up in bad weather; under this were hung flails, harness, various utensils of husbandry, and nets for fishing in the neighboring river. Benches were built along the sides for summer use; and a great spinning-wheel at one end, and a churn at the other, showed the various uses to which this important porch might be devoted. From this piazza the hall is entered, which forms the center of the mansion and the place of usual residence. Here, rows of resplendent pewter, ranged on a long dresser, dazzle the eye. In one corner stands a huge bag of wool ready to be

spun ; in another, a quantity of 'linsey-woolsey just from the loom ; ears of Indian corn, and strings of dried apples and peaches, hung in gay festoons along the walls, mingled with the gaud of red peppers ; a door left ajar gives a peep into the best parlor, where the claw-footed chairs, and dark mahogany tables, shine like mirrors ; andirons, with their accompanying shovel and tongs, glisten from their covert asparagus tops ; mock-oranges and conch-shells decorate the mantel-piece ; strings of various colored birds' eggs are suspended above it ; a great ostrich egg is hung from the center of the room, and a corner cupboard, knowingly left open, displays immense treasures of old silver and well-mended china.

Washington Irving.

LADY CLARA VERE DE VERE.

LADY Clara Vere de Vere,
Of me you shall not win renown :
You thought to break a country heart
For pastime, ere you went to town.
At me you smiled, but unbeguiled
I saw the snare, and I retired :
The daughter of a hundred Earls,
You are not one to be desired.

Lady Clara Vere de Vere,
I know you proud to bear your name,
Your pride is yet no mate for mine,
Too proud to care from whence I came.
Nor would I break for your sweet sake
A heart that doats on truer charms.
A simple maiden in her dower
Is worth a hundred coats-of-arms.

Lady Clara Vere de Vere,
Some meeker pupil you must find,
For were you queen of all that is,
I could not stoop to such a mind.
You sought to prove how I could love,
And my disdain is my reply.
The lion on your old stone gates
Is not more cold to you than I.

Lady Clara Vere de Vere,
You put strange memories in my head.
Not thrice your branching limes have blown
Since I beheld young Laurance dead.
Oh, your sweet eyes, your low replies :
A great enchantress you may be :
But there was that across his throat
Which you had hardly cared to see.

Lady Clara Vere de Vere,
When thus he met his mother's view,
She had the passions of her kind,
She spake some certain truths of you.
Indeed I heard one bitter word
That scarce is fit for you to hear ;
Her manners had not that repose
Which stamps the caste of Vere de Vere.

Lady Clara Vere de Vere,
There stands a specter in your hall :
The guilt of blood is at your door :
You changed a wholesome heart to gall.
You held your course without remorse,
To make him trust his modest worth,
And, last, you fix'd a vacant stare,
And slew him with your noble birth.

Trust me, Clara Vere de Vere,
From yon blue heavens above us bent,
The grand old gardener and his wife
Smile at the claims of long descent.
Howe'er it be, it seems to me,
'Tis only noble to be good.
Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood.

I know you, Clara Vere de Vere :
You pine among your halls and towers :
The languid light of your proud eyes
Is wearied of the rolling hours.
In glowing health, with boundless wealth,
But sickening of a vague disease,
You know so ill to deal with time,
You needs must play such pranks as these.

Clara, Clara Vere de Vere,
If Time be heavy on your hands,
And there no beggars at your gate,
Nor any poor about your lands ?
Oh ! teach the orphan-boy to read,
Or teach the orphan-girl to sew,
Pray Heaven for a human heart,
And let the foolish yoeman go.

Tennyson.

THE BELLS OF SHANDON.

THE church of Shandon is built on the ruins of Shandon Castle, and is a prominent object to the traveler as he approaches the city of Cork from any direction. Father Prout, or the Rev. Francis Mahony which was his true name, was a native of Cork.

WITH deep affection and recollection,
I often think of those Shandon bells.

Whose sounds so wild would, in days of childhood,
Fling round my cradle their magic spell.
On this I ponder where'er I wander,
And thus grow fonder, sweet Cork, of thee,
 With thy bells of Shandon
 That sound so grand on
The pleasant waters of the river Lee.

I've heard bells tolling "old Adrian's Mole in,"
Their thunder rolling from the Vatican,
And cymbals glorious, swinging uproarious
In the gorgeous turrets of Nôtre Dame:
But thy sound was sweeter than the dome of Peter
Flings o'er the Tiber, pealing solemnly.
 O! the bells of Shandon
 Sound far more grand on
The pleasant waters of the river Lee.

There's a bell in Moscow, while on tower and kiosko
In St. Sophia the Turkman gets,
And loud in air calls men to prayer
From the tapering summit of tall minarets.
Such empty phantoms, I freely grant them;
But there's an anthem more dear to me, —
 'Tis the bells of Shandon,
 That sound so grand on
The pleasant waters of the river Lee.

Father Prout.

BARBARA AND KIT.

FROM THE OLD CURIOSITY SHOP.

THE last door shuts behind them. They have passed the outer wall, and stand in the open air — in the street he has so often pictured to himself when hemmed in by the gloomy stones, and which has been in all his dreams. It seems wider and more busy than it used to be. The

night is bad, and yet how cheerful and gay in his eyes! One of the gentlemen, in taking leave of him, pressed some money into his hand. He has not counted it; but when they had gone a few paces beyond the box for poor prisoners, he hastily returns and drops it in.

Mr. Garland has a coach waiting in a neighboring street, and, taking Kit inside with him, bids the man drive home. At first, they can only travel at a footpace, and then with torches going on before, because of the heavy fog. But, as they get farther from the river, and leave the closer portions of the town behind, they are able to dispense with this precaution and to proceed at a brisker rate. On the road, hard galloping would be too slow for Kit; but, when they are drawing near their journey's end, he begs they may go more slowly, and, when the house appears in sight, that they may stop — only for a minute or two — to give him time to breathe.

But there is no stopping then, for the old gentleman speaks stoutly to him, the horses mend their pace, and they are already at the garden-gate. Next minute, they are at the door. There is a noise of tongues and tread of feet inside. It opens. Kit rushes in, and finds his mother clinging round his neck.

And there, too, is the ever-faithful Barbara's mother, still holding the baby as if she had never put it down since that sad day when they little hoped to have such joy as this — there she is, Heaven bless her! crying her eyes out, and sobbing as never woman sobbed before; and there is little Barbara — poor little Barbara, so much thinner and so much paler, and yet so very pretty — trembling like a leaf and supporting herself against the wall; and there is Mrs. Garland, neater and nicer than ever, fainting away stone dead with nobody to help her; and there is Mr. Abel, violently blowing his nose, and wanting to embrace everybody; and there is the single

gentleman hovering round them all, and constant to nothing for an instant; and there is that good, dear, thoughtful little Jacob, sitting all alone by himself on the bottom stair, with his hands on his knees like an old man, roaring fearfully without giving any trouble to anybody; and each and all of them are for the time clean out of their wits, and do jointly and severally commit all manner of follies.

And even when the rest have in some measure come to themselves again, and can find words and smiles, Barbara — that soft-hearted, gentle, foolish little Barbara — is suddenly missed, and found to be in a swoon by herself in the back parlor, from which swoon she falls into hysterics, and from which hysterics into a swoon again, and is, indeed, so bad that, despite a mortal quantity of vinegar and cold water, she is hardly a bit better at last than she was at first. Then Kit's mother comes in and says will he come and speak to her; and Kit says "Yes," and goes; and he says in a kind voice, "Barbara!" and Barbara's mother tells her that "it's only Kit;" and Barbara says (with her eyes closed all the time), "Oh! but is it him, indeed?" and Barbara's mother says, "To be sure it is, my dear; there's nothing the matter now." And in further assurance that he's safe and sound, Kit speaks to her again; and then Barbara goes off into another fit of laughter, and then into another fit of crying; and then Barbara's mother and Kit's mother nod to each other and pretend to scold her — but only to bring her to herself the faster, bless you! — and being experienced matrons, and acute at perceiving the first dawning symptoms of recovery, they comfort Kit with the assurance that "she'll do now," and so dismiss him to the place from whence he came.

There is one friend he has not seen yet, and as he cannot be conveniently introduced into the family circle, by reason of his being an iron-shod quadruped, Kit takes the first

opportunity of slipping away and hurrying to the stable. The moment he lays his hand upon the latch, the pony neighs the loudest pony's greeting; before he has crossed the threshold, the pony is capering about his loose box (for he brooks not the indignity of a halter), mad to give him welcome; and when Kit goes up to caress and pat him, the pony rubs his nose against his coat, and fondles him more lovingly than ever pony fondled man. It is the crowning circumstance of his earnest, heartfelt reception; and Kit fairly puts his arm round Whisker's neck and hugs him.

But how comes Barbara to trip in there? and how smart she is again! she has been at her glass since she recovered. How comes Barbara in the stable, of all places in the world? Why, since Kit has been away, the pony would take his food from nobody but her; and Barbara, you see, not dreaming Christopher was there, and just looking in to see that everything was right, has come upon him un-awares. Blushing little Barbara!

It may be that Kit had caressed the pony enough; it may be that there are even better things to caress than ponies. He leaves him for Barbara at any rate, and hopes she is better. Yes. Barbara is a great deal better. She is afraid — and here Barbara looks down and blushes more — that he must have thought her very foolish. "Not at all," says Kit. Barbara is glad of that, and coughs — Hem! — just the slightest cough possible — not more than that.

What a discreet pony, when he chooses! He is as quiet now as if he were of marble. He has a very knowing look, but that he always has. "We have hardly had time to shake hands, Barbara," said Kit. Barbara gives him hers. Why, she is trembling now! Foolish, fluttering Barbara!

Arm's length? The length of an arm is not much.

Barbara's was not a long arm, by any means, and besides, she did n't hold it out straight, but bent a little. Kit was so near her when they shook hands, that he could see a small, tiny tear yet trembling on an eyelash. It was natural that he should look at it, unknown to Barbara. It was natural that Barbara should raise her eyes unconsciously, and find him out. Was it natural that at that instant, without any previous impulse or design, Kit should kiss Barbara? He did it, whether or not. Barbara said "for shame," but let him do it, too — twice. He might have done it thrice, but the pony kicked up his heels and shook his head, as if he were suddenly taken with convulsions of delight, and Barbara being frightened, ran away — not straight to where her mother and Kit's mother were, though, lest they should see how red her cheeks were, and should ask her why. Sly little Barbara!

Charles Dickens.

THE BLIND GIRL OF CASTÈL-CUILLÈ.

FROM THE GASCON OF JASMIN.

I.

At the foot of the mountain height
 Where is perched Castèl-Cuillè,
 When the apple, the plum, and the almond tree
 In the plain below were growing white,
 This is the song one might perceive
 'On a Wednesday morn of St. Joseph's Eve:

"The roads should blossom, the roads should bloom,
 So fair a bride shall leave her home!
 Should blossom and bloom with garlands gay,
 So fair a bride shall pass to-day!"

* * * * *

It is Baptiste, and his affianced maiden,
 With garlands for the bridal laden!

The sky was blue ; without one cloud of gloom,
The sun of March was shining brightly,
And to the air the freshening wind gave lightly
Its breathings of perfume.

When one beholds the dusky hedges blossom,
A rustic bridal, ah ! how sweet it is !
To sounds of joyous melodies,
That touch with tenderness the trembling bosoms.

A band of maidens
Gayly frolicking,
A band of youngsters
Wildly rollicking !
Kissing,
Caressing,
With fingers pressing,
Till in the veriest
Madness of mirth, as they dance,
They retreat and advance,
Trying whose laugh shall be loudest and merriest ;
While the bride, with roguish eyes,
Sporting with them, now escapes and cries :
“ Those who catch me
Married verily.
This year shall be ! ”

And all pursue with eager haste,
And all attain what they pursue,
And touch her pretty apron fresh and new,
And the linen kirtle around her waist.

Meanwhile, whence comes it that among
These youthful maidens fresh and fair,
So joyous, with such laughing air,
Baptiste stands sighing, with silent tongue ?
And yet the bride is fair and young !

Is it Saint Joseph would say to us all,
That love, o'er-hasty, precedeth a fall?
O, no! for a maiden frail, I trow
Never bore so lofty a brow!
What lovers! they give not a single caress!
To see them so careless and cold to-day,
These are grand people, one would say.
What ails Baptiste? what grief doth him oppress?

It is that, half-way up the hill,
In yon cottage, by whose walls
Stand the cart-house and the stalls,
Dwelleth the blind orphan still,
Daughter of a veteran old;
And you must know, one year ago,
That Margaret, the young and tender,
Was the village pride and splendor,
And Baptiste her lover bold.
Love, the deceiver, them ensnared;
For them the altar was prepared;
But alas! the summer's blight,
The dread disease that none can stay,
The pestilence that walks by night,
Took the young bride's sight away.
All at the father's stern command was changed;
Their peace was gone, but not their love estranged.

Wearied at home, ere long the lover fled.
Returned but three short days ago,
The golden chain they round him throw,
He is enticed, and onward led
To marry Angela, and yet
Is thinking ever of Margaret.

Then suddenly a maiden cried,
"Anna, Theresa, Mary, Kate!

Here comes the cripple Jane ! ” And by a fountain’s side
A woman, bent and gray with years,
Under the mulberry-trees appears,
And all towards her run, as fleet
As had they wings upon their feet.

* * * * *

But for this once the village seer
Wears a countenance severe,
And from beneath her eyebrows thin and white
Her two eyes flash like cannons bright
Aimed at the bridegroom in waistcoat blue,
Who, like a statue, stands in view ;
Changing color, as well he might,
When the beldame wrinkled and gray
Takes the young bride by the hand,
And, with the tip of her reedy wand
Making the sign of the cross, doth say :
“ Thoughtless Angela, beware !
Lest, when thou weddest this false bridegroom,
Thou diggest for thyself a tomb ! ”

And she was silent ; and the maidens fair
Saw from each eye escape a swollen tear ;
But on a little streamlet silver-clear,

What are two drops of turbid rain ?
Saddened a moment, the bridal train
Resumed the dance and song again ;
The bridegroom only was pale with fear ;
And down green alleys
Of verdurous valleys,
With merry sallies,
They sang the refrain :

“ The roads should blossom, the roads should bloom,
So fair a bride shall leave her home !
Should blossom and bloom with garlands gay,
So fair a bride shall pass to-day ! ”

II.

And by suffering worn and weary,
But beautiful as some fair angel yet,
Thus lamented Margaret,
In her cottage lone and weary : —

“ He has arrived ! arrived at last !
Yet Jane has named him not these three days past.
Arrived ! yet keeps aloof so far !

And knows that of my night he is the star !
Knows that long months I wait alone, benighted,
And count the moments since he went away !
Come ! keep the promise of that happier day,
That I may keep the faith to thee I plighted !
What joy have I without thee ? what delight ?
Grief wastes my life and makes it misery ;
Day for the others ever, but for me

Forever night ! forever night !
When he is gone 't is dark ! my soul is sad !
I suffer ! O my God ! come, make me glad.

* * * * *

“ Who knows ? perhaps I am forsaken !
Ah ! woe is me ! then bear me to my grave !
O God ! what thoughts within me waken !

Away ! he will return ! I do but rave !
He will return ! I need not fear !
He swore it by our Saviour dear ;
He could not come at his own will ;
Is weary, or perhaps is ill !
Perhaps his heart, in this disguise,
Prepares for me some sweet surprise !

But some one comes ! Though blind, my heart can see
And that deceives me not ! 't is he ! 't is he ! ”

And the door ajar is set,
And poor, confiding Margaret

Rises, with outstretched arms, but sightless eyes;
'Tis only Paul, her brother, who thus cries:—

“Angela the bride has passed!
I saw the wedding guests go by;
Tell me, my sister, why were we not asked?
For all are there but you and I!”

“Angela married! and not send
To tell her secret unto me!
O, speak! who may the bridegroom be?”
“My sister, 't is Baptiste, thy friend!”

A cry the blind girl gave, but nothing said;
A milky whiteness spreads upon her cheeks;
An icy hand, as heavy as lead,
Descending, as her brother speaks,
Upon her heart, that has ceased to beat,
Suspends awhile its life and heat.
She stands beside the boy, now sore distressed,
A wax Madonna as a peasant dressed.

At length the bridal song again
Brings her back to her sorrow and pain.

“Hark! the joyous airs are ringing!
Sister, dost thou hear them singing?
How merrily they laugh and jest!
Would we were bidden with the rest!
I would don my hose of homespun gray,
And my doublet of linen striped and gay;
Perhaps they will come; for they do not wed
Till to-morrow at seven o'clock, it is said!”
“I know it!” answered Margaret,
Whom the vision, with aspect black as jet,
Mastered again; and its hand of ice
Held her heart crushed, as in a vice!

"Paul, be not sad! 'T is a holiday;
To-morrow put on thy doublet gay!
But leave me now for awhile alone!"
Away, with a hop and a jump, went Paul,
And, as he whistled along the hall,
Entered Jane, the crippled crone.

"Holy Virgin! what dreadful heat!
I am faint, and weary, and out of breath!
But thou art cold,—art chill as death;
My little friend! what ails thee, sweet?"
"Nothing! I heard them singing home the bride;
And, as I listened to the song,
I thought my turn would come ere long,
Thou knowest it is at Whitsuntide.
Thy cards forsooth can never lie.
To me such joy they prophesy,
Thy skill shall be vaunted far and wide
When they behold him at my side.
And poor Baptiste, what sayest thou?
It must seem long to him;—methinks I see him now?"
Jane, shuddering, her hand doth press:
"Thy love I cannot all approve;
We must not trust too much to happiness;—
Go, pray to God, that thou mayst love him less!"
"The more I pray, the more I love!
It is no sin, for God is on my side!"
It was enough; and Jane no more replied.

* * * * *

III.

Now rings the bell, nine times reverberating,
And the white daybreak, stealing up the sky,
Sees in two cottages two maidens waiting,
How differently!

Queen of a day, by flatterers caressed,
The one puts on her cross and crown,
Decks with a huge bouquet her breast,
And flaunting, fluttering up and down,
Looks at herself, and cannot rest.

The other, blind, within her little room,
Has neither crown nor flower's perfume;
But in their stead for something gropes apart,
That in a drawer's recess doth lie,
And, 'neath her bodice of bright scarlet dye,
Convulsive clasps it to her heart.

The one, fantastic, light as air,
'Mid kisses ringing,
And joyous singing,
Forgets to say her morning prayer!

The other, with cold drops upon her brow,
Joins her two hands, and kneels upon the floor,
And whispers, as her brother opes the door,
"O God! forgive me now!"

And then the orphan, young and blind,
Conducted by her brother's hand,
Towards the church, through paths unscanned,
With tranquil air, her way doth wind.

* * * * *

At length the bell,
With booming sound,
Sends forth, resounding round,
Its hymeneal peal o'er rock and down the dell.
It is broad day, with sunshine and with rain;
And yet the guests delay not long,
For soon arrives the bridal train,
And with it brings the village throng.

In sooth, deceit maketh no mortal gay,
For lo! Baptiste on this triumphant day,
Mute as an idiot, sad as yester-morning,
Thinks only of the beldame's words of warning.

And Angela thinks of her cross, I wis;
To be a bride is all! The pretty lisper
Feels her heart swell to hear all around her whisper,
"How beautiful! how beautiful she is!"

But she must calm that giddy head,
For already the Mass is said;
At the holy table stands the priest;
The wedding-ring is blessed; Baptiste receives it.
Ere on the finger of the bride he leaves it,
He must pronounce one word at least!
'T is spoken; and sudden at the groomsmen's side
"T is he!" a well-known voice has cried.
And while the wedding guests all hold their breath,
Opes the confessional, and the blind girl, see!
"Baptiste," she said, "since thou hast wished my death,
As holy water be my blood for thee!"
And calmly in the air a knife suspended!
Doubtless her guardian angel near attended,
For anguish did its work so well,
That ere the fatal stroke descended,
Lifeless she fell!

At eve, instead of bridal verse,
The De Profundis filled the air;
Decked with flowers a simple hearse
To the churchyard forth they bear;
Village girls in robes of snow
Follow, weeping as they go;
Nowhere was a smile that day,
No, ah no! for each one seemed to say.—

“The roads should mourn and be veiled in gloom
So fair a corpse shall leave its home!
Should mourn and should weep, ah, well-away!
So fair a corpse shall pass to-day!”

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

THE QUAKER WIDOW.

I.

THEE finds me in the garden, Hannah, — come in! It is
kind of thee
To wait until the Friends were gone, who came to com-
fort me.
The still and quiet company a peace may give, indeed,
But blessed is the single heart that comes to us at need.

II.

Come, sit thee down! Here is the bench where Benjamin
would sit
On First-day afternoons in spring, and watch the swallows
flit:
He loved to smell the sprouting box, and hear the pleasant
bees
Go humming round the lilacs and through the apple-trees.

III.

I think he loved the spring: not that he cared for flowers:
most men
Think such things foolishness, — but we were first ac-
quainted then,
One spring: the next he spoke his mind; the third I was
his wife,
And in the spring (it happened so) our children entered
life.

IV.

He was but seventy-five: I did not think to lay him yet
In Kennett graveyard, where at Monthly Meeting first we
met.

The Father's mercy shows in this: 't is better I should be
Picked out to bear the heavy cross — alone in age — than
he.

V.

We've lived together fifty years: it seems but one long
day,
One quiet Sabbath of the heart, till he was called away;
And as we bring from Meeting-time a sweet contentment
home,
So, Hannah, I have store of peace for all the days to come.

VI.

I mind (for I can tell thee now) how hard it was to know
If I had heard the spirit right, that told me I should go;
For father had a deep concern upon his mind that day,
But mother spoke for Benjamin, — she knew what best to
say.

VII.

Then she was still: they sat awhile: at last she spoke
again,
"The Lord incline thee to the right!" and "Thou shalt
have him, Jane!"
My father said. I cried. Indeed, 't was not the least of
shocks,
For Benjamin was Hicksite, and father Orthodox.

VIII.

I thought of this ten years ago, when daughter Ruth we
lost:
Her husband's of the world, and yet I could not see her
crossed.

She wears, thee knows, the gayest gowns, she hears a hire-
ling priest —

Ah, dear! the cross was ours; her life's a happy one, at
least.

IX.

Perhaps she'll wear a plainer dress when she's as old
as I, —

Would thee believe it, Hannah? once *I* felt temptation
nigh!

My wedding-gown was ashen silk, too simple for my taste:
I wanted lace around the neck, and a ribbon at the waist.

X.

How strange it seemed to sit with him upon the women's
side!

I did not dare to lift my eyes: I felt more fear than pride,
Till, "in the presence of the Lord," he said, and then
there came

A holy strength upon my heart, and I could say the same.

XI.

I used to blush when he came near, but then I showed no
sign;

With all the meeting looking on, I held his hand in mine.
It seemed my bashfulness was gone, now I was his for life:
Thee knows the feeling, Hannah, — thee, too, hast been a
wife.

XII.

As home we rode, I saw no fields look half so green as ours;
The woods were coming into leaf, the meadows full of
flowers;

The neighbors met us in the lane, and every face was kind, —
'T is strange how lively everything comes back upon my
mind.

XIII.

I see, as plain as thee sits there, the wedding-dinner spread :
At our own table we were guests, with father at the head,
And Dinah Passmore helped us both, — 't was she stood
up with me,

And Abner Jones with Benjamin, — and now they 're
gone, all three !

XIV.

It is not right to wish for death ; the Lord disposes best.
His Spirit comes to quiet hearts, and fits them for His rest ;
And that He halved our little flock was merciful, I see :
For Benjamin has two in heaven, and two are left with me.

XV.

Eusebius never cared to farm, — 't was not his call, in truth,
And I must rent the dear old place, and go to daughter
Ruth.

Thee 'll say her ways are not like mine, — young people
now-a-days

Have fallen sadly off, I think, from all the good old ways.

XVI.

But Ruth is still a Friend at heart ; she keeps the simple
tongue,

The cheerful, kindly nature we loved when she was young ;
And it was brought upon my mind, remembering her, of
late,

That we on dress and outward things perhaps lay too
much weight.

XVII.

I once heard Jesse Kersey say, a spirit clothed with grace,
And pure, almost, as angels are, may have a homely face.
And dress may be of less account : the Lord will look
within :

The soul it is that testifies of righteousness or sin.

XVIII.

Thee must n't be too hard on Ruth: she's anxious I
should go,
And she will do her duty as a daughter should, I know.
'T is hard to change so late in life, but we must be resigned;
The Lord looks down contentedly upon a willing mind.

Bayard Taylor

OVER THE PRECIPICE.

FROM THE MARBLE FAUN.

"It would be a fatal fall, still," Miriam said to herself, looking over the parapet, and shuddering as her eye measured the depth. "Yes; surely yes! Even without the weight of an overburdened heart, a human body would fall heavily enough upon those stones to shake all his joints asunder. How soon it would be over!"

Donatello, of whose presence she was possibly not aware, now pressed closer to her side; and he, too, like Miriam, bent over the low parapet and trembled violently. Yet he seemed to feel that perilous fascination which haunts the brow of precipices, tempting the unwary one to fling himself over for the very horror of the thing, for, after drawing hastily back, he again looked down, thrusting himself out farther than before. He then stood silent a brief space, struggling, perhaps, to make himself conscious of the historic associations of the scene.

"What are you thinking of, Donatello?" asked Miriam.

"Who were they," said he, looking earnestly in her face, "who have been flung over here in days gone by?"

"Men that cumbered the world," she replied. "Men whose lives were the bane of their fellow-creatures. Men who poisoned the air, which is the common breath of all, for their own selfish purposes. There was short work for such *men in old Roman times*. Just in the moment of their

triumph, a hand, as of an avenging giant, clutched them, and dashed the wretches down this precipice."

"Was it well done?" asked the young man.

"It was well done," answered Miriam; "innocent persons were saved by the destruction of a guilty one, who deserved his doom."

While this brief conversation passed, Donatello had once or twice glanced aside with a watchful air, just as a hound may often be seen to take sidelong note of some suspicious object, while he gives his more direct attention to something nearer at hand. Miriam seemed now first to become aware of the silence that had followed upon the cheerful talk and laughter of a few moments before. Looking round, she perceived that all her company of merry friends had retired, and Hilda, too, in whose soft and quiet presence she had always an indescribable feeling of security. All gone; and only herself and Donatello left hanging over the brow of the ominous precipice.

Not so, however; not entirely alone! In the basement wall of the palace, shaded from the moon, there was a deep, empty niche, that had probably once contained a statue; not empty, either; for a figure now came forth from it and approached Miriam. She must have had cause to dread some unspeakable evil from this strange persecutor, and to know that this was the very crisis of her calamity; for, as he drew near, such a cold, sick despair crept over her, that it impeded her breath, and benumbed her natural promptitude of thought. Miriam seemed dreamily to remember falling on her knees; but, in her whole recollection of that wild moment, she beheld herself as in a dim show, and could not well distinguish what was done and suffered; no, not even whether she were really an actor and sufferer in the scene.

Hilda, meanwhile, had separated herself from the sculptor, and turned back to rejoin her friend. At a dis-

tance, she still heard the mirth of her late companions, who were going down the cityward descent of the Capitoline Hill; they had set up a new stave of melody, in which her own soft voice, as well as the powerful sweetness of Miriam's, was sadly missed.

The door of the little court-yard had swung upon its hinges and partly closed itself. Hilda (whose native gentleness pervaded all her movements) was quietly opening it, when she was startled, midway, by the noise of a struggle within, beginning and ending all in one breathless instant. Along with it, or closely succeeding it, was a loud fearful cry, which quivered upward through the air, and sank quivering downward to the earth. Then a silence! Poor Hilda had looked into the court-yard, and saw the whole quick passage of a deed which took but that little time to grave itself in the eternal adamant.

The door of the court-yard swung slowly, and closed itself of its own accord. Miriam and Donatello were now alone there. She clasped her hands, and looked wildly at the young man whose form seemed to have dilated, and whose eyes blazed with the fierce energy that had suddenly inspired him.

"What have you done?" said Miriam, in a horror-stricken whisper.

The glow of rage was still lurid on Donatello's face, and now flashed out again from his eyes.

"I did what ought to be done to a traitor!" he replied. "I did what your eyes bade me do, when I asked them with mine, as I held the wretch over the precipice!"

These last words struck Miriam like a bullet. Could it be so! Had her eyes provoked or assented to this deed! She had not known it. But, alas! looking back into the frenzy and turmoil of the scene just acted, she could not deny — she was not sure whether it might be so or not — *that a wild joy had flamed up in her heart when she be-*

held her persecutor in his mortal peril. Was it horror?—or ecstasy—or both in one? Be the emotion what it might, it had blazed up more madly, when Donatello flung his victim off the cliff, and more and more while his shriek went quivering downward. With the dead thump upon the stones below had come an unutterable horror.

“And my eyes bade you do it!” repeated she.

They both leaned over the parapet, and gazed downward as earnestly as if some inestimable treasure had fallen over, and were yet recoverable. On the pavement, below, was a dark mass, lying in a heap, with little or nothing human in its appearance, except that the hands were stretched out, as if they might have clutched, for a moment, at the small square stones. But there was no motion in them now. Miriam watched the heap of mortality while she could count a hundred, which she took pains to do. No stir; not a finger moved!

“You have killed him, Donatello! He is quite dead!” said she. “Stone dead! Would I were so, too!”

“Did you not mean that he should die?” sternly asked Donatello, still in the glow of that intelligence which passion had developed in him. “There was short time to weigh the matter; but he had his trial in that breath or two, while I held him over the cliff, and his sentence in that one glance, when your eyes responded to mine! Say that I have slain him against your will—say that he died without your whole consent—and, in another breath, you shall see me lying beside him.”

“Oh, never!” cried Miriam. “My one, own friend! Never! never, never!”

She turned to him—the guilty, blood-stained, lonely woman—she turned to her fellow-criminal, the youth, so lately innocent, whom she had drawn into her doom. She pressed him close, close to her bosom, with a clinging embrace that brought their two hearts together, till the horror and

heart of each was transfused with one emotion, and that a kind of rapture.

"The Deed itself," she spoke the truth," said she: "my heart consented to what you did. We two slew together. The deed stands as together for time and eternity like the tail of a serpent."

They threw one other glance at the heap of death below, to assure themselves that it was there: so like a dream was the whole thing. Then they turned from that fatal precipice, and came out of the court-yard, arm in arm, heart in heart. Instantly they were heedful not to sever themselves so much as a pace or two from one another, for fear of the terror and deadly chill that would thenceforth wait for them in solitude. Their deed—the crime which Donatello wrought, and Miriam accepted on the instant—had wreathed itself as she said, like a serpent, in inextricable coils about both their souls, and drew them into one, by its terrible & attractive power. It was closer than a marriage-bond. So immense, in those first moments, was the vision, that it seemed as if their new sympathy annihilated all other ties, and that they were released from the chain of humanity, or new spheres, a special law, had been traced for them alone. The world could not come near them: they were safe! *Nathaniel Hawthorne.*

MARMION AND DOUGLAS.

Not far advanced was morning day,
When Marmion did his way array
To Surrey's camp to file:
He had safe-conduct for his band,
Beneath the royal seal and hand,
And Douglas gave a guide:
The ancient Earl, with stately grace,
Would Clara on her palfrey place,

And whispered in an undertone,
"Let the hawk stoop, his prey is flown." —
The train from out the castle drew,
But Marmion stopped to bid adieu : —
"Though something I might 'plain," he said,
"Of cold respect to stranger guest,
Sent hither by your king's behest,
While in Tantallon's towers I stayed,
Part we in friendship from your land,
And, noble Earl, receive my hand." —
But Douglas round him drew his cloak,
Folded his arms, and thus he spoke : —
"My manors, halls, and bowers shall still
Be open, at my sovereign's will,
To each one whom he lists, howe'er
Unmeet to be the owner's peer.
My castles are my king's alone,
From turret to foundation-stone, —
The hand of Douglas is his own ;
And never shall in friendly grasp
The hand of such as Marmion clasp." —

Burned Marmion's swarthy cheek like fire,
And shook his very frame for ire,
And — "This to me!" he said, —
"An't were not for thy hoary beard,
Such hand as Marmion's had not spared
'To cleave the Douglas' head!
And, first, I tell thee, haughty Peer,
He who does England's message here,
Although the meanest in her state,
May well, proud Angus, be thy mate :
And, Douglas, more I tell thee here,
Even in thy pitch of pride,
Here in thy hold, thy vassals near,

She wears, thee knows, the gayest gowns, she hears a hire-
ling priest —

Ah, dear! the cross was ours; her life's a happy one, at
least.

IX.

Perhaps she'll wear a plainer dress when she's as old
as I, —

Would thee believe it, Hannah? once *I* felt temptation
nigh!

My wedding-gown was ashen silk, too simple for my taste:
I wanted lace around the neck, and a ribbon at the waist.

X.

How strange it seemed to sit with him upon the women's
side!

I did not dare to lift my eyes: I felt more fear than pride,
Till, "in the presence of the Lord," he said, and then
there came

A holy strength upon my heart, and I could say the same.

XI.

I used to blush when he came near, but then I showed no
sign;

With all the meeting looking on, I held his hand in mine.
It seemed my bashfulness was gone, now I was his for life:
Thee knows the feeling, Hannah, — thee, too, hast been a
wife.

XII.

As home we rode, I saw no fields look half so green as ours;
The woods were coming into leaf, the meadows full of
flowers;

The neighbors met us in the lane, and every face was kind, —
'T is strange how lively everything comes back upon my
mind.

XIII.

I see, as plain as thee sits there, the wedding-dinner spread:
At our own table we were guests, with father at the head,
And Dinah Passmore helped us both,—’t was she stood
up with me,
And Abner Jones with Benjamin,—and now they’re
gone, all three!

XIV.

It is not right to wish for death; the Lord disposes best.
His Spirit comes to quiet hearts, and fits them for His rest;
And that He halved our little flock was merciful, I see:
For Benjamin has two in heaven, and two are left with me.

XV.

Eusebius never cared to farm,—’t was not his call, in truth,
And I must rent the dear old place, and go to daughter
Ruth.
Thee’ll say her ways are not like mine,—young people
now-a-days
Have fallen sadly off, I think, from all the good old ways.

XVI.

But Ruth is still a Friend at heart; she keeps the simple
tongue,
The cheerful, kindly nature we loved when she was young;
And it was brought upon my mind, remembering her, of
late,
That we on dress and outward things perhaps lay too
much weight.

XVII.

I once heard Jesse Kersey say, a spirit clothed with grace,
And pure, almost, as angels are, may have a homely face.
And dress may be of less account: the Lord will look
within:
The soul it is that testifies of righteousness or sin.

“What makes you be shoving and moving your stool on,
And singing all wrong that old song of ‘The Coolun’?”
There’s a form at the casement, — the form of her true-
love, —

And he whispers, with face bent, “I’m waiting for you,
love;

Get up on the stool, through the lattice step lightly,
We’ll rove in the grove while the moon’s shining brightly.”
Merrily, cheerily, noisily whirring,
Swings the wheel, spins the reel, while the foot’s stirring;
Sprightly, and lightly, and airily ringing,
Thrills the sweet voice of the young maiden singing.

The maid shakes her head, on her lip lays her fingers,
Steals up from her seat, — longs to go, and yet lingers;
A frightened glance turns to her drowsy grandmother,
Puts one foot on the stool, spins the wheel with the other.
Lazily, easily, swings now the wheel round;
Slowly and lowly is heard now the reel’s sound;
Noiseless and light to the lattice above her
The maid steps, — then leaps to the arms of her lover.
Slower — and slower — and slower the wheel swings;
Lower — and lower — and lower the reel rings;
Ere the reel and the wheel stop their ringing and moving,
Through the grove the young lovers by moonlight are
roving.

John Francis Waller.

THE STELLAR WORLDS.

Go with me to yonder “light-house of the skies.” Poised
on its rocky base, behold that wondrous tube which lifts
the broad pupil of its eye high up, as if gazing instinct-
ively into the mighty deep of space. Look out upon the
heavens, and gather into your eye its glittering constella-

tions. Pause and reflect that over the narrow zone of the retina of your eye a universe is pictured, painted by light in all its exquisite and beautiful proportions.

Look upon that luminous zone which girdles the sky,—observe its faint and cloudy light. How long, think you, that light has been streaming, day and night, with a swift-ness which flashes it on its way twelve millions of miles in each and every minute?—how long has it fled and flashed through space to reach your eye and tell its wondrous tale? Not less than a century has rolled away since it left its home! Hast thou taken it at the bound thereof? Is this the bound,—here the limit from beyond which light can never come?

Look to yonder point in space, and declare that thou beholdest nothing, absolutely nothing; all is blank and deep and dark. You exclaim: Surely no ray illumines that deep profound. Place your eye for one moment to the tube that now pierces that seeming domain of night, and, lo! ten thousand orbs, blazing with light unutterable, burst on the astonished sight. Whence start these hidden suns? Whence comes this light from out deep darkness? Knowest thou, O man! the paths to the house thereof? Ten thousand years have rolled away since these wondrous beams set out on their mighty journey! Then you exclaim: We have found the boundary of light; surely none can lie beyond this stupendous limit: far in the deep beyond darkness unfathomable reigns. Look once more. The vision changes; a hazy cloud of light now fills the field of the telescope. Whence comes the light of this mysterious object? Its home is in the mighty deep, as far beyond the limit you had vainly fixed,—ten thousand times as far,—as that limit is beyond the reach of human vision.

And thus we mount and rise and soar, from height to height, upward, and ever upward still, till the mighty series ends because vision fails and sinks and dies.

Hast thou then pierced the boundary of light? Hast thou penetrated the domain of darkness? Hast thou, weak mortal, soared to the fountain whence come these wondrous streams, and taken the light at the hand thereof? Knowest thou the paths to the house thereof? Hast thou stood at yonder infinite origin, and bid that flash depart and journey onward, days and months and years, century on century, through countless ages,—millions of years, and never weary in its swift career? Knowest thou when it started? Knowest thou it because thou wast then born, and because the number of thy days is great? Such, then, is the language addressed by Jehovah to weak, erring, mortal man. How has the light of science flooded with meaning this astonishing passage? Surely, surely we do not misread,—the interpretation is just. *Ormsby Macknight Mitchel.*

THE EXECUTION OF MONTROSE.

COME hither, Evan Cameron! Come, stand beside my knee:

I hear the river roaring down towards the wintry sea;
There's shouting on the mountain-side, there's war within
the blast,

Old faces look upon me, old forms go trooping past;
I hear the pibroch wailing amidst the din of fight,
And my dim spirit wakes again upon the verge of night.

'T was I that led the Highland host through wild Lochaber's
snows,

What time the plaided clans came down to battle with
Montrose.

I've told thee how the Southrons fell beneath the broad
claymore,

And how we smote the Campbell clan by Inverlocky's
shore.

I've told thee how we swept Dundee, and tamed the Lindsay's pride;
But never have I told thee yet how the Great Marquis died!

A traitor sold him to his foe;—O deed of deathless shame!

I charge thee, boy, if e'er thou meet with one of Assynt's name—

Be it upon the mountain's side, or yet within the glen,
Stand he in martial gear alone, or backed by arméd men—
Face him, as thou wouldst face the man who wronged thy sire's renown;

Remember of what blood thou art, and strike the caitiff down.

They brought him to the Watergate, hard bound with hempen span,
As though they held a lion there, and not an unarmed man.

They set him high upon a cart—the hangman rode below—

They drew his hands behind his back, and bared his noble brow:

Then, as a hound is slipped from leash, they cheered—the common throng,

And blew the note with yell and shout, and bade him pass along.

But when he came, though pale and wan, he looked so great and high,

So noble was his manly front, so calm his steadfast eye,—
The rabble rout forebore to shout, and each man held his breath,

For well they knew the hero's soul was face to face with death.

And then a mournful shudder through all the people crept,
And some that came to scoff at him, now turned aside and
wept.

Had I been there with sword in hand, and fifty Camerons
by,

That day through high Dunedin's streets had pealed the
slogan cry.

Not all their troops of trampling horse, nor might of
mailed men,—

Not all the rebels in the south had borne us backwards
then!

Once more his foot on Highland heath had trod as free as
air,

Or I, and all who bore my name, been laid around him
there.

It might not be. They placed him next within the solemn
hall,

Where once the Scottish kings were throned amidst their
nobles all.

But there was dust of vulgar feet on that polluted floor,
And perjured traitors filled the place where good men sate
before.

With savage glee came Warristoun to read the murderous
doom,

And then uprose the great Montrose in the middle of the
room.

Now by my faith as belted knight, and by the name I
bear,

And by the bright Saint Andrew's cross that waves above
us there—

Yea, by a greater, mightier oath, and oh, that such should
be!—

*By that dark stream of royal blood that lies 'twixt you
and me,—*

I have not sought in battle-field a wreath of such renown,
Nor hoped I, on my dying day, to win a martyr's crown!

The morning dawned full darkly, the rain came flashing
down,

And the jagged streak of the levin-bolt lit up the gloomy
town:

The thunder crashed across the heaven, the fatal hour was
come,

Yet aye broke in, with muffled beat, the 'larum of the
drum.

Theré was madness on the earth below, and anger in the
sky,

And young and old, and rich and poor, came forth to see
him die.

Ah God! that ghastly gibbet! how dismal 't is to see
The great, tall, spectral skeleton, the ladder and the tree!
Hark! Hark! it is the clash of arms, the bells begin to
toll —

He is coming! he is coming! God's mercy on his soul!
One last long peal of thunder — the clouds are cleared
away,

And the glorious sun once more looks down amidst the
dazzling day.

He is coming! he is coming! — Like a bridegroom from
his room,

Came the hero from his prison to the scaffold and the
doom.

There was glory on his forehead, there was luster in his
eye,

And he never walked to battle more proudly than to die:
There was color in his visage, though the cheeks of all
were wan,

And they marveled as they saw him pass, that great and
goodly man!

A beam of light fell o'er him, like a glory round the
 shriven,
And he climbed the lofty ladder, as it were the path to
 heaven.
Then came a flash from out the cloud, and a stunning
 thunder roll,
And no man dared to look aloft, for fear was on every soul.
There was another heavy sound, a hush and then a groan;
And darkness swept across the sky — the work of death
 was done! *William Edmondstone Aytoun.*

BESSIE AND I; OR, HOW A WOMAN POPPED THE
 QUESTION.

I.

ENJOY'D your dinner, have you, my boy? Well, come,
 that's jolly, you know,
Though I wish that Bessie had been here too—she's long-
 ing to see you so.

So 't is seven years since you went away, and I have been
 married five:

What! you thought I "had n't the cheek" to propose to
 a girl? Why, man alive,

'T is the strangest, most delightful thing that ever hap-
 pen'd, you see:

I did n't "pop the question" at all. 'T was Bessie pro-
 posed to me!

Here, Edie and Sid, you may run off now, and have a
 gameo' play;

Come, you know what mamma was to bring you home, if
 you be good children to-day:

Your uncle and I have a lot o' things that we want to talk
about ;
And you shall come in again, my dears, when we've had
our gossip out.

You know what our prospects were, old man—our mother's,
and Kate's, and mine —
When you bade us good-by to go to sea in the navy-doc-
toring line :
With the mother's pension and jointure, you know, she
was pretty well off, and then
We thought I was sure to make my mark, what with the
bar and the pen.

I remember how you laugh'd at my rhymes, you unbe-
lieving Jew,
And used to rout me out from my books to go and idle
with you ;
But the mother and Kate believed in me, as our foolish
women-folks will,
And Bessie dubb'd me her laureate, and knight of the
gray goose-quill.

You know what Bessie was as a child, in the dear old
bygone days,
With her big brown eyes and golden head and her pretty
willful ways ;
How she plagued, and charm'd, and queen'd it o'er us
youngsters oft and oft,—
Yet what a dear little heart it was, how clinging, and ten-
der, and soft !

Well, I went to Heidelberg, as you know, to finish my
school career,
In the quaint old home of spectacl'd lore, meerschaums,
and lager beer ;

And when I came back, my child-playmate had vanish'ed,
and in her place
Was a fair girl-woman, shy and sweet, with a gentle,
winsome face.

And I loved her, I loved her—God knows how well!—
from her first shy welcoming glance,
With a passion as strong, and tender, and pure, as the
love of old Romance;
And she?—she was always pleasant and kind with the
friend of her childhood gay,
But whether my darling loved me or no was more than I
could say.

Willie and Kate were engaged, you know, and they'd
look so conscious and shy,
That we used to tease and banter them both, his sister
Bessie and I;
And when they'd begin to whisper and sigh, I could n't
do less, you'll own,
Than draw sweet Bessie away with me, and leave the
lovers alone.

We were out in the fields, one summer's eve—how well I
remember it still!—
And somehow we two had wander'd away from love-lorn
Katie and Will,
Till we came in the dusk to the lone black mere, where
the aspen branches wave,
And she coax'd me to tell her its legend grim of a love
beyond the grave.

Then I look'd down into her soft brown eyes, with their
witching and lustrous spell,
And I whisper'd, "Dear, I've another tale that I should
like to tell!"

When we heard a merry shout from behind, and up came
Willie and Kate,
And the loving words died out on my lips, and I knew
my story must wait.

But she seem'd from that very time to grow more shy and
distant, you see :
I never could meet her out alone, or tempt her to walk
with me ;
And when I tried to draw her aside to whisper a loving
word,
She'd flush and tremble, and flutter away, like a pretty
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I saw she shunn'd me, and said to myself, with a proud
and passionate throe,
"She loves me not, and would spare us both the pain of
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And I'd rather, God knows, that my heart should break,
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Than I'd pester a woman with whispers and vows that
she doesn't care to hear !"

So I put away all my hopes of love, and settled gloomily
down
To the dreary study of the law, in my chambers up in
town :
I left the lover's tender *rôle* for the sterner Roman's part,
And thought to live my passion down, and root it out of
my heart.

But in vain, in vain ; for while my eyes were bent on the
musty page,
My truant thoughts would wander away to the pleasant
parsonage,

And in fancy I'd see her winsome face — too winsome and
fair to tell —

With the soft, shy look in her lustrous eyes that I knew
too well, too well !

Let I kept to my work with a dogged heart that naught
could conquer or tame ;

"Since love is denied me," I bitterly said, "I'll make my-
self a name."

I was up with the first faint streak of dawn, with pallid
and haggard looks,

And midnight found me with aching head still bending
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And you know the end ! — how a mist would clog my
bloodshot waking eyes,

And circles quiver about the lights in dazzling rainbow
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Then a strange dim blur of letters and lines, and then —
all darkness there !

And a poor blind man upon his knees, in an agony of
prayer.

Oh, Jack, dear brother, 't was hard — 't was hard ! so
young in sorrow and strife

To be left a sightless burden, old man, for all my useless
life !

Never to see the sun or the flowers, nor the starry heavens
above,

Nor look in the dear home-faces again, so full of pity and
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I seldom saw her — Bessie, I mean — for the wound would
rankle still,

But I'd hear of her almost every day from either Katie
or Will ;

And when they talked of a legacy that had left her rich,
you know,
My broken prayers went up to God for her happiness
below.

But it chanced, as I sat and brooded alone, one summer's
afternoon —
By the pleasant warmth and the scent o' the flowers I
knew it was "leafy June" —
Kate came and coax'd me to take her arm, and walk out
with her, to call
At the rectory-house, or our friends would think I'd quite
forgotten them all.

And Bessie was there! I could not see her winsome, wel-
come face,
But the very sense of her presence seemed to glorify the
place;
And I trembled and flush'd in the foolish way that lovers
understand,
At the gentle sound of her pitying voice, and the touch
of her dainty hand!

We sat in the quaint oak parlor — ah, how well I knew
it of old! —
And the good old rector prosed away about his church
and his fold,
The parish schools, and the state of the roads, and the
probable price of hay,
Till Bessie at last jump'd up from her chair, in her old
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What! none of you speak? Then Charlie here shall be
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I want to read him the poem, you know, that so delighted me ! ”

Then she took my arm and led me out, with a tender sisterly care,

To the dear old garden, so dark to me, to her so blooming and fair,

Till we came to the arbor, the scene of some of my happiest hours o’ life,

Ere I’d put from my heart its crowning hope of calling her my wife.

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If I ask you to tell me a secret that else would ever be untold !

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or vow:

And yet—how cruel! how cruel! —you thought I should
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AND so we were married — Bessie and I — and every
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I'd cause to bless the happy day that brought me my
darling wife:

Such a true and tender helpmeet, she—so patient, and
ready, and kind,
She almost made me think at times 't was a blessing to be
blind !

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The home and the wealth she brought, I prized the richer
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And she tried to persuade me that I help'd to pay our
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By the stories and rhymings, grave and gay, she loved to
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So we went to town for a week or so, and you'll easily
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I was dazed and giddy-like for a while, but I soon got
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my best !”

We sat far into that happy night, I and dear old Will—
Ah, the rose-like spell of those rich, deep hours is a fra-
grant memory still !—

And we talk'd of the dear ones down at home, and the
story we had to tell,
And the wondrous love of the Master above, who "doeth
all things well."

We spoke of Bessie again and again, and always with
moisten'd eyes,
And we felt 't would be best to spare my love too sudden
a glad surprise;
So I was to keep on my old blue "specs" by way of a
loving ruse,
And to patiently bide the fitting time for gently breaking
the news.

You can easily guess what my feelings were when I got
back home at last;
And how, as I trod on the threshold here, my heart beat
thick and fast;
And how I had nearly told her all in a burst o' passionate
bliss,
As my darling flew to welcome me home with a loving
clasp and kiss.

Dear heart, 't was the same sweet bonnie face, nay, bonnier
than before,
With the old soft charm in the lustrous eyes that had won
my heart of yore!
Sweet eyes, that were moist with tender tears, that it went
to my heart to see:
God knows that I never knew till then the depths of her
love for me!

She put my hat and my stick away, and with tender and
wifely care
Led me, who seem'd so helpless and dark, to my old
accustom'd chair;

And there she left me a minute or so, with a kiss and a gentle word,
While she ran to bring the children down ; and my heart was strangely stirr'd

As I look'd about at the pleasant room, and out on the garden view,
That all seem'd so familiarly strange, so old, and yet so new ;
And I dropp'd back into my chair once more, with a longing akin to pain,
As I heard the children come skurrying down to welcome me home again.

I could scarcely see them at first for the tears that dimm'd my yearning sight,
As they ran to meet me, with eager joy, my younglings bonnie and bright ;
And then they clamber'd up on my knees, with merry welcoming cries,
And I look'd for the first time in my life in my little darlings' eyes !

And what did I see ? A wee girl-face, bright, and eager, and fair,
With her mother's lips and lustrous eyes, and ripple of golden hair,
And a darling rogue of a baby-boy with merry black eyes ; and, ah,
They both were pleading with lips and eyes for "A story, a story, papa !"

"What sort of a story, my dears?" I said ; "a fairy story, eh ?
Well, come, as you've been good children, I hear, I must humor you to-day ;

Once on a time, in a beautiful wood there lived a fairy,
you know:

I couldn't tell you the year, of course, but 'tis ever so
long ago.

“And all the people they loved her so, this fairy in the
wood,

For she never was cross and proud, my dears, but kind,
and gentle, and good;

And she was always happiest when she'd made some
neighbor happy and bright—

Unlike some little children I know, who tease, and quar-
rel, and fight!

“Not you, my dear? Why, of course not, child! Do
you fancy I should suppose

That Edie and Sid would ever do such naughty things as
those?

’Tis only bad little boys and girls that plague, and quar-
rel, and shout;

But now for this beautiful fairy, dears, I was telling you
about.

“What was she like? Why, Edie, child, what a little
plague you are!

Well, I fancy—I only fancy, you know—she was some-
thing like mamma:

She'd nice brown eyes, and—let me think—yes, beauti-
ful golden hair;

And her face was quite a treat to see, it look'd so pleasant
and fair.

“Now in this wood a hermit dwelt, in a cottage lone and
poor;

He was blind, like poor papa, my dears, and his heart was
heavy and sore,

Till the fairy found him out one day, as he sat in his lonely
cot,
And thought, 'Poor man, I must do my best to brighten
and cheer his lot !'

"So she'd come and chat, and tell him the news, till he
grew quite merry and bright,
And she gave him all that she could — food, gold, and
everything but sight ;
And she brought little children to play with him — such
nice little children, miss —
And he'd hear their prattle and tell them tales, and pull
their ears — like this !

"Well, the fairy had a brother, my dears, who was quite a
giant, 'tis said,
And could do, oh my, such wonderful things when he took
it into his head ;
And when his fairy sister was out on an errand of good,
one day,
He went alone to the blind man's hut, and gently led him
away.

"He led him away to a secret cave, where a mighty genii
dwells,
And with curious bottles, and drugs, and books, works
wonderful cures and spells ;
And he touch'd the man with his magic wand on his poor,
dark, sightless eyes,
And he saw — oh, the joy ! — saw again the beautiful
fields and skies !

"He was cured, my dears — he was blind no more ; and
he thought, with a happy smile,
'I won't let her know it all at once, but keep it a secret
awhile ;'

For the dearest thought of his heart was this, 'How glad
the fairy will be,
And what fun I shall have with the children now when
they come to play with me''

"Well, he found the fairy waiting at home, and she started
up from her chair,
With her face all flush'd and eager-like, as mamma's is
over there;
And she press'd her hands, as mamma does now, to her
throbbing brow, just here —
Why, Bessie, my darling, what is it now? how you frighten
a fellow, dear!"

For, ah, she had read my story right, and was sobbing on
my breast,
With her arms about the children and me, my fairy bonnie
and blest;
And I clasp'd her to my heart of hearts, while my brim-
ming eyes o'erran —
The truest helpmeet, the sweetest wife, God ever gave to
man!

I told her all as she lay on my breast, hand lovingly
clasp'd in hand,
And then the dear children had to be kiss'd, and made to
understand;
And I had to tell who Edie was like, with her mother's
eyes, dear heart,
And whether little Syddie was not my very counterpart!

And of course I had to be taken out around our little
domain,
Where all its beauties were pointed out and admired again
and again;

And then, in the midst of a merry laugh or a lightly-uttered jest,
Poor Bessie would quite break down again, and be weeping on my breast !

Talk of the — hem ! why, there she is ! — that's her knock, as sure as a gun !
Now you take your cue from me, old man, and I'll show you a little fun :
Bessie, my dear, this gentleman here is a very old friend of mine —
Mr. Smith, Mrs. C. ; Mrs. C., Mr. Smith — in the briefless-barrister line !

Ha, ha ! why, where is your memory, dear ? As the singers say, " Try back."
Have you quite forgotten our old playmate, the illustrious Dr. Jack ?
Halloo ! what now ? Well, upon my word, this really is a surprise ! —
Kissing another fellow under my very eyes !

Only look at her now, old man — there's a picture for you, eh ?
Why, she's getting younger, and rosier, and handsomer every day !
Come, get us some tea, there's a dear good girl, and don't stand laughing there,
And we'll make it a jolly meeting to-night, with Dr. Jack in the chair !

Edwin Collier.

MIDNIGHT.

'TIS now the very witching time of night ;
When churchyards yawn, and hell itself breathes out
Contagion to this world ; now could I drink hot blood,
And do such business as the better day
Would quake to look on. Soft : now to my mother —
Oh, heart, lose not thy nature ; let not ever
The soul of Nero enter this firm bosom :
Let me be cruel, not unnatural :
I will speak daggers to her, but use none.

Shakspeare.

A BALLAD OF NANTUCKET.

"WHERE go you, pretty Maggie,
Where go you in the rain?"

"I go to ask the sailors
Who sailed the Spanish main,

"If they have seen my Willie,
If he'll come back to me, —
It is so sad to have him
A-sailing on the sea."

"O Maggie, pretty Maggie,
Turn back to yonder town ;
Your Willie's in the ocean,
A hundred fathoms down !

"His hair is turned to sea-kelp,
His eyes are changed to stones,
And twice two years have knitted
The coral round his bones !

"The blossoms and the clover
Shall bloom and bloom again,

But never shall your lover
Come o'er the Spanish main !”

But Maggie never heeded,
For mournfully she said :
“ It is so sad to have him
A-sailing on the sea.”

She left me in the darkness :
I heard the sea-gulls screech,
And burly winds were growling
With breakers on the beach.

The bells of old Nantucket,
What touching things they said,
When Maggie lay a-sleeping
With lilies round her head.

The parson preached a sermon,
And prayed and preached again, —
But she had gone to Willie
Across the Spanish main !

Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

THE IVY-GREEN.

OH ! a dainty plant is the ivy-green,
That creepeth o'er ruins old ;
Of right choice food are his meals, I ween,
In his cell so lonely and cold.
The wall must be crumbled, the stone decayed,
To please his dainty whim ;
And the moldering dust that years have made,
Is a merry meal for him.
Creeping where no life is seen,
A rare old plant is the ivy-green.

Fast he stealeth on, though he wears no wings,
And a staunch old head hath he;
How closely he 'twineth — how tightly he clings
To his friend, the huge oak-tree!
And slily he traileth along the ground,
And his leaves he gently waves,
As he joyously hugs, and crawleth round
The rich mold of dead men's graves.
Creeping where grim death hath been,
A rare old plant is the ivy-green.

Whole ages have fled and works decay'd,
And nations have scatter'd been;
But the stout old ivy shall never fade
From its hale and hearty green.
The brave old plant in its lonely days
Shall fatten on the past;
For the stateliest building man can raise,
Is the ivy's food at last.
Creeping where grim death hath been,
A rare old plant is the ivy-green.

Dickens.

THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER.

O SAY, can you see by the dawn's early light
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleam-
ing? —
Whose broad stripes and bright stars through the perilous
fight,
O'er the ramparts we watched were so gallantly stream-
ing!
And the rocket's red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there;
O say, does that star-spangled banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?

On that shore, dimly seen through the mists of the deep,
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,
What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering steep,
As it fitfully blows, now conceals, now discloses?
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,
In full glory reflected, now shines on the stream;
'T is the star-spangled banner! O, long may it wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

And where is that band who so vauntingly swore
That the havoc of war and the battle's confusion
A home and a country should leave us no more?
Their blood has washed out their foul footsteps' pollution.
No refuge could save the hireling and slave
From the terror of flight or the gloom of the grave;
And the star-spangled banner in triumph doth wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

O, thus be it ever when freemen shall stand
Between their loved homes and the war's desolation!
Blest with victory and peace, may the heaven-rescued land
Praise the Power that hath made and preserved us a
nation.

Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just,
And this be our motto, "In God is our trust;"
And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

Francis Scott Key.

THE MARSEILLES HYMN.

YE sons of freedom, wake to glory!
Hark! hark! what myriads bid you rise!
Your children, wives, and grandsires hoary,
Behold their tears and hear their cries.

Shall hateful tyrants, mischiefs breeding,
With hireling hosts, a ruffian band,
Affright and desolate the land,
While peace and liberty lie bleeding?
To arms! to arms! ye brave!
Th' avenging sword unsheath:
March on! march on! all hearts resolved
On victory or death.

Now, now, the dangerous storm is rolling,
Which treacherous kings confederate raise;
The dogs of war, let loose, are howling,
And lo! our fields and cities blaze;
And shall we basely view the ruin,
While lawless force with guilty stride,
Spreads desolation far and wide,
With crimes and blood his hands imbruing?
To arms! to arms! ye brave, &c.

With luxury and pride surrounded,
The vile, insatiate despots dare
(Their thirst of power and gold unbounded)
To mete and vend the light and air.
Like beasts of burden would they load us,
Like gods would bid their slaves adore;
But man is man, and who is more?
Then shall they longer lash and goad us?
To arms! to arms! ye brave, &c.

O Liberty, can man resign thee,
Once having felt thy generous flame?
Can dungeons, bolts, or bars confine thee?
Or whips thy noble spirit tame?
Too long the world has wept, bewailing

That falsehood's dagger tyrants wield;
But freedom is our sword and shield,
And all their arts are unavailing.
To arms! to arms! ye brave, &c.

Rouget de L'Isle.

DIE WACHT AM RHEIN.—(THE RHINE WATCH.)

A ROAR like thunder strikes the ear,
Like clang of arms or breakers near,
"On for the Rhine, the German Rhine!"
"Who shields thee, my beloved Rhine?"
Dear Fatherland, thou needs not fear,
Thy Rhineland watch stands firmly here.

A hundred thousand hearts beat high,
The flash darts forth from ev'ry eye,
For Teutons brave, inured by toil,
Protect their country's holy soil.
Dear Fatherland, thou needs not fear,
Thy Rhineland watch stands firmly here.

The heart may break in agony,
Yet Frenchman thou shalt never be.
In water rich is Rhine; thy flood,
Germania, rich in heroes' blood.
Dear Fatherland, thou needs not fear,
Thy Rhineland watch stands firmly here.

When heavenward ascends the eye,
Our heroes' ghosts look down from high;
We swear to guard our dear bequest,
And shield it with the German breast.
Dear Fatherland, thou needs not fear,
Thy Rhineland watch stands firmly here.

As long as German blood still glows,
The German sword strikes mighty blows,
And German marksmen take their stand,
No foe shall tread our native land.
Dear Fatherland, thou needs not fear,
Thy Rhineland watch stands firmly here.

We take the pledge. The stream runs by;
Our banners, proud, are wafting high.
On for the Rhine, the German Rhine!
We all die for our native Rhine.
Hence, Fatherland, be of good cheer,
Thy Rhineland watch stands firmly here.

THE DEPOT TICKET-CLERK.

THE duty of the ticket-clerk is to answer questions and sell tickets.

He answers more questions than he sells tickets, for almost everybody who buys a ticket has three or four questions to ask.

Travelers seem to think the ticket is "mighty dear," unless two or three pieces of information are thrown into the bargain.

There is, for some reason, a sort of natural animosity between the ticket purchaser and the ticket-clerk; and it is certain that he would never carry on his occupation if he were not in a strong enclosure.

Perhaps his being so barred in, that he could not be got at, even if anybody wanted to get him in the worst way, has a tendency to arouse the feeling I mentioned; at all events, it exists, and if he were not fenced in, he would need to be a courageous fellow.

The apartment which he occupies has generally only a

small hole for communication between himself and the public outside.

This hole is big enough to admit a man's head.

His head is all the ticket-clerk has to do with ; he does not require to see the remainder of his proportions.

He will sell a ticket to a man with one leg as readily as to a man with two.

He will make no reduction, on account of a man not being "all there."

A man who had been pared off a good deal by occasionally getting too near buzz-saws, thought he was entitled to travel at half fare, as only half of him was left over ; but the ticket-clerk would make no allowance so long as his head was in the place.

Passengers are not carried by weight. If they were, I don't see how the business could be done, weights vary so much from time to time.

"Look here, young man," says a rough-looking kind of a fellow through the hole, "how do prices run in these times to D——?"

"Fifty-two cents," replied the ticket-clerk, with the greatest urbanity.

"That's pretty dear : I'll give you fifty cents."

"Can't take less than fifty-two."

"You can't take less'n fifty-two? You don't mean to say you want the odd two cents?"

"Yes, sir. Fifty-two cents is my tariff. Will you take the ticket?"

"Yes."

The ticket-clerk stamps the ticket, and the fifty-two cents are slowly handed over to the clerk.

"Well, you are the meanest man I've met to-day," says the individual, thrusting his head through the hole. "You're a mis'erable skinflint! If I had you out here for five minutes, I'd pay you for your impudence."

An elderly lady takes her turn at the aperture. The ticket-clerk is busy; morning trains are nearly due to leave, and passengers are rushing for tickets.

"Good mornin', young man," remarked the elderly lady: "it's a nice mornin'."

"Do you want a ticket, madam?" says the clerk.

"Of course I want a ticket, young man. You would n't see me here, if I did n't want a ticket."

Old lady smiles at this, and looks around for applause; but the public, waiting their turn at the window, don't see the point.

"Where do you want a ticket to, madam?" again asked the ticket-clerk.

"Why, I'm gwine to see my daughter."

"What place?" jerked the ticket-clerk. "Where does she live?"

"Why, young man, she don't live thar; you see—"

"Now, look here, my good woman," begins the clerk, fairly out of patience.

"Now, don't call me a woman," cries the old lady. "Ye skinny snipper, I would n't handle yer dirty tickets. I'll pay on the car to a gentleman."

With this insulting emphasis, she makes room for a lady who forgets the name of the place she is going to, and requests the clerk to read over one or two lists of places. She says if she heard the name of the place she would know it in a minute.

"Fussy old gentleman:" "Look here, young man, what time does the next train call?"

"5.45, sir."

"5.45!" rejoined the questioner in astonishment. "I thought it was a quarter to six. How you do change."

"Look here, mister, you did n't give me enough money. I handed you a ten-dollar bill; you must have took it up, *and I want five dollars more.*"

Ticket-clerk looks at his cash and finds that he has not taken a ten-dollar bill so far that day. He replies:

"You must be mistaken, sir. I gave you your proper change."

"Wa'al, I say you did n't; do you want to cheat me?"

"No, sir. I merely say I gave you your money."

"And I merely say you are a liar, and if I had you outside this hole, I'd break your nose!"

Ticket-clerk instinctively feels if that organ is in its proper place, and the conductor's "All aboard!" attracts the pugnacious traveler to the cars.

This is the kind of individual who sends such precious effusions as the following to the general superintendent:

"SIR:—Your ticket-clerk at —— is a thief. He robbed me of a five-dollar bill, and when I taxed him with the vileny, he aboosed me in the wost wa. Yew had better discharge him right awa.

"A REGULAR TRAVELER ON YER ROUT."

Of course, the general superintendent would take no notice of such an epistle; but these are the charges, treatment, and nuisances to which a ticket-clerk is subjected. He must have patience enough to bear abuse without retaliation, and to answer, with apparent pleasure, daily, hourly, weekly, all the year round, the same old, commonplace questions.

"What is the fare to ——?"

"When does the next train start?"

"Does it go to ——?"

"Guess it does not go as far as ——, does it?"

"What is the train before that, and what is the train next to that?"

"Is there a sleeping-car on it?"

"Is there a smoking-car on it? If there ain't, I think it's a shame."

"Is the next train on time?"

"Does it mostly run on time?"

"Will there be a berth to be had?"

"Is there mostly?"

"Will it connect?"

"Where is the saloon?"

"Young man, you seem kind o' snappish. Where is the general superintendent's office? I'd like to tell him to keep more civil men on this route."

So goes the ticket-clerk's work from day to day. As I said before, if he were not fenced in, he could not perform his duties; it is necessary to fence him in.

THERSITES MIMICKING AJAX.

Ther. A wonder!

Achil. What?

Ther. Ajax goes up and down the field asking for himself.

Achil. How so?

Ther. He must fight singly to-morrow with Hector; and is so prophetically proud of an heroical cudgeling, that he raves in saying nothing.

Achil. How can that be?

Ther. Why he stalks up and down like a peacock, a stride and a stand; ruminates like an hostess that hath no arithmetic but her brain to set down her reckoning; bites his lip with a political regard as who should say—there were wit in this head, and 't would out: and so there is; but it lies as coldly in him as fire in a flint, which will not show without knocking. The man's undone forever: for if Hector break not his neck i' the combat, he'll break it himself in vainglory. He knows not me: I said, *Good-*

morrow, Ajax ;” and he replies, “*Thanks, Agamemnon.*” What think you of this man, that takes me for the general? He is grown a very land-fish, languageless, a monster, a plague of opinion! a man may wear it on both sides, like a leather jerkin.

Shakspeare.

THE LOST HEIR.

Oh where, and oh where,
Is my bonny laddie gone?” — *Old Song.*

ONE day, as I was going by
That part of Holborn christened High,
I heard a loud and sudden cry
That chilled my very blood ;
And, lo ! from out a dirty alley,
Where pigs and Irish wont to rally,
I saw a crazy woman sally,
Bedaubed with grease and mud.
She turned her East, she turned her West,
Staring like Pythoness possessed,
With streaming hair and heaving breast,
As one stark mad with grief.
This way and that she wildly ran,
Jostling with woman and with man, —
Her right hand held a frying-pan ;
The left, a lump of beef.
At last her frenzy seemed to reach
A point just capable of speech ;
And with a tone, almost a screech,
As wild as ocean birds,
Or female Ranter moved to preach,
She gave her “sorrow words.”

"O lawk! O dear! my heart will break, I shall go stick
stark staring wild!
Has ever a one seen anything about the streets like a cry-
ing lost-looking child?
Lawk help me! I don't know where to look or to run, if
I only knew which way —
A child as is lost about London streets, and especially
Seven Dials, is a needle in a bottle of hay.
I am all in a quiver, — get 'out of my sight, do, you
wretch, you little Kitty McNab!
You promised to have half an eye to him, you know you
did, you dirty, deceitful young drab.
The last time as ever I see him, poor thing, was with my
own blessed motherly eyes,
Sitting, as good as gold in the gutter, a playing at making
little dirt pies.
La bless you, good folks, mind your own consarns, and
don't be making a mob in the street;
O Sergeant McFarlane! you have not come across my poor
little boy, have you, in your beat?
Do, good people, move on! don't stand staring at me like
a parcel of stupid stuck pigs;
Saints forbid! but he's p'r'aps been inviggled away up a
court for the sake of his clothes, by the prigs;
He'd a very good jacket, for certain, for I bought it my-
self for a shilling one day in Rag Fair;
And his trousers, considering, not very much patched, and
red plush, they was once his father's best pair.
He'd a goodish sort of hat, if the crown was sewed in, and
not quite so much jagged at the brim;
With one shoe on, and the other shoe is a boot, and not a
fit, and you'll know by that if it's him.
Except being so well dressed, my mind would misgive
some old beggar-woman, in want of an orphan,
*Had borrowed the child to go a begging with, but I'd
rather see him laid out in his coffin!*

Do, good people, move on, such a rabble of boys! I'll
break every bone of 'em I come near.
Go homè, — you're spilling the porter, — go home, —
Tommy Jones, go along home with your beer.
This day is the sorrowfullest day of my life, ever since my
name was Betty Morgan.
O my Billy — my head will turn right round — if he's
got kiddynapped with them Italians,
They'll make him a plaster parish image boy, they will,
the outlandish tatterdemalions.
Billy — where are you, Billy? — I'm as hoarse as a crow,
with screaming for ye, you young sorrow!
And sha'n't have half a voice, no more I sha'n't, for cry-
ing fresh herrings to-morrow.
O Billy, you're bursting my heart in two, and my life
won't be of no more vally,
If I'm to see other folk's darlins, and none of mine, play-
ing like angels in our alley,
And what shall I do but cry out my eyes, when I looks at
the old three-legged chair
As Billy used to make coach and horses of, and there a'n't
no Billy there!
I would run all the wide world over to find him, if I only
knowed where to run;
Little Murphy, now I remember, was once lost for a
month through stealing a penny bun, —
The Lord forbid of any child of mine! I think it would
kill me raily,
To find my Bill holdin' up his little innocent head at the
Old Bailey.
For though I say it as ought n't, yet I will say, you may
search for miles and mileses
And not find one better brought up, and more pretty be-
haved from one end to t' other of St. Giles's,

And if I called him a beauty, it's no lie, but only as a
mother ought to speak ;
You never set eyes on a more handsomer face, only it
has n't been washed for a week ;
As for hair, though it's red, it's the most nicest hair when
I've time to just show it the comb ;
I'll owe 'em five pounds, and a blessing besides, as will
only bring him safe and sound home.
He's blue eyes, and not to be called a squint, though a
little cast he's certainly got ;
And his nose is still a good un, though the bridge is broke
by his falling on a pewter pint pot ;
He's got the most elegant wide mouth in the world, and
very large teeth for his age ;
And quite as fit as Mrs. Murdockson's child to play Cupid
on the Drury Lane Stage.
And then he has got such dear winning ways — But O,
I never, never shall see him no more !
O dear ! to think of losing him just after nussing him back
from death's door !
Billy — where are you, Billy, I say ? come, Billy, come
home, to your best of mothers !
I'm scared when I think of them cabroleys, they drive so,
they'd run over their own sisters and brothers.
Or maybe he's stole by some chimbly sweeping wretch,
to stick fast in narrow flues and what not,
And be poked with a picked pointed pole, when the soot
has ketched, and the chimbly's red hot.
O, I'd give the whole wide world, if the world was mine,
to clap my two longin' eyes on his face,
For he's my darlin of darlins, and if he don't soon come
back, you'll see me drop stone dead on the place.
I only wish I'd got him safe in these two motherly arms,
and would n't I hug him and kiss him !
*Lawk ! I never knew what a precious he was — but a child
don't feel like a child till you miss him.*

Why, there he is! Punch and Judy hunting, the young
wretch, it's that Billy as sartin as sin!
But let me get him home, with a good grip of his hair, and
I'm blest if he shall have a whole bone in his skin!"

Thomas Hood. — Adapted

THE DRUNKARD'S DREAM.

THE drunkard dreamed of his old retreat, —
Of his cosey place in the tap-room seat;
And the liquor gleamed on his gloating eye,
Till his lips to the sparkling glass drew nigh.
He lifted it up with an eager glance,
And sang, as he saw the bubbles dance,
"Aha! I am myself again!
Here's a truce to care, an adieu to pain.
Welcome the cup, with its creamy foam!
Farewell to work and a mopy home!
With a jolly crew and a flowing bowl,
In bar-room pleasures I love to roll!"

Like a flash, there came to the drunkard's side
His angel child, who that night had died!
With look so gentle, and sweet, and fond,
She touched his glass with her little wand;
And oft as he raised it up to drink,
She silently tapped on its trembling brink,
Till the drunkard shook from foot to crown,
And set the untasted goblet down.

"Hey, man!" cried the host, "what meaneth this?
Is the covey sick? or the dram amiss?
Cheer up, my lad! quick the bumper quaff!"
And he glared around with a fiendish laugh.

The drunkard raised his glass once more,
And looked at its depths as so oft before;
But started to see, on its pictured foam,
The face of his dead little child at home!
Then again the landlord at him sneered,
And the swaggering crowd of drunkards jeered;
But still, as he tried that glass to drink,
The wand of his dead one tapped the brink!

The landlord gasped, "I swear, my man,
Thou shalt take every drop of this flowing can!"
The drunkard bowed to the quivering brim,
Though his heart beat fast and his eye grew dim.
But the wand struck harder than before;
The glass was flung on the bar-room floor.
All around the ring the fragments lay,
And the poisonous current rolled away.

The drunkard woke. His dream was gone;
His bed was bathed in the light of morn;
But he saw, as he shook with pale, cold fear,
A beautiful angel hovering near.
He rose; and that seraph was near him still;
It checked his passion, it swayed his will,
It dashed from his lips the maddening bowl,
And victory gave to his ransomed soul!
Since ever that midnight hour he dreamed,
Our hero has been a man redeemed.
And this is the prayer that he prays away,
And this is the prayer let us help him pray —
'That angels may come, in every land,
To dash the cup from the drunkard's hand.

Rev. Charles W. Denison.

FARMER JOHN.

HOME from his journey, Farmer John
Arrived this morning, safe and sound,
His black coat off and his old clothes on,
“Now I’m myself,” says Farmer John,
 And he thinks, “I’ll look around.”
Up leaps the dog. “Get down, you pup!
Are you so glad you would eat me up?”
The old cow lows at the gate to greet him;
The horses prick up their ears to meet him;
 “ Well, well, old bay!
 Ha, ha, old gray!
Do you get fed when I’m away?”

“You have n’t a rib!” says Farmer John;
“The cattle are round and sleek;
The colt is going to be a roan,
And a beauty, too, when he has grown;
 We’ll wean the colt next week.”
Says Farmer John, “When I’ve been off,
To call you again around the trough,
And watch you and pet you, while you drink,
Is a greater comfort than you can think!”
 And he pats old bay,
 And he slaps old gray —
Ah, this is the comfort of going away!”

“For after all,” says Farmer John,
“The best of a journey is getting home,
I’ve seen great sights — but would I give
This spot and the peaceful life I live,
 For all their Paris and Rome?
These hills for the city’s stifled air,
And big hotels all bustle and glare,

Land all houses and roads all stones,
That deafen your ears and batter your bones?
 Would you, old bay?
 Would you, old gray?
That's what one gets by going away?"

"There money is king," says Farmer John;
"And fashion is queen; and it's mighty queer
To see how sometimes, while the man
Is raking and scraping all he can,
 The wife spends every year
Enough, you would think, for a score of wives,
To keep them in luxury all their lives;
The place is a perfect Babylon,
To a quiet chap," said Farmer John.

 "You see, old bay,
 You see, old gray,
I'm wiser than when I went away."

"I've found out this," says Farmer John,
"That happiness is not bought and sold
And clutched in a life of waste and hurry,
In nights of pleasure and days of worry;
 And wealth is n't all in gold,
Mortgage and stocks, and ten per cent.,
But in simple ways and sweet content,
Few wants, pure hopes, and noble ends,
Some land to till, and a few good friends,
 Like you, old bay,
 Like you, old gray!
That's what I've learned by going away."

And a happy man is Farmer John —
O, a rich and happy man is he;
He sees the peas and pumpkins growing,
The corn in tassel, the buckwheat blowing,
 And fruit on vine and tree.

The large, kind oxen look their thanks
As he rubs their foreheads and strokes their flanks,
The doves light around him, and strut and coo ;
Says Farmer John, "I'll take you too,
 And you, old bay,
 And you, old gray,
Next time I travel so far away!"

J. T. Trowbridge.

THE REVOLUTIONARY RISING.

OUT of the North the wild news came,
Far flashing on its wings of flame,
Swift as the boreal light which flies
At midnight through the startled skies.
And there was tumult in the air,
 The fife's shrill note, the drum's loud beat,
And through the wide land everywhere
 The answering tread of hurrying feet:
While the first oath of Freedom's gun
Came on the blast from Lexington ;
And Concord roused, no longer tame,
Forgot her old baptismal name,
Made bare her patriot arm of power,
And swelled the discord of the hour.

Within its shade of elm and oak
 The church of Berkley Manor stood,
There Sunday found the rural folk,
 And some esteemed of gentle blood.
In vain their feet with loitering tread
Passed mid the graves where rank is naught ;
All could not read the lesson taught
 In that republic of the dead.

How sweet the hour of Sabbath talk,
The vale with peace and sunshine full,
Where all the happy people walk,
Decked in their homespun flax and wool !
Where youth's gay hats with blossoms bloom ;
And every maid, with simple art,
Wears on her breast, like her own heart,
A bud whose depths are all perfume ;
While every garment's gentle stir
Is breathing rose and lavender.

The pastor came ; his snowy locks
Hallowed his brow of thought and care ;
And calmly, as shepherds lead their flocks,
He led into the house of prayer.
Then soon he rose ; the prayer was strong ;
The Psalm was warrior David's song ;
The text, a few short words of might —
"The Lord of hosts shall arm the right !"
He spoke of wrongs too long endured,
Of sacred rights to be secured ;
Then from his patriot tongue of flame
The startling words for Freedom came.
The stirring sentences he spake
Compelled the heart to glow or quake,
And, rising on the theme's broad wing,
And grasping in his nervous hand
The imaginary battle-brand,
In face of death he dared to fling
Defiance to a tyrant king.

Even as he spoke, his frame, renewed,
In eloquence of attitude,
Rose, as it seemed, a shoulder higher ;
Then swept his kindling glance of fire
From startled pew to breathless choir ;

When suddenly his mantle wide
His hands impatient flung aside,
And, lo! he met their wondering eyes
Complete in all a warrior's guise.

A moment there was awful pause —
When Berkley cried, "Cease, traitor! cease!
God's temple is the house of peace!"

The other shouted, "Nay, not so,
When God is with our righteous cause;
His holiest places then are ours,
His temples are our forts and towers
That frown upon the tyrant foe;
In this, the dawn of Freedom's day,
There is a time to fight and pray!"

And now before the open door —
The warrior priest had ordered so —
The enlisting trumpet's sudden roar
Rang through the chapel, o'er and o'er,
Its long reverberating blow,
So loud and clear, it seemed the ear
Of dusty death must wake and hear.
And there the startling drum and fife
Fired the living with fiercer life;
While overhead, with wild increase,
Forgetting its ancient toll of peace,
The great bell swung as ne'er before.
It seemed as it would never cease;
And every word its ardor flung
From off its jubilant iron tongue
Was, "War! WAR! WAR!"

"Who dares?" — this was the patriot's cry,
As striding from the desk he came —
"Come out with me, in Freedom's name,

- For her to live, for her to die!"
A hundred hands flung up reply,
A hundred voices answered, "I!"
Thomas Buchanan Read.
-

ADAM MACADAM.

A LESSON FOR THE SEASON.

ADAM MACADAM (may his claim increase!)
Awoke at midnight with a hearty sneeze,
And as he raised himself in bed he saw
Something that struck MacAdam's soul with awe,
For, bending in the moon's uncertain light,
An aged man, with locks all silvery white,
Sat making entries in a ledger old.
The sight uncanny made his blood run cold,
And scarce with terror could MacAdam ask
The nature of the scribe's untimely task.
"Behold, I write," the vision answered then,
"The names of those who love their fellow-men."
"And pray," said Adam, with a hopeful grin,
"Your Honor's honor, am I counted in?"
"Nay," spake the Presence, with a look of grief,
"My task is easy, for the roll is brief;
Look through the M's, but all in vain, I fear,
You seek your ancient patronymic here."
Then meekly Adam said, "I am not one
Who boasts to others of the good I've done;
I seldom answer to the public call,
With wants so pressing and with means so small;
I ply a wood-saw for my bread and pork,
And half the time you see I'm out of work,
So from my purse no stream of largess flows;
No loud subscription my sign-manual knows;

But this I do, — now lend attentive ear,—
Each wintry morning, when the dawn grows clear,
I take my bucket to the ash-house dim,
And there I fill it to the very brim;
Then on the sidewalk take my slippery stand,
And scatter ashes with a liberal hand.
So at my gate no broken heads I see,
No cripple shakes his gory leg at me;
In kind regard I'm held by rich and poor —
Save by the surgeon who resides next door.”
Thus Adam told his tale, and thus the while
The great scribe listened with a brightening smile,
Then vanished. The next night he came again.
“See here,” he cried, “the list of great-souled men
Who answer promptest to sweet Mercy's call!”
Lo! A. MacAdam's name o'ertopped them all!

THERE IS NO DEATH.

THERE is no death! The stars go down
To rise upon some fairer shore,
And bright in Heaven's jeweled crown
They shine forevermore.

There is no death! The dust we tread
Shall change beneath the summer showers
To golden grain or mellowed fruit,
Of rainbow-tinted flowers.

The granite rocks disorganize
And feed the hungry moss they bear;
The forest trees drink daily life
From out the viewless air.

There is no death ! The leaves may fall,
And flowers may fade and pass away ;
They only wait through wintry hours
The coming of May-day.

There is no death ! An angel form
Walks o'er the earth with silent tread,
And bears our best-loved ones away,
And then we call them " dead."

He leaves our hearts all desolate,
He plucks our fairest, sweetest flowers ;
Transplanted into bliss, they now
Adorn immortal bowers.

The birdlike voice, whose joyous tones
Made glad these scenes of sin and strife,
Now sings an everlasting song
Around the Tree of Life.

Where'er he sees a smile too bright,
Or heart too pure for taint and vice,
He bears it to that world of light,
To dwell in Paradise.

Born unto that undying life,
They leave us but to come again ;
With joy we welcome them the same,
Except their sin and pain.

And ever near us, though unseen,
The dear immortal spirits tread ;
For all the boundless universe
Is life — there are no dead !

IN A LOFT.

THE old, brown, swallow-haunted barn has a sincere welcome for its friends. The big double door stands wide open, with a half square of sunlight lying upon the threshing-floor, which is loaded with shocks of corn just brought in from the field, some of them tipsily leaning on their companions, and supported by the great brown timbers of the mow.

There are golden pumpkins heaped beside the shocks, that bring the scattered light of the shaded interior to a focus, and a pile of husked ears, bright and fair, and full of pale reflections. A bushel-basket is heaped with the same, and there are braided strings of seed-corn, with a coveted red ear, hanging from pegs, amid tackle, harness, bits of rope, farm-implements, and the hired man's rejected clothing.

In the clear-obscure, with the light fading away over head to a network of beams and rafters full of rich sepia and umber touches, the eye finds many grateful nooks. Thin slices of daylight come in through cracks and knot-holes, illuminating millions of motes, and brightening the ragged edges of fringy mows. A barn is a good place to go and think in, as one would go into a church if it stood open with a quiet invitation to devout souls. It is a sort of inclosed out-of-doors, where noise and confusion find space to die. Boys may be shouting down below, horses stamping in their stalls, oxen clattering their yoke, hens cackling and the rooster crowing, but these varied sounds only blend in a pleasant murmur away up where the light weaves a gauzy woof, throwing its shuttle deftly through knot-holes and the cracks of the board-siding.

Get up into the loft and lay your head on a pillow of tanned hay, and you will hear the ghostly voices of all last summer buzzing and humming and droning amid the

dried timothy and clover. There is something medicinal and tonic about this grassy jacket stripped off the meadow's back ; and as you lounge in the old barn of a golden autumn afternoon, you discover what it is that makes the breath of the kine so sweet.

A barn is a meditative spot. It seems the place where some one might write a good poem, or invent a new and beautiful philosophy. Truth and fancy love to peep through chinks and crannies such as a barn abounds in. The only literature I ever found there was a life of Jack Sheppard, hid away in the grain-bin, and much greased by candle-drippings, which showed that the forbidden practice of burning a light amid the hay was not quite out of date.

There is a certain novelty and charm in climbing up and peeping out of a place that never was made for any such purpose — that never was made at all, in fact, but just happened there. I remember somebody's explanation of the origin of a knot-hole. The hole was first made, and then the board grew around it. Out of a convenient opening of this miraculous sort I can discern a breadth of fields, a sort of woods, russet golden and red, a ribbon of whitish road, with cat-stitches of crooked rail-fences, and in the bend of its arm an old stone house, with Lombardy poplars before it, so much like grenadiers one almost expects to see them face about and present arms. It is one of those grim and sunless abodes that seem to have been built on the model of a jail, saving the barred windows.

Back of it a hill climbs steeply up, carrying glowing maples and rich somber cedars to the summit. There are a few oaks that stand upon a plateau by themselves, and are slowly kindling to a deep, dark red. A concentrated fire burns within them, that deepens as the end approaches. It seems to be the glowing, exultant faith of a martyr put *into the heart of a tree*. There is a fine waste of color all

along the roadside; and the blood-red Virginia creeper has clambered over the stone wall, and twined its arms about the little self-planted evergreens, hugging them in ecstasy. But the old road lies as solemnly and sleepily silent, in the sunshine, as if waiting for something to be created.

I can see the yellow gable of Uncle Barney's house, with its square of garden and parallelogram of front yard, the regular rows of winter vegetables and shade trees, amid which glow the berries of the mountain-ash. The neighboring fields look as if they had been swept with a new broom and dusted with a feather flirt. Perhaps Miss Roxy gets up and does it before daylight. Uncle Barney and Miss Roxy are brother and sister. They live together in single blessedness and double contentment. They keep neither maid nor man; and Miss Roxy is opposed to keeping hens, because the hen being a rather free and easy creature, she has never devised a way to teach it those habits of personal neatness essential to her peace of mind. There are people of the opinion that Miss Roxy would scour the Holy Grail, should it ever chance to come into her possession.

Strange as it may seem, Nature does conspire to favor some people above others perhaps equally worthy. Nothing ever fails or runs short on Uncle Barney's place. His apple-trees bear well when the neighbors complain that they cannot get a bushel from the acre. Asparagus is pushing up from the brown mould of his garden before it thinks of starting anywhere else. Spring comes earlier and frost holds off later down there than in other places. His peas always get the start, and have more in the pod than is the custom with peas in general. His potatoes are of the best quality; a great many in a hill, and no small ones. Uncle Barney opening one of these esculent mines, and shaking the rich brown dirt from the well-grown tubers, is a perfect example of autumn's bounty.

The minister's buggy is hitched to Miss Roxy's front-yard door, and now she comes out of her own door, conveying the good man and his wife to their vehicle. She carries, as I surmise from this distance, a basket of Baldwin apples in one hand, and in the other, wrapped in the cleanest of towels, one of her unequaled pumpkin pies. Let no one fancy he has eaten a pumpkin pie who has not been fortunate enough to taste Miss Roxy's decoction, made from one of the golden spheres that lately lay basking amid dun-colored corn-shocks there on the gentle slope of Uncle Barney's side-hill.

Now there comes rumbling along the road a smart, red, peddler's cart, like a perambulating bureau, or chest of drawers, with compartments and tills which shove in and pull out, and contain everything from a paper of needles and spool of bobbin up to a turk-satin dress and broché shawl. The outside is not left ungarnished. There are brooms, and whisks, and feather dusters, and a little stock of tin- and wooden-ware for the accommodation of country housewives who live far away from store privileges.

The driver sits up on a little throne canopied by striped blue and white bunting, and views the landscape o'er with an eye to business. He knows every good orchard and sweet well of water for miles around. He is intimately acquainted with the economical old ladies who cherish rag bags and hoard up stores of old metal. He is a man made for infinite bargainings, and deep in the financial secrets of many matrons whose lords are ungenerous, and who are forced to make shifts to supply themselves with pin-money. His well-oiled tongue can put a nap and polish on the dullest, sleaziest piece of cloth. He is a master in his knowledge of female emotions—how to create wants which did not before exist, and to stir latent and slumbering vanity into life. So he exhibits his gay *neck-ties* and French gilt jewelry before the longing eyes

of rustic maidens, and perhaps throws in a little spice of gallantry free of charge.

Now he has reined up in front of Uncle Barney's house, while Miss Roxy is still at the gate. There they chaffer for the next half hour, each trying to get the better of the other. If the sharp peddler does manage to make a few pennies in the transaction, it is done by edging in a well-timed joke which draws Miss Roxy's attention off from business. After the red cart has whizzed away down the road, she will perhaps discover that the piece of toweling has a cotton warp, and that the tin coffee-pot is not so heavy as it ought to be by half. But Miss Roxy has a good memory, and the next time the plausible peddler, who withal is a pleasant creature, comes along, she will manage in some way to square accounts.

If you are an habitué of the barn, the hens don't mind you. Their innocent gush of maternal feeling goes on just the same as if you were not there. You learn some new facts concerning hen nature and human nature as well. Then you can, if you choose, form an intimacy with the swallows up under the eaves, and learn how the young ones cry, and what is the temper of the mother bird. Peeping through a knot-hole high up in the barn is almost like gazing down upon the world from a bird's nest. You see how queer and unconscious people must look to the thrushes and robins, who discern so much with their sharp, bright eyes that they never report. The study of life and nature, from a loft, is not altogether unprofitable, and it is a good place to retreat to when one wishes to flee just a little way out of the conventional world.

Augusta Larned.

BEATRICE CENCI.

FROM "THE CENCI."

Beatrice. O,
 My God! can it be possible I have
 To die so suddenly? So young to go
 Under the obscure, cold, rotting, wormy ground!
 To be nailed down into a narrow place;
 To see no more sweet sunshine; hear no more
 Blithe voice of living thing; muse not again
 Upon familiar thoughts, sad, yet thus lost,—
 How fearful!

* * * * *

Lucretia. Child, perhaps
 It will be granted. We may all then live
 To make these woes a tale for distant years;
 O, what a thought! It gushes to my heart
 Like the warm blood.

Beatr. Yet both will soon be cold.
 O, trample out that thought! Worse than despair,
 Worse than the bitterness of death, is hope;
 It is the only ill which can find place
 Upon the giddy, sharp, and narrow hour
 Tottering beneath us. Plead with the swift frost
 That it should spare the eldest flower of spring;
 Plead with awakening earthquake, o'er whose couch
 Even now a city stands, fair, strong, and free;
 Now stench and blackness yawns, like death.

O, plead
 With famine, or wind-walking pestilence,
 Blind lightning, or the deaf sea, not with man!
 Cruel, cold, formal man! righteous in words,
 In deeds a Cain. No, mother, we must die,
 Since such is the reward of innocent lives.
Such the alleviation of worst wrongs.

And whilst our murderers live, and hard, cold men,
Smiling and slow, walk through a world of tears
To death as to life's sleep, 't were just the grave
Were some strange joy for us. Come, obscure Death,
And wind me in thine all-embracing arms!
Like a fond mother hide me in thy bosom,
And rock me to the sleep from which none wake.

Percy Bysshe Shelley.

A COURT LADY.

I.

HER hair was tawny with gold, her eyes with purple were
dark,
Her cheeks' pale opal burnt with a red and restless spark.

II.

Never was lady of Milan nobler in name and in race;
Never was lady of Italy fairer to see in the face.

III.

Never was lady on earth more true as woman and wife,
Larger in judgment and instinct, prouder in manners and
life.

IV.

She stood in the early morning, and said to her maidens,
"Bring
That silken robe made ready to wear at the court of the
king.

V.

"Bring me the clasps of diamond, lucid, clear of the
mote,
Clasp me the large at the waist, and clasp me the small at
the throat.

VI.

"Diamonds to fasten the hair, and diamonds to fasten the sleeves,
Laces to drop from their rays, like a powder of snow from the eaves."

VII.

Gorgeous she entered the sunlight which gathered her up in a flame,
While, straight in her open carriage, she to the hospital came.

VIII.

In she went at the door, and gazing, from end to end,
"Many and low are the pallets, but each is the place of a friend."

IX.

Up she passed through the wards, and stood at a young man's bed:
Bloody the band on his brow, and livid the droop of his head.

X.

"Art thou a Lombard, my brother? Happy art thou!" she cried,
And smiled like Italy on him: he dreamed in her face and died.

XI.

Pale was his passing soul, she went on still to a second:
He was a grave, hard man, whose years by dungeons were reckoned.

XII.

Wounds in his body were sore, wounds in his life were sorer.
"Art thou a Romagnole?" Her eyes drove lightnings *before* her.

XIII.

"Austrian and priest had joined to double and tighten the
cord,
Able to bind thee, O strong one, — free by the stroke of a
sword.

XIV.

"Now be grave for the rest of us, using the life overcast
To ripen our wine of the present (too new) in glooms of
the past."

XV.

Down she stepped to a pallet where lay a face like a girl's,
Young, and pathetic with dying, — a deep black hole in
the curls.

XVI.

"Art thou from Tuscany, brother? and seest thou, dream-
ing in pain,
Thy mother stand in the piazza, searching the list of the
slain?"

XVII.

Kind as a mother herself, she touched his cheeks with her
hands:
"Blessed is she who has borne thee, although she should
weep as she stands."

XVIII.

On she passed to a Frenchman, his arm carried off by a
ball:
Kneeling, . . . "O more than my brother! how shall I
thank thee for all?"

XIX.

"Each of the heroes around us has fought for his land and
line,
But *thou* hast fought for a stranger, in hate of a wrong not
thine.

XX.

"Happy are all free peoples, too strong to be dispossessed ;
But blessed are those among nations who dare to be strong
for the rest !"

XXI.

Ever she passed on her way, and came to a couch where
pined
One with a face from Venetia, white with a hope out of
mind.

XXII.

Long she stood and gazed, and twice she tried at the
name,
But two great crystal tears were all that faltered and
came.

XXIII.

Only a tear for Venice ? — she turned as in passion and
loss,
And stooped to his forehead and kissed it, as if she were
kissing the cross.

XXIV.

Faint with that strain of heart, she moved on then to
another,
Stern and strong in his death. "And dost thou suffer,
my brother ?"

XXV.

Holding his hands in hers : — "Out of the Piedmont lion
Cometh the sweetness of freedom ! sweetest to live or to
die on."

XXVI.

Holding his cold rough hands, — "Well, O well have ye
done
In noble, noble Piedmont, who would not be noble
alone."

XXVII.

Back he fell while she spoke. She rose to her feet with a spring, —
“That was a Piedmontese! and this is the Court of the King.”

Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

OUR LITTLE BOY.

I SAW him in his play, as in dreams I see him now,
The rose was on his cheek and the lily on his brow;
His lips were full of love and his laugh was full of joy,
And the sparkle of his eye told the merry-hearted boy.

I stood by his couch, where in suffering he lay,
And struggled in disease till he breathed his last away;
No rose was on his cheek and no sparkle in his eye,
Oh, how it broke my heart that the darling boy should die!

I saw him robed in white, as they decked him for his tomb,
And laid upon his breast a sweet blossom in its bloom.
A smile of beauty lingered upon his face so fair,
It seemed as if an angel were sweetly slumbering there.

I saw him once again, in the vision of the night,
He seemed a little cherub in his robes of snowy white;
A harp was in his hand and a garland on his brow—
Forevermore an angel—oh, such I see him now.

GHOSTS.

WE never met but one ghost in all our life. It was a very dark night, and we were seven years of age. There was a German cooper, who, on the outskirts of the village, had a shop. It was an interesting spot, and we frequented it. There was a congregation of barrels, kegs, casks and

firkins that excited our boyish admiration. There the old man stood, day after day, hammering away at his trade. He was fond of talk, and had his head full of all that was weird, mysterious, and tragic. During the course of his life he had seen almost as many ghosts as firkins; had seen them in Germany, on the ocean, and in America.

One summer afternoon, perhaps having made an unusually lucrative bargain in hoop-poles, the tide of his discourse bore everything before it. We hung on his lips entranced. We noticed not that the shadows of the evening were gathering, nor remembered that we were a mile from home. He had wrought up our boyish imagination to the tip-top pitch. He had told us how doors opened when there was no hand on the latch, and the eyes of a face in a picture winked one windy night; and how intangible objects in white would glide across the room, and headless trunks rode past on phantom horses; and how boys, on the way home at night, were met by a sheeted form that picked them up and carried them off, so that they never were heard off, their mother going around as disconsolate as the woman in the "Lost Heir," crying, "Where's Billy?"

This last story roused us up to our whereabouts, and we felt we must go home. Our hair, that usually stood on end, took the strictly perpendicular. Our flesh crept with horror of the expedition homeward. Our faith in everything solid had been shaken. We believed only in the subtle and intangible. What could a boy of seven years old depend upon if one of these headless horsemen might any moment ride him down, or one of these sheeted creatures pick him up?

We started up the road. We were barefoot. We were not impeded by any useless apparel. It took us no time to get under way. We felt that if we must perish, it *would be well* to get as near the doorsill of home as pos-

sible. We vowed that if we were only spared this once to get home, we would never again allow the night to catch us at the cooper's. The ground flew under our feet. No headless horseman could have kept up. Not a star was out. It was the blackness of darkness. We had made half the distance, and were in "the hollow"—the most lonely and dangerous part of the way—and felt that in a minute more we might abate our speed and take fuller breath. But, alas! no such good fortune awaited us. Suddenly our feet struck a monster, whether beastly, human, infernal, or supernal, witch, ghost, demon, or headless horseman, we could not immediately tell. We fell prostrate, our hands passing over a hairy creature; and, as our head struck the ground, the monster rose up, throwing our feet into the air. To this day it would have been a mystery, had not a fearful bellow revealed it as a cow, which had lain down to peaceful slumber in the road, not anticipating the terrible collision. She wasted no time, but started up the road. We joined her in the race. We knew not but that it was the first installment of disasters. And, therefore, away we went, cow and boy; but the cow beat. She came into town a hundred yards ahead. I have not got over it yet that I let that cow beat.

That was the first and last ghost we ever met. We made up our minds for all time to come that the obstacles in life do not walk on the wind, but have either two legs or four. The only ghosts that glide across the room are those of the murdered hours of the past. When the door swings open without any hand, we send for the locksmith to put on a better latch. Sheeting has been so high since the war that apparitions will never wear it again. Friday is an unlucky day only when on it we behave ill. If a salt-cellar upset, it means no misfortune unless you have not paid for the salt. Spirits of the departed have enough

employment in the next world to keep them from cutting up monkey-shines in this. Better look out for cows than for spoons.

T. De Witt Tulmage.

DE SOTO.

THERE, in that lonely hut, lay the proudest spirit, the bravest heart, the mightiest intellect, the favorite comrade of Pizarro, the joint-conqueror of Peru! There lay Hernan de Soto; his fiery energies, even more than the hot fever, wearing away his mortal frame; his massive brow clogged with the black sweat of death; his eye, that had flashed the more brilliantly the deadlier was the peril, dim and filmy; his heart sick; his hopes of conquest, fame, dominion, gone like the leaves of autumn! There he lay, miserably perishing by inches, the discoverer of a world.

Beside his pallet-bed was assembled a group of men, the least renowned of whom might well have led a royal army to do battle for a crown; but their frames were gaunt and emaciated; their cheeks furrowed with the lines of care and agony, both of the mind and body; their eyes wet with the tears of bitterness. The dark-cowled priests had ministered the last rites of religion to the dying warrior, and now watched in breathless silence the parting of his spirit; — an Indian girl, of rare symmetry, and loveliness that would have been deemed exquisite in the brightest halls of Old Castile, leaned over his pillow, wiping the cold dew from the conqueror's brow with her long jetty locks, and fanning off the myriads of insects that thronged the tainted air! There was not a sound in the crowded chamber, save the heavy soblike breathings of the dying man, and the occasional whinings of a tall hound, which sat erect, gazing with almost human intelligence upon the pallid features of his lord.

Suddenly a light draught of air was perceptible, the silken veil fluttered inwards, and a heavy rustling sound was audible from without, as the huge folds of the banner swayed in the rising breeze. A sensible coolness pervaded the heated chamber and reached the languid brow of De Soto, who had lain for the last half hour in seeming lethargy. Wearily, and with a painful expression, he raised himself upon his elbow.

"Moscoso," he said, "Moscoso, art thou near me? my eyes wax dim, and it will soon be over. Art thou there, for I would speak with thee?"

"Noble De Soto, I am beside thee," he replied. "Say on; I hear and mark thee!"

"Give me thy hand!" Then, as he received it, he raised it slowly on high, and continued in clear and unfaltering tones, though evidently with an effort, "True friend and follower, by this right hand, that has so often fought beside my own — by this right hand, I do adjure thee to observe and to obey these my last mandates!"

"Shall I swear it?" cried the stern warrior whom he addressed, in a tone and voice rendered thick and husky by the violence of his excitement; "shall I swear it?"

"Swear not, Moscoso! leave oaths to paltry burghers and to cringing vassals, but pledge me the unblemished honor of a Castilian noble — so shall I die in peace!"

"By the unblemished honor of a Castilian noble, as I am a born hidalgo, and a belted knight, I promise thee, in spirit and in truth, in deed and word and thought, to do thy bidding!"

"Then, by this token," and he drew a massive ring from his own wasted hand, and placed it on the finger of Moscoso, "then, by this token, do I name thee my successor, thee, the leader of the host, and captain-general of Spain! Sound trumpets; heralds make proclamation!"
A moment or two elapsed, and the wild flourish of the

trumpets was heard without, and the sonorous voice of the heralds making proclamation ; they ceased, but there was no shout of triumph or applause.

"Ha!" cried the dying chief; "this must not be; 't is ominous and evil! Go forth, thou, Vasco, and bid them sound again, and let my people shout for this their loyal leader."

It was done, and a gleam of triumphant satisfaction shot across his hollow features. He spoke again, but it was with a feebler voice :

"I am going," he said; "I am going whence there is no return! Now, mark me, by your plighted word I do command you, battle no farther, strive with the fates no farther, for the *fates* are adverse! Conquer not thou this region, for I have conquered it, and it is mine! Mine, mine—though dying! Mine it shall be, though dead! March to the coast as best ye may; build ye such vessels as may bear ye from the main, and save this remnant of my people! Wilt thou do this, noble Moscoso?"

"By all my hopes, I will!"

"*Me*, then, me shall ye bury thus! Not with lamentations, not with womanish tears, not with vile sorrow, but with the rejoicing anthem, with the blare of the trumpet, and the stormy music of the drum! Ye shall sheath me in my mail, with my helmet on my head and my spur on my heel! with my sword in my hand shall ye bury me, and with a banner of Castile for my shroud! In the depths of the river—of *my* river—shall ye bury me! with lighted torch and volleyed musketry at the mid-hour of night! For am I not a conqueror, a conqueror of a world, a conqueror with none to brave my arm, or to gainsay my bidding? Where, where is the man, savage or civilized, Christian or heathen, *Indian* or *Spaniard*, who hath defied Hernan de Soto,

and not perished from the earth? Death is upon me—death from the Lord of earth and heaven! To him I do submit me, but to mortal never!”

* * * * *

The sun had even now sunk below the horizon, and, ere the preparations for his funeral had been completed, it was already midnight. Five hundred torches of the resinous pine-tree flashed with their crimson reflections on the turbid water, as the barks glided over its surface, bearing the warrior to his last home.

A train of cowed priests, with pix and crucifix and steaming censer, floated in the van, making the vaulted woods to echo the high notes of the *Te Deum*, chanted in lieu of the mournful *Miserere* over the mortal part of that ill-fated warrior.

The canoe came onward in which the corpse was placed, seated erect, as he had ordered it, with the good sword in the dead hand, the polished helmet glancing above the sunken features, and the gay banner of Castile floating like a mantle from the shoulders, the pealing notes of the trumpet, and the roll of the battle-drum, and the Spanish war-cry, “St. Jago for De Soto and for Spain.”

There was a pause, a deep, deep pause—a sullen splash, and every torch was instantly extinguished. “The discoverer of the Mississippi slept beneath its waters. He had crossed a large part of the continent in search of gold, and found nothing so remarkable as his burial-place.”

Anonymus.

LITTLE NED.

ALL that is like a dream. It don't seem *true*!

Father was gone, and mother left, you see,

To work for little brother Ned and me;

And up among the gloomy roofs we grew,—

Locked in full oft, lest we should wander out,
With nothing but a crust o' bread to eat,
While mother chared for poor folk round about,
Or sold cheap odds and ends from street to street.
Yet, Parson, there were pleasures fresh and fair,
To make the time pass happily up there, —
A steamboat going past upon the tide,
A pigeon lighting on the roof close by,
The sparrows teaching little ones to fly,
The small white moving clouds that we espied,
And thought were living in the bit of sky, —
With sights like these right glad were Ned and I;
And then we loved to hear the soft rain calling,
Pattering, pattering upon the tiles;
And it was fine to see the still snow falling,
Making the house-tops white for miles on miles,
And catch it in our little hands in play,
And laugh to feel it melt and slip away!
But I was six and Ned was only three,
And thinner, weaker, wearier than me;
And one cold day in winter-time, when mother
Had gone away into the snow, and we
Sat close for warmth and cuddled one another,
He put his little head upon my knee
And went to sleep, and would not stir a limb,
But looked quite strange and old;
And when I shook him, kissed him, spoke to him,
He smiled, and grew so cold.
Then I was frightened, and cried out, and none
Could hear me, while I sat and nursed his head,
Watching the whitened window, while the sun
Peeped in upon his face, and made it red.
And I began to sob, — till mother came,
Knelt down, and screamed, and named the good God's
name,

And told me he was dead.
And when she put his night-gown on, and, weeping,
Placed him among the rags upon his bed,
I thought that brother Ned was only sleeping,
And took his little hand, and felt no fear.
But when the place grew gray, and cold, and drear,
And the round moon over the roofs came creeping,
And put a silver shade
All round the chilly bed where he was laid,
I cried, and was afraid.

Robert Buchanan.

ENOCH ARDEN AT THE WINDOW.

BUT Enoch yearned to see her face again ;
“ If I might look on her sweet face again
And know that she is happy.” So the thought
Haunted and harassed him, and drove him forth
At evening, when the dull November day
Was growing duller twilight, to the hill.
There he sat down gazing on all below :
There did a thousand memories roll upon him,
Unspeaking for sadness. By and by
The ruddy square of comfortable light,
Far-blazing from the rear of Philip’s house,
Allured him, as the beacon-blaze allures
The bird of passage, till he madly strikes
Against it, and beats out his weary life.

For Philip’s dwelling fronted on the street,
The latest house to landward ; but behind,
With one small gate that opened on the waste,
Flourished a little garden, square and walled :
And in it throve an ancient evergreen,
A yew-tree, and all round it ran a walk

Of shingle, and a walk divided it :
But Enoch shunned the middle walk and stole
Up by the wall, behind the yew ; and thence
That which he better might have shunned, if griefs
Like his have worse or better, Enoch saw.

For cups and silver on the burnished board
Sparkled and shone ; so genial was the hearth ;
And on the right hand of the hearth he saw
Philip, the slighted suitor of old times,
Stout, rosy, with his babe across his knees ;
And o'er her second father stooped a girl,
A later but a loftier Annie Lee,
Fair-haired and tall, and from her lifted hand
Dangled a length of ribbon and a ring
To tempt the babe, who reared his creasy arms,
Caught at and ever missed it, and they laughed :
And on the left hand of the hearth he saw
The mother glancing often toward her babe,
But turning now and then to speak with him,
Her son, who stood beside her, tall and strong,
And saying that which pleased him, for he smiled.

Now when the dead man come to life beheld
His wife his wife no more, and saw the babe,
Hers, yet not his, upon the father's knee,
And all the warmth, the peace, the happiness,
And his own children, tall and beautiful,
And him, that other, reigning in his place,
Lord of his rights and of his children's love, —
Then he, though Miriam Lane had told him all,
Because things seen are mightier than things heard,
Staggered and shook, holding the branch, and feared
To send abroad a shrill and terrible cry,
Which in one moment, like the blast of doom,
Would shatter all the happiness of the hearth.

He therefore, turning softly like a thief,
Lest the harsh shingle should grate underfoot,
And feeling all along the garden-wall,
Lest he should swoon, and tumble, and be found,
Crept to the gate, and opened it, and closed,
As lightly as a sick man's chamber-door,
Behind him, and came out upon the waste.

And there he would have knelt, but that his knees
Were feeble, so that, falling prone, he dug
His fingers into the wet earth, and prayed.

Alfred Tennyson.

WHEN THE LAMP IS SHATTERED.

WHEN the lamp is shattered,
The light in the dust lies dead ;
When the cloud is scattered,
The rainbow's glory is shed.
When the lute is broken,
Sweet tones are remembered not ;
When the lips have spoken,
Loved accents are soon forgot.

As music and splendor
Survive not the lamp and the lute,
The heart's echoes render
No song when the spirit is mute, —
No song but sad dirges,
Like the wind through a ruined cell,
Or the mournful surges
That ring the dead seaman's knell.

When hearts have once mingled,
Love first leaves the well-built nest ;
The weak one is singled
To endure what it once possessed.

O Love! who bewailest
The frailty of all things here,
Why choose you the frailest
For your cradle, your home, and your bier?

Its passions will rock thee
As the storms rock the ravens on high;
Bright reason will mock thee
Like the sun from a wintry sky.
From thy nest every rafter
Will rot, and thine eagle home
Leave thee naked to laughter,
When leaves fall and cold winds come.

Percy Bysshe Shelley.

TOMMY'S DEAD.

You may give over plough, boys,
You may take the gear to the shed,
All the sweat o' your brow, boys,
Will never get beer and bread.
The seed's waste, I know, boys,
There's not a blade will grow, boys,
'T is cropped out, I trow, boys,
And Tommy's dead.

Send the colt to fair, boys,
He's going blind, as I said,
My old eyes can't bear, boys,
To see him in the shed;
The cow's dry and spare, boys,
She's neither here nor there, boys,
I doubt she's badly bred;
Stop the mill to-morn, boys,
There'll be no more corn, boys,
Neither white nor red;

There's no sign of grass, boys,
You may sell the goat and the pig, boys,
The land's not what it was, boys,
And the beasts must be fed :
You may turn Peg away, boys,
You may pay off old Ned,
We've had a dull day, boys,
And Tommy's dead.

Move my chair on the floor, boys,
Let me turn my head :
She's standing there in the door, boys,
Your sister Winifred !
Take her away from me, boys,
Your sister Winifred !
Move me round in my place, boys,
Let me turn my head,
Take her away from me, boys,
As she lay on her death-bed,
The bones of her thin face, boys,
As she lay on her death-bed !
I don't know how it be, boys,
When all's done and said,
But I see her looking at me, boys,
Wherever I turn my head ;
Out of the big oak-tree, boys,
Out of the garden-bed,
And the lily as pale as she, boys,
And the rose that used to be red.

There's something not right, boys,
But I think it's not in my head,
I've kept my precious sight, boys, —
The Lord be hallowed !
Outside and in
The ground is cold to my tread,

The hills are wizen and thin,
The sky is shriveled and shred,
The hedges down by the loan
I can count them bone by bone,
The leaves are open and spread,
But I see the teeth of the land,
And hands like a dead man's hand,
And the eyes of a dead man's head.
There's nothing but cinders and sand,
The rat and the mouse have fed,
And the summer's empty and cold ;
Over valley and wold
Wherever I turn my head
There's a mildew and a mould,
The sun's going out overhead,
And I'm very old,
And Tommy's dead.

What am I staying for, boys ?
You're all born and bred,
'T is fifty years and more, boys,
Since wife and I were wed,
And she's gone before, boys,
And Tommy's dead.

She was always sweet, boys,
Upon his curly head,
She knew she'd never see't, boys,
And she stole off to bed ;
I've been sitting up alone, boys,
For he'd come home, he said,
But it's time I was gone, boys,
For Tommy's dead.
Put the shutters up, boys,
Bring out the beer and bread,

Make haste and sup, boys,
For my eyes are heavy as lead ;
There 's something wrong i' the cup, boys,
There 's something ill wi' the bread,
I don't care to sup, boys,
And Tommy 's dead.

I 'm not right, I doubt, boys,
I 've such a sleepy head,
I shall nevermore be stout, boys,
You may carry me to bed.
What are you about, boys ?
The prayers are all said,
The fire 's raked out, boys,
And Tommy 's dead.

The stairs are too steep, boys,
You may carry me to the head,
The night 's dark and deep, boys,
Your mother 's long in bed,
'T is time to go to sleep, boys,
And Tommy 's dead.

I 'm not used to kiss, boys,
You may shake my hand instead.
All things go amiss, boys,
You may lay me where she is, boys,
And I 'll rest my old head :
'T is a poor world, this, boys,
And Tommy 's dead.

Sidney Dobell.

GUILD'S SIGNAL.

Two low whistles, quaint and clear,
That was the signal the engineer —

That was the signal that Guild, 't is said,
Gave to his wife at Providence,
As through the sleeping town, and thence,
 Out in the night,
 On to the light,
Down past the farms, lying white, he sped !

As a husband's greeting, scant no doubt,
Yet to the woman looking out,
 Watching and waiting, no serenade,
Love song, or midnight roundelay,
Said what that whistle seemed to say :
 " To my trust true,
 So love to you !
Working or waiting, good-night ! " it said.

Brisk young bagmen, tourists fine,
Old commuters along the line,
 Brakemen and porters glanced ahead,
Smiled as the signal, sharp, intense,
Pierced through the shadows of Providence —
 " Nothing amiss,
 Nothing ! — it is
Only Guild calling his wife, " they said.

Summer and winter, the old refrain
Rang o'er the billows of ripening grain,
 Pierced through the budding boughs o'erhead,
Flew down the track when the red leaves burned
Like living coals from the engine spurned :
 Sang as it flew :
 " To our trust true.
First of all Duty — good-night, " it said.

*And then, one night, it was heard no more,
From Stonington over Rhode Island shore,*

And the folk in Providence smiled and said,
As they turned in their beds, "The engineer
Has once forgotten his midnight cheer."

One only knew
To his trust true
Guild lay under his engine, dead.

Bret Harte.

BERNARDO DEL CARPIO.

I.

THE warrior bowed his crested head, and tamed his heart
of fire,
And sued the haughty king to free his long-imprisoned
sire:
"I bring thee here my fortress keys, I bring my captive
train,
I pledge thee faith, my liege, my lord! O, break my fa-
ther's chain!"

II.

"*Rise! rise!* even now thy father comes, a ransomed man
this day!
Mount thy good horse; and thou and I will meet him on
his way."
Then lightly rose that loyal son, and bounded on his
steed,
And urged, as if with lance in rest, the charger's foamy
speed.

III.

And, lo, from far, as on they pressed, there came a glit-
tering band,
With one that midst them stately rode, as a leader in the
land:
"Now haste, Bernardo, haste! for there, in very truth,
is he,
The father whom thy faithful heart hath yearned so long
to see.

IV.

His dark eye flashed, his proud breast heaved, his cheek's
hue came and went;
He reached that gray-haired chieftain's side, and there,
dismounting, bent;
A lowly knee to earth he bent, his father's hand he took,—
What was there in its touch that all his fiery spirit shook?

V.

That hand was cold, — a frozen thing, — it dropped from
his like lead!
He looked up to the face above, — the face was of the
dead!
A plume waved o'er the noble brow, — the brow was fixed
and white;
He met, at last, his father's eyes, — but in them was no
sight!

VI.

Up from the ground he sprang and gazed; but who could
paint that gaze?
They hushed their very hearts that saw its horror and
amaze:
They might have chained him, as before that stony form
he stood;
For the power was stricken from his arm, and from his
lip the blood.

VII.

"Father!" at length he murmured low, and wept like
childhood then:
'Talk not of grief till thou hast seen the tears of warlike
men!
He thought on all his glorious hopes, and all his young
renown;
*He flung his falchion from his side, and in the dust sat
down.*

VIII.

Then covering, with his steel-gloved hands, his darkly
mournful brow, —
“No more, there is no more,” he said, “to lift the sword
for now;
My king is false, — my hope betrayed! My father, — O
the worth,
The glory and the loveliness are passed away from earth!

IX.

“I thought to stand where banners waved, my sire, beside
thee yet;
I would that there our kindred blood on Spain’s free soil
had met!
Thou wouldst have known my spirit, then; for thee my
fields were won;
And thou hast perished in thy chains, as though thou
hadst no son!”

X.

Then, starting from the ground once more, he seized the
monarch’s rein,
Amidst the pale and wildered looks of all the courtier
train;
And with a fierce, o’ermastering grasp, the rearing war-
horse led,
And sternly set them face to face, — the king before the
dead:

XI.

“Came I not forth, upon thy pledge, my father’s hand to
kiss?
Be still, and gaze thou on, false king! and tell me what
is this?
The voice, the glance, the heart I sought, — give answer,
where are they?
*If thou wouldst clear thy perjured soul, send life through
this cold clay;*

XII.

"Into these glassy eyes put light; — be still! keep down
thine ire!
Bid these white lips a blessing speak, — this earth is not
my sire:
Give me back him for whom I strove, — for whom my
blood was shed.
Thou canst not? — and a king! — his dust be mountains
on thy head!"

XIII.

He loosed the steed, — his slack hand fell; upon the silent
face
He cast one long, deep, troubled look, then turned from
that sad place.
His hope was crushed, his after fate untold in martial
strain!
His banner led the spears no more amidst the hills of
Spain.

Felicia Hemans.

THE HEROISM OF THE PILGRIMS.

IF one were called upon to select the most glittering of the instances of military heroism to which the admiration of the world has been most constantly attracted, he would make choice, I imagine, of the instance of that desperate valor, in which, in obedience to the laws, Leonidas and his three hundred Spartans cast themselves headlong, at the passes of Greece, on the myriads of their Persian invaders. From the simple page of Herodotus, longer than from the Amphictyonic monument, or the games of the commemoration, that act speaks still to the tears and praise of all the world.

Judge if, that night, as they watched the dawn of the last morning their eyes could ever see; as they heard with

every passing hour the stilly hum of the invading host, his dusky lines stretched out without end, and now almost encircling them around ; as they remembered their unprofaned home, city of heroes and the mother of heroes, — judge if, watching there, in the gateway of Greece, this sentiment did not grow to the nature of madness, if it did not run in torrents of literal fire to and from the laboring heart ; and when morning came and passed, and they had dressed their long locks for battle, and when, at a little after noon, the countless invading throng was seen at last to move, was it not with a rapture, as if all the joy, all the sensation of life, was in that one moment, that they cast themselves, with the fierce gladness of mountain torrents, headlong upon that brief revelry of glory ?

I acknowledge the splendor of that transaction in all its aspects. I admit its morality, too, and its useful influence on every Grecian heart in that greatest crisis of Greece.

And yet, do you not think that whoso could, by adequate description, bring before you that winter of the Pilgrims, — its brief sunshine ; the nights of storm, slow waning ; the damp and icy breath, felt to the pillow of the dying ; its destitutions, its contrasts with all their former experience in life, its utter insulation and loneliness, its death-beds and burials, its memories, its apprehensions, its hopes ; the consultations of the prudent ; the prayers of the pious ; the occasional cheerful hymn, in which the strong heart threw off its burden, and, asserting its unvanquished nature, went up, like a bird of dawn, to the skies ; — do ye not think that whoso could describe them calmly waiting in that defile, lonelier and darker than Thermopylæ, for a morning that might never dawn, or might show them, when it did, a mightier arm than the Persian raised as in act to strike, would he not sketch a scene of more difficult and rarer heroism ? A scene, as Wordsworth has said, “*melancholy, yea, dismal, yet consolatory and full of*

joy;" a scene even better fitted to succor, to exalt, to lead the forlorn hopes of all great causes, till time shall be no more!

I have said that I deemed it a great thing for a nation, in all the periods of its fortunes, to be able to look back to a race of founders, and a principle of institution, in which it might rationally admire the realized idea of true heroism. That felicity, that pride, that help, is ours. Our past, with its great eras, that of settlement, and that of independence, should announce, should compel, should spontaneously evolve as from a germ, a wise, moral, and glowing future. Those heroic men and women should not look down on a dwindled posterity. That broad foundation, sunk below frost or earthquake, should bear up something more permanent than an encampment of tents, pitched at random, and struck when the trumpet of march sounds at next daybreak. It should bear up, as by a natural growth, a structure in which generations may come, one after another, to the great gift of the social life.

Rufus Choate.

THE KING OF DENMARK'S RIDE.

WORD was brought to the Danish king

(Hurry!)

That the love of his heart lay suffering,

And pined for the comfort his voice would bring,

(O, ride as though you were flying!)

Better he loves each golden curl

On the brow of that Scandinavian girl

Than his rich crown jewels of ruby and pearl:

And his rose of the isles is dying!

Thirty nobles saddled with speed:

(Hurry!)

Each one mounting a gallant steed
Which he kept for battle and days of need ;
 (O, ride as though you were flying !)
Spurs were struck in the foaming flank ;
Worn-out chargers staggered and sank ;
Bridles were slackened, and girths were burst ;
But ride as they would, the king rode first,
 For his rose of the isles lay dying !

His nobles are beaten, one by one ;
 (Hurry !)
They have fainted, and faltered, and homeward gone ;
His little fair page now follows alone,
 For strength and for courage trying !
The king looked back at that faithful child ;
Wan was the face that answering smiled ;
They passed the drawbridge with clattering din,
Then he dropped ; and only the king rode in
 Where his rose of the isles lay dying !

The king blew a blast on his bugle horn ;
 (Silence !)
No answer came ; but faint and forlorn
An echo returned on the cold gray morn,
 Like the breath of a spirit sighing.
The castle portal stood grimly wide ;
None welcomed the king from that weary ride,
For dead, in the light of the dawning day,
The pale sweet form of the welcomer lay,
 Who had yearned for his voice while dying !

The panting steed, with a drooping crest,
 Stood weary.
The king returned from her chamber of rest,
The thick sobs choking in his breast ;
 And, that dumb companion eying,

The tears gushed forth which he strove to check ;
He bowed his head on his charger's neck ·
" O steed, that every nerve didst strain,
Dear steed, our ride hath been in vain
To the halls where my love lay dying ! "

Caroline Norton.

SOLILOQUY ON DEATH.

FROM "HAMLET, PRINCE OF DENMARK."

Hamlet. To be, or not to be, — that is the question :
Whether 't is nobler in the mind to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And, by opposing, end them ? — To die, — to sleep ;
No more ; and, by a sleep, to say we end
The heart-ache, and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to, — 't is a consummation
Devoutly to be wished. To die, — to sleep ; —
To sleep ! perchance to dream : — ay, there's the rub ;
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
Must give us pause : there's the respect
That makes calamity of so long life ;
For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
The pangs of despised love, the law's delay,
The insolence of office, and the spurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
When he himself might his quietus make
With a bare bodkin ? who would fardels bear,
To grunt and sweat under a weary life,
But that the dread of something after death, —
That undiscovered country, from whose bourne
No traveler returns, — puzzles the will,

And makes us rather bear those ills we have,
Than fly to others that we know not of ?
Thus conscience does make cowards of us all ;
And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought ;
And enterprises of great pith and moment,
With this regard, their currents turn awry,
And lose the name of action.

Shakspeare.

THE MISTLETOE BOUGH.

THE mistletoe hung in the castle hall,
The holly branch shone on the old oak wall ;
And the baron's retainers were blithe and gay,
And keeping their Christmas holiday.
The baron beheld with a father's pride
His beautiful child, young Lovell's bride ;
While she with her bright eyes seemed to be
The star of the goodly company.

"I'm weary of dancing now," she cried ;
"Here tarry a moment, — I'll hide, I'll hide !
And Lovell be sure thou'rt first to trace
The clew to my secret lurking-place."
Away she ran, — and her friends began
Each tower to search, and each nook to scan ;
And young Lovell cried, "O, where dost thou hide ?
I'm lonesome without thee, my own dear bride."

They sought her that night ! and they sought her next
day !

And they sought her in vain when a week passed away !
In the highest, the lowest, the loneliest spot,
Young Lovell sought wildly, — but found her not.

And years flew by, and their grief at last
Was told as a sorrowful tale long past;
And when Lovell appeared, the children cried,
"See! the old man weeps for his fairy bride."

At length an oak chest, that had long lain hid,
Was found in the castle, — they raised the lid,
And a skeleton form lay mouldering there
In the bridal wreath of that lady fair!
O, sad was her fate! — in sportive jest
She hid from her lord in the old oak chest.
It closed with a spring! — and, dreadful doom,
The bride lay clasped in her living tomb!

Thomas Haynes Bayly.

LIBERTY.

YES: there will be a reawakening! Yes: men will come out of this stupor which, for such a people, is shame! And when France shall awake — when she shall open her eyes, and distinguish objects — when she shall see that which is before her and at her side, she will recoil — this France will — with trembling terror before this monstrous offence which has dared to espouse her in the darkness, and whose bed she has shared.

Then the supreme hour will tell. The skeptics will smile and maintain their view. They will say: "They say, hope for nothing. This reign, according to you, is the shame of France. So be it. This shame is quoted at the Bourse — hope for nothing. You are poets and dreamers, if you hope. Look then at the tribune, the press, intelligence, speech, thought, all of which was liberty, has disappeared. Yesterday these moved, were *quieted*, lived; to-day they were petrified.

"Well, one is content; one accommodates himself to

the petrification. One makes use of it; one does business with it. One sees how much as usual society continues upon it; and plenty of honest people find things go well.

“Why do you desire that the situation should change? Why do you wish that it should end? Do not delude yourself; this thing is solid; it is the present and the future!!”

We are in Russia. The Neva is frozen. They build houses on it; heavy carriages roll on its surface. It is no longer water; it is rock. The passers-by go and come on this marble, which has been a river; they improvise a city; they trace out the streets; they open the shops; they sell, they buy, they drink; they eat, they sleep, they light fires on this water. They can permit themselves anything. Fear nothing; do what you please; laugh, dance—it is more solid than dry land. It actually sounds under the foot like granite. Long live winter! long live ice! There is ice, and it shall stand forever. And look at the heavens. Is it day? is it night? A gleam, wan and pale, crawls over the snow. One would say that the sun is dead.

No; thou art not dead, Liberty. On a day, and at the moment when they least expect it; at the hour when they had most profoundly forgotten thee, thou shalt arise. O dazzling sight! One will see thy star-like face suddenly come out from the earth, and shine on the horizon. On all this snow, this ice, this hard, white plain; on this water become block, thou shalt dart thy golden arrow, thy bright and burning ray, thy light, thy heat, thy life. And then! do you hear that dull sound? Do you hear that cracking deep and dreadful? It is the breaking of the ice! It is the Neva which is tearing loose! It is the river which retakes its course!

It is the water, alive, joyous, and terrible, which takes off the ice, which is hideous and dead, and crushes it.

It was granite, said you ; see, it splits like glass. It is the breaking up of the ice, I tell you.

It is truth, which is coming again. It is progress, which recommences. It is humanity, which again begins its march, which drifts full of fragments, which draws away, roots out, carries off, strikes together, mingles, crushes, and drowns in its waves, like the poor, miserable furniture of a ruin, not only the upstart empire of Louis Bonaparte, but all the establishments and all the results of ancient and eternal despotism. Look at all this pass by. It is disappearing forever. You will never see it more. See that book half-sunk ; it is the old code of iniquity. That trestle-work which has just been swallowed up is the throne ! And this other trestle-work which is going off, it is — the scaffold ! And for this immense engulfing, and for this supreme victory of life over death, what has been the power necessary ? One of thy looks, O Sun ! One of thy rays, O Liberty !

Victor Hugo.

EVELYN HOPE.

BEAUTIFUL Evelyn Hope is dead !

Sit and watch by her side an hour.

That is her book-shelf, this her bed ;

She plucked that piece of geranium flower,

Beginning to die, too, in the glass.

Little has yet been changed, I think ;

The shutters are shut, — no light may pass

Save the long rays through the hinge's chink.

Sixteen years old when she died !

Perhaps she had scarcely heard my name, —

It was not her time to love ; beside,

Her life had many a hope and aim,

Duties enough and little cares ;
And now was quiet, now astir, —
Till God's hand beckoned unawares,
And the sweet white brow is all of her.

Is it too late, then, Evelyn Hope ?
What ! your soul was pure and true ;
The good stars met in your horoscope,
Made you of spirit, fire, and dew ;
And just because I was thrice as old,
And our paths in the world diverged so wide,
Each was naught to each, must I be told ?
We were fellow-mortals — naught beside ?

No, indeed ! for God above
Is great to grant as mighty to make,
And creates the love to reward the love ;
I claim you still for my own love's sake !
Delayed, it may be for more lives yet,
Through worlds I shall traverse, not a few ;
Much is to learn and much to forget
Ere the time be come for taking you.

But the time will come — at last it will —
When, Evelyn Hope, what meant, I shall say,
In the lower earth, — in the years long still, —
That body and soul so gay ?
Why your hair was amber I shall divine,
And your mouth of your own geranium's red, —
And what you would do with me, in fine,
In the new life come in the old one's stead.

I have lived, I shall say, so much since then,
Given up myself so many times,
Gained me the gains of various men,
Ransacked the ages, spoiled the climes ;

Yet one thing — one — in my soul's full scope,
Either I missed or itself missed me,—
And I want and find you, Evelyn Hope!
What is the issue? let us see!

I loved you, Evelyn, all the while;
My heart seemed full as it could hold,—
There was place and to spare for the frank young smile,
And the red young mouth, and the hair's young gold.
So, hush! I will give you this leaf to keep;
See, I shut it inside the sweet, cold hand.
There, that is our secret! go to sleep;
You will wake, and remember, and understand.

Robert Browning.

HOW HIS SHIP CAME IN.

I RAN across what first struck me as a very singular genius on my road from Springfield to Boston. This was a stout, black-whiskered man who sat immediately in front of me, and who indulged, from time to time, in the most strange and unaccountable manœuvres. Every now and then he would get up and hurry away to the narrow passage which leads to the door in these drawing-room cars, and when he thought himself secure from observation, would fall to laughing to himself in the most violent manner, and continue the healthful exercise until he was as red in the face as a lobster. As we neared Boston these demonstrations increased in violence, save that the stranger no longer ran away to laugh, but kept his seat and chuckled to himself, with his chin deep down in his shirt-collar. But the changes that those portmanteaus underwent! He *moved them* here, there, everywhere; he put them behind *him*, in front of him, on each side of him. He was *evidently getting ready to leave*, but, as we were yet twenty-

five miles from Boston, the idea of such preparations was ridiculous. If we had entered the city then, the mystery would have remained unsolved, but the stranger at last became so excited that he could keep his seat no longer. Some one must help him, and as I was the nearest he selected me. Suddenly turning, as if I had asked him a question, he said, rocking himself to and fro in his chair the meantime, and slapping his legs and breathing hard: "Been gone three years!" "Ah!" "Yes, been in Europe. Folks don't expect me for six months yet, but I got through and started. I telegraphed them at the last station, they've got it by this time." As he said this he rubbed his hands and changed the portmanteau on his left to his right, and the one on the right to the left again. "Got a wife?" said I. "Yes, and three children," he returned, and he got up and folded his overcoat anew, and hung it over the back of the seat. "You are pretty nervous over the matter, are you not?" I said, watching his fidgety movements. "Well, I should think so," he replied; "I haven't slept soundly for a week. And do you know," he went on, glancing around at the passengers and speaking in a low tone, "I am almost certain that this train will run off the track and break my neck before we get to Boston. Well, the fact is, I have had too much good luck for one man, lately. The thing can't last; it isn't natural that it should, you know. I've watched it. First it rains, then it shines, then it rains again. It rains so hard you think it's never going to stop; then it shines so bright you think it's always going to shine; and just as you are settled in either belief you are knocked over by a change, to show that you know nothing about it." "Well, according to that philosophy," said I, "you will continue to have sunshine because you are expecting a storm." "It's curious," he returned, "but the only thing which makes me think I will get through safe is because

I think I won't." "Well, that is curious," said I. "Yes," he replied, "I'm a machinist — made a discovery — nobody believed in it — spent all my money trying to bring it out — mortgaged my home — all went. Everybody laughed at me — everybody but my wife — fine little woman — said she would work her fingers off before I should give it up. Went to England — no better there; came within an ace of jumping off London bridge. Went into a shop to earn money enough to come home with; there I met the man I wanted. To make a long story short, I've brought £30,000 home with me, and here I am." "Good for you!" I exclaimed. "Yes," said he, "£30,000; and the best of it is, she don't know anything about it. I've fooled her so often, and disappointed her so often, that I just concluded I would say nothing about this. When I got my money, though, you better believe I struck a bee-line for home." "And now you will make her happy," said I. "Happy!" he replied, "why you don't know anything about it. She's worked like a dog while I have been gone, trying to support herself and her children decently. They paid her thirteen cents apiece for making coarse shirts; and that's the way she'd live half the time. She'll come down there to the depot to meet me in a gingham dress, and a shawl a hundred years old, and she'll think she's dressed up. Oh, she won't have nice clothes after this — oh, no, I guess not!" And with these words, which implied that his wife's wardrobe would soon rival Queen Victoria's, the stranger tore down the passageway again, and getting in his old corner, where he thought himself out of sight, went through the strangest pantomime, laughing, putting his mouth into the drollest shapes, and then swinging himself back and forth in the *limited space*, as if he was "walking down Broadway," a *full-rigged metropolitan belle*. And so till he rolled into *the depot*, and I placed myself on the other car opposite

the stranger, who, with a portmanteau in each hand, had descended and was standing on the lowest step, ready to jump to the platform. I looked from his face to the faces of the people before us, but saw no sign of recognition. Suddenly he cried: "There they are!" and laughed outright, but in a hysterical sort of way, as he looked over the crowd. I followed his eyes and saw some distance standing back, as if crowded out and shouldered away by the well-dressed and elbowing throng, a little woman in a faded dress and well-worn hat, with a face almost painful in its intense but hopeful expression, glancing from window to window as the coaches glided in. She had not yet seen the stranger, but a moment after she caught his eye, and in another instant he had jumped the platform with his two portmanteaus, and making a hole in the crowd, pushing one here and there, and running one of his bundles plump into the well-developed stomach of a venerable old gentleman in spectacles, he rushed toward where she was standing. I think I never saw a face assume so many different expressions in a short time as did that of the little woman while her husband was on his way to her. She did n't look pretty. On the contrary, she looked very plain, but somehow I felt a big lump rise in my throat as I watched her. She was trying to laugh; but, God bless her, how completely she failed in the attempt! Her mouth got into the position, but it never moved after that, save to draw down the corners and quiver, while she blinked her eyes so fast that I suspect she only caught occasional glimpses of the broad-shouldered fellow who elbowed his way so rapidly toward her. And then, as he drew close and dropped those everlasting portmanteaus, she just turned completely round, with her back toward him, and covered her face with her hands. *And thus she was when the strong man gathered her up in his arms as if she had been a baby, and held her sobbing to*

his breast. There were enough gaping at them, heaven knows, and I turned my eyes away a moment, and then I saw two boys in threadbare roundabouts standing near, wiping their eyes and noses on their little coat-sleeves, and bursting out anew at every fresh demonstration on the part of their mother. When I looked at the stranger again he had his hat drawn down over his eyes; but his wife was looking up at him, and it seemed as if the pent-up tears of those weary months of waiting were streaming through her eyelids.

SOUND THE LOUD TIMBREL.

MIRIAM'S SONG.

"And Miriam the prophetess, the sister of Aaron, took a timbrel in her hand; and all the women went out after her with timbrels and with dances."—EXOD. xv. 20.

SOUND the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea!
Jehovah has triumphed, — his people are free!
Sing, — for the pride of the tyrant is broken,

His chariots, his horsemen, all splendid and brave, —
How vain was their boasting! the Lord hath but spoken,

And chariots and horsemen are sunk in the wave
Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea!
Jehovah has triumphed, — his people are free!

Praise to the Conqueror, praise to the Lord!
His word was our arrow, his breath was our sword.
Who shall return to tell Egypt the story

Of those she sent forth in the hour of her pride?
For the Lord hath looked out from his pillar of glory,

And all her brave thousands are dashed in the tide.
Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea!
Jehovah has triumphed, — his people are free!

Thomas Moore.

THE GOAT-BOY OF THE ALPS.

To find the genuine, uncontaminated goat-boy, we must seek him in some retired canton of Switzerland, like that of Appenzell, where he knows little else than goats, and cares for naught else than to guard and protect them. In all the festive processions of the herdsman he takes a part, and generally figures as a sort of merry-Andrew, dancing and capering wherever fun and merriment are at the highest.

This gay life, however, is for him but of short duration ; his work is very severe. The bells of his herd salute the ear of the early wanderer even before the chapel-bells bid the pious peasants count their morning rosaries. And the strange cry that rings through the valley is the peculiar goat-call of the little goat-herd collecting his flock from the lowly shelters along his path. The restless goats hear his call long before he reaches them, and when their owners open the cabin-doors, away they bound in light leaps over hedges and barriers, to join their fellows in search of food on the mountains. The boy will thus gather forty or fifty goats, which are placed in his special charge during the summer, to be led out in the morning, and returned for milking and shelter at night.

Where the herdsman with his cows cannot reach, thither the nimble goat-boy, with his more nimble wards, will go with ease and safety, to gather the scanty herbs that spring up among the weather-beaten rocks ; and from the most dangerous and apparently inaccessible heights will resound the loud goat-call. It is then that the goat-boy feels himself a king, undisputed monarch of the peaks. Yet he is in reality a poor little waif — frequently an orphan or an outcast. Sometimes the boy will seek his own customers ; again he will hire himself to a master, from whom he will receive a yearly reward of two dollars, besides his

coarse food, rough shirt and pants, old felt hat, and heavy wooden shoes with soles studded with nails.

He acquires a wonderful facility in the art of climbing, and will slip boldly along on the sharp edges of precipices, to which it scarcely seems possible that human foot can cling. Indeed, the mountaineers believe that goat's milk imparts a magic skill in scaling the giddiest heights. The goat-boy's eye is as sure as his feet; miles away he will point out the chamois to the hunter, or discover some lost and vagrant member of his own flock. His ear, too, grows as sensitive as that of the game of the Alpine wilds. He knows each one of his own flock by the sound of its bell, and even by its cry of distress when it has slipped into some chasm from which it cannot escape.

But, above all, does he recognize, though far off, its terrified cry when the eagle or the vulture pounces down upon it. Then he becomes a veritable hero; seizing his Alpine staff, with its steel point he gives desperate battle to the fierce and powerful foe; and, while his goats and their kids are fleeing in terror to the shelter of the nearest rock or thicket, he dispatches his enemy, or at least drives him away.

A PICTURE.

THE farmer sat in his easy-chair,
Smoking his pipe of clay,
While his hale, old wife, with busy care,
Was clearing the dinner away;
A sweet little girl, with fine blue eyes,
On her grandfather's knee was catching flies.

The old man laid his hand on his head,
With a tear on his wrinkled face;
He thought how often her mother, dead,
Had sat in the self-same place;

As the tear stole down from his half-shut eye,
"Don't smoke," said the child, "now it makes you cry!"

The house-dog lay stretched out on the floor,
Where the shade after noon used to steal;
The busy old wife, by the open door,
Was turning the spinning-wheel;
And the old brass clock on the mantle-tree
Had plodden along to almost three.

Still the farmer sat in his easy-chair,
While close to his heaving breast,
The moistened brow and the cheek so fair
Of his sweet grandchild were pressed;
His head bent down on her soft hair lay;
Fast asleep were they both that summer day.

Charles G. Eastman.

SUMMER STORM.

UNTREMULOUS in the river clear,
Toward the sky's image, hangs the imaged bridge;
So still the air that I can hear
The slender clarion of the unseen midge;
Out of the stillness, with a gathering creep,
Like rising wind in leaves, which now decreases,
Now lulls, now swells, and all the while increases.
The huddling trample of a drove of sheep
Tilts the loose planks, and then as gradually ceases
In dust on the other side; life's emblem deep,
A confused noise between two silences,
Finding at last in dust precarious peace.
*On the wide marsh the purple-blossomed grasses
Soak up the sunshine; sleeps the brimming tide*

Save when the wedge-shaped wake in silence passes
Of some slow water-rat, whose sinuous glide
Wavers the long green sedge's shade from side to side ;
But up the west, like a rock-shivered surge,
Climbs a great cloud edged with sun-whitened spray ;
Huge whirls of foam boil toppling o'er its verge,
And falling still it seems, and yet it climbs away.

Suddenly all the sky is hid
As with the shutting of a lid,
One by one great drops are falling,
Doubtful and slow.
Down the pane they are crookedly crawling,
And the wind breathes low ;
Slowly the circles widen on the river,
Widen and mingle, one and all ;
Here and there the slenderer flowers shiver,
Struck by an icy rain-drop's fall.

Now on the hills I hear the thunder mutter,
The wind is gathering in the west ;
The upturned leaves first whiten and flutter,
Then droop to a fitful rest ;
Up from the stream with sluggish flap
Struggles the gull and floats away ;
Nearer and nearer rolls the thunder-clap, —
We shall not see the sun go down to day :
Now leaps the wind on the sleepy marsh,
And tramples the grass with terrified feet ;
The startled river turns leaden and harsh,
You can hear the quick heart of the tempest beat.

Look ! look ! that livid flash !
And instantly follows the rattling thunder,
As if some cloud-crag, split asunder,
Fell, splintering with a ruinous crash,

On the earth, which crouches in silence under ;
And now a solid gray wall of rain
Shuts off the landscape, mile by mile ;
For a breath's space I see the blue wood again,
And, ere the next heart-beat, the wind-hurled pile,
That seemed but now a league aloof,
Bursts crackling o'er the sun-parched roof ;
Against the windows the storm comes dashing,
Through tattered foliage the hail tears crashing,
The blue lightning flashes,
The rapid hail clashes,
The white waves are tumbling,
And in one baffled roar,
Like the toothless sea mumbling
A rock-bristled shore,
The thunder is rumbling,
And crashing and crumbling, —
Will silence return nevermore?

Hush ! still as death,
The tempest holds his breath
As from a sudden will ;
The rain stops short, but from the eaves
You see it drop, and hear it from the leaves,
All is so bodingly still ;
Again, now, now, again
Plashes the rain in heavy gout,
The crinkled lightning
Seems ever brightening,
And loud and long
Again the thunder shouts
His battle-song, —
One quivering flash,
One wildering crash,
Followed by silence dead and dull,

As if the cloud let go,
Leapt bodily below
To whelm the earth in one mad overthrow,
And then a total lull.

Gone, gone, so soon !
No more my half-crazed fancy there
Can shape a giant in the air,
No more I see his streaming hair,
The writhing portent of his form ; —
The pale and quiet moon
Makes her calm forehead bare,
And the last fragments of the storm,
Like shattered rigging from a fight at sea,
Silent and few, are drifting over me.

James Russell Lowell.

"GOOD-NIGHT, PAPA."

THE words of a blue-eyed child as she kissed her chubby hand and looked down the stairs, "Good-night, papa; Jessie see you in the morning."

It came to be a settled thing, and every evening, as the mother slipped the white night-gown over the plump shoulders, the little one stopped on the stairs and sang out, "Good-night, papa," and as the father heard the silvery accents of the child, he came, and taking the cherub in his arms, kissed her tenderly, while the mother's eyes filled, and a swift prayer went up, for, strange to say, this man, who loved his child with all the warmth of his great noble nature, had one fault to mar his manliness. *From his youth he loved the wine-cup. Genial in spirit, and with a fascination of manner that won him friends, he could not resist when surrounded by his boon companions.*

Thus his home was darkened, the heart of his wife bruised and bleeding, the future of his child shadowed.

Three years had the winsome prattle of the baby crept into the avenues of the father's heart, keeping him closer to his home, but still the fatal cup was in his hand. Alas for frail humanity, insensible to the calls of love! With unutterable tenderness God saw there was no other way; this father was dear to him, the purchase of his Son; he could not see him perish, and, calling a swift messenger, He said, "Speed thee to earth and bring the babe."

"Good-night, papa," sounded from the stairs. What was there in the voice? was it the echo of the mandate, "Bring me the babe?"—a silvery plaintive sound, a lingering music that touched the father's heart, as when a cloud crosses the sun. "Good-night, my darling;" but his lips quivered and his broad brow grew pale. "Is Jessie sick, mother? Her cheeks are flushed, and her eyes have a strange light."

"Not sick," and the mother stooped to kiss the flushed brow; "she may have played too much. Pet is not sick?"

"Jessie tired, mamma; good-night, papa; Jessie see you in the morning."

"That is all, she is only tired," said the mother as she took the small hand. Another kiss and the father turned away; but his heart was not satisfied.

Sweet lullabies were sung; but Jessie was restless and could not sleep. "Tell me a story, mamma;" and the mother told of the blessed babe that Mary cradled, following along the story till the child had grown to walk and play. The blue, wide open eyes filled with a strange light, as though she saw and comprehended more than the mother knew.

That night the father did not visit the saloon; tossing on his bed, starting from a feverish sleep and bending over

the crib, the long weary hours passed. Morning revealed the truth — Jessie was smitten with the fever.

"Keep her quiet," the doctor said; "a few days of good nursing, and she will be all right."

Words easy said; but the father saw a look on the sweet face such as he had seen before. He knew the message was at the door.

Night came. "Jessie is sick; can't say good-night, papa;" and the little clasping fingers clung to the father's hand.

"O God, spare her! I cannot, cannot bear it!" was wrung from his suffering heart.

Days passed; the mother was tireless in her watching. With her babe cradled in her arms her heart was slow to take in the truth, doing her best to solace the father's heart: "A light case! the doctor says, 'Pet will soon be well.'"

Calmly as one who knows his doom, the father laid his hand upon the hot brow, looked into the eyes even then covered with the film of death, and with all the strength of his manhood cried, "Spare her, O God! spare my child, and I will follow Thee."

With a last painful effort the parched lips opened: "Jessie's too sick; can't say good-night, papa — in the morning." There was a convulsive shudder, and the clasping fingers relaxed their hold; the messenger had taken the child.

Months have passed. Jessie's crib stands by the side of her father's couch; her blue embroidered dress and white hat hang in his closet; her boots, with the print of the feet just as she last wore them, as sacred in his eyes as they are in the mother's. Not dead, but merely risen to a higher life; while, sounding down from the upper stairs, "Good-night, papa, Jessie see you in the morning," has *been the means* of winning to a better way one who had *shown himself* deaf to every former call.

American Messenger

YOUR MISSION.

If you cannot on the ocean
Sail among the swiftest fleet,
Rooking on the highest billows,
Laughing at the storms you meet,
You can stand among the sailors,
Anchored yet within the bay ;
You can lend a hand to help them,
As they launch their boat away.

If you are too weak to journey
Up the mountains steep and high,
You may stand within the valley,
While the multitudes go by ;
You can chant in happy measure,
As they slowly pass along ;
Though they may forget the singer,
They will not forget the song.

If you have not gold and silver
Ever ready to command ;
If you cannot toward the needy
Reach an ever open hand ;
You can visit the afflicted,
O'er the erring you can weep ;
You can be a true disciple
Sitting at the Saviour's feet.

If you cannot in the harvest
Garner up the richest sheaves,
Many a grain both ripe and golden
Will the careless reapers leave ;
Go and glean among the briers,
Growing rank against the wall,

For it may be that their shadow
Hides the heaviest wheat of all.

If you cannot in the conflict
Prove yourself a soldier true —
If, where fire and smoke are thickest,
There's no work for you to do;
When the battle-field is silent,
You can go with careful tread,
You can bear away the wounded,
You can cover up the dead.

Do not, then, stand idly waiting
For some greater work to do;
Fortune is a lazy goddess —
She will never come to you.
Go and toil in any vineyard,
Do not fear to do or dare;
If you want a field of labor,
You can find it any where.

Mrs. Ellen H. Gates.

THE AGUE.

ONCE upon an evening bleary,
While I sat me dreaming, dreary,
In the sunshine thinking o'er
Things that passed in days of yore,
While I nodded, nearly sleeping,
Gently came something creeping,
Creeping upward from the floor.
"T is a cooling breeze," I muttered,
"From the regions 'neath the floor:
Only this and nothing more."

Ah! distinctly I remember —
It was in that wet September,
When the earth and every member
Of creation that it bore,
Had for weeks and months been soaking
In the meanest, most provoking,
Foggy rain, that without joking,
We had ever seen before.
So I knew it must be very
Cold and damp beneath the floor,
Very cold beneath the floor.

So I sat me, nearly napping,
In the sunshine, stretching, gaping,
With a feeling quite delighted
With the breezes 'neath the floor,
Till I felt me growing colder,
And the stretching waxing bolder,
And myself now feeling older,
Older than I felt before;
Feeling that my joints were stiffer
Than they were in days of yore,
Stiffer than they'd been before.

All along my back, the creeping
Soon gave place to rustling, leaping,
As if countless frozen demons
Had concluded to explore
All the cavities — the varmints! —
'Twixt me and my nether garments,
Through my boots into the floor:
Then I found myself a shaking,
Gently shaking more and more,
Every moment more and more.

'T was the ague ; and it shook me
Into heavy clothes, and took me
Shaking to the kitchen, every
Place where there was warmth in store,
Shaking till the china rattled,
Shaking till the morals battled ;
Shaking, and with all my warming,
Feeling colder than before ;
Shaking till it had exhausted
All its powers to shake me more,
Till it could not shake me more.

Then it rested till the morrow,
When it came with all the horror
That it had the face to borrow,
Shaking, shaking as before,
And from that day in September —
Day which I shall long remember —
It has made diurnal visits,
Shaking, shaking, oh ! so sore,
Shaking off my boots, and shaking
Me to bed if nothing more,
Fully this if nothing more.

And to-day the swallows flitting
Round my cottage see me sitting
Moodily within the sunshine
Just inside my silent door,
Waiting for the ague, seeming
Like a man forever dreaming,
And the sunlight on me streaming,
Casts no shadow on the floor,
For I am too thin and sallow
To make shadows on the floor,
Never a shadow any more.

THE SKYLARK.

BIRD of the wilderness,
Blithesome and cumberless,
Sweet be thy matin o'er moorland and lea!
Emblem of happiness,
Blest is thy dwelling-place, —
O to abide in the desert with thee!
Wild is thy lay and loud
Far in the downy cloud,
Love gives it energy, love gave it birth.
Where, on thy dewy wing,
Where art thou journeying?
Thy lay is in heaven, thy love is on earth.
O'er fell and fountain sheen,
O'er moor and mountain green,
O'er the red streamer that heralds the day,
Over the cloudlet dim,
Over the rainbow's rim,
Musical cherub, soar, singing, away!
Then, when the gloaming comes,
Low in the heather blooms,
Sweet will thy welcome and bed of love be!
Emblem of happiness,
Blest is thy dwelling-place,
O to abide in the desert with thee!

James Hogg.

IN THE YOSEMITE VALLEY.

A MAGNIFICENT cavalcade! Four weary men on four weary horses, which slowly toil up one steep hill and down another, under the heat of a July sun. Too tired we are to glow with enthusiasm over the grandeur of the *distant snow-clad mountain peaks* or the beauty of the *tall and graceful forest pines.*

"Guide, how much farther have we to go?"

"Twelve miles to the hotel in the valley. Only three miles before you get your first view — a grand view it is — of the Yosemite Valley from Inspiration Point."

Silence follows, broken only by the merry chirping of the birds and the plaintive breathing of the jaded horses. At last the guide says: "Dismount, if you please. This way, gentlemen."

So we quickly alight, clamber with beating hearts on the summit of an enormous boulder, and, with an involuntary exclamation of delight, gaze on the far-famed valley. There it lies, three thousand feet below us, in all its beauty and grandeur. A charming valley, green with verdure; its tall trees like bushes in the distant far below; its river like a silvery thread; its houses like toy cottages. A quiet, peaceful valley, bathed in the light of the sun, which hangs above it, and shut in by great granite walls, which rise from two to four thousand feet in height, ending in rocky pyramids, or spires, or massive domes. Such a revelation of beauty as seldom bursts upon the vision — a picture which displays the wondrous skill and the infinite power of the Great Artist.

How long we gazed I know not; but the monotonous voice of the guide recalled us:

"Nine miles more, and the afternoon is passing."

Surprised that the distance is so great, we mount again, and the horses go stepping slowly — oh! how slowly — down the longest, roughest, steepest path which ever went zig-zag down a mountain side. Then, after a gentle trot — oh! how gentle — of four miles in the valley, we gladly leave our fiery-footed steeds, and return the cordial greeting of our host, who stands in the front porch to give *us a welcome*.

Were we tired, did you ask? Well, n-n-no; not exactly *tired, but sore*. Curious — is it not? — how the mind

turns to the noble science of anatomy when each particular bone rejoices in its own separate and peculiar ache. Hark you, friend — a word of advice in your ear. Take the shortest horseback route into the valley, for you will find it long enough, and let the day after your arrival, even if it is in the middle of the week, be to you a Sabbath, a day of peaceful rest and quiet contemplation. Then, days of rarest, brightest pleasure will await you.

The Yosemite Valley, as all the world knows, or ought to know, is about seven miles long, with an average width of nearly half a mile. It contains more than a thousand acres, two-thirds of which is meadow land, on which grow lofty pines, and the remainder a sandy soil partly covered with rocks which have fallen from the towering cliffs. A rapid stream winds its way through the valley and is of crystal clearness. Though the valley is four thousand feet above the level of the sea, yet it is inclosed by walls of granite, which rise in some cases to a height of three and even four thousand feet, and over which dash some of the most beautiful waterfalls to be found in any mountain ranges in the world.

Come, let us go to Glacier Point this morning. Pleasant to rise before the sun is up — that is, when you are in the Yosemite Valley! Breakfast first, and now we are off. Four miles only in distance, but two hours and a half in time; for the winding path is very steep. How pure and bracing is the mountain air as we rise, and how enchanting is the prospect! Let your motto be, "Hasten slowly," and the summit can be reached without fatigue. Here we are at last. Now climb this rock, and tell me did you ever, in all your wanderings, gaze upon a grander view than this? Look opposite: there are the Yosemite Falls; a great sheet of foam and water, plunging madly down upon a ledge of rock, sixteen hundred feet below, then hurrying, with swift cascades, to its second fall of

six hundred feet; and then hastening to join the swiftly flowing river. Across yonder green strip of valley rises a mass of granite; its summit, four thousand feet in height, a half dome of rock, bare even of moss, and glittering in the sunlight. In the distance far below is Mirror Lake, and you can see — look carefully — the shadows of rocks and trees reflected from its polished surface. Turn to the right, and look up the dark and gloomy mountain gorge, and see those two magnificent waterfalls, whose roar, even at this distance, breaks upon the ear: the Nevada Falls — seven hundred feet; and a quarter of a mile further the same stream gathers its forces for another headlong plunge of four hundred feet, and forms the Vernal Falls. Be sure to visit them to-morrow, and be blinded and drenched with their spray. Now, look above and beyond them at the far-distant ranges of the Sierra Nevadas lifting their tall crests exultingly in the air, their ridges white with the unmelted snow, and tell me is not this a picture worth going very far to see?

Rev. J. I. Boswell.

THE PLANTING OF THE APPLE-TREE.

COME, let us plant the apple-tree,
Cleave the tough greensward with the spade;
Wide let its hollow bed be made;
There gently lay the roots, and there
Sift the dark mould with kindly care,
And press it o'er them tenderly,
As round the sleeping infant's feet
We softly fold the cradle-sheet;
So plant we the apple-tree.

What plant we in this apple-tree?
Buds, which the breath of summer days
Shall lengthen into leafy sprays;

Boughs, where the thrush, with crimson breast,
Shall haunt and sing, and hide her nest ;

We plant, upon the sunny lea,
A shadow for the noontide hour,
A shelter from the summer shower,
When we plant the apple-tree.

What plant we in this apple-tree ?
Sweets for a hundred flowery springs
To load the May-wind's restless wings,
When, from the orchard row, he pours
Its fragrance through our open doors ;
A world of blossoms for the bee,
Flowers for the sick girl's silent room,
For the glad infant sprigs of bloom,
We plant with the apple-tree.

What plant we in this apple-tree ?
Fruits that shall swell in sunny June,
And redden in the August noon,
And drop, when gentle airs come by,
That fan the blue September sky,
While children come, with cries of glee,
And seek them where the fragrant grass
Betrays their bed to those who pass,
At the foot of the apple-tree.

And when, above this apple-tree,
The winter stars are quivering bright,
And winds go howling through the night,
Girls, whose young eyes o'erflow with mirth,
Shall peel its fruit by cottage hearth,
And guests in prouder homes shall see
Heaped with the grape of Cintra's vine
And golden orange of the Line,
The fruit of the apple-tree.

The fruitage of this apple-tree
Winds and our flag of stripe and star
Shall bear to coasts that lie afar,
Where men shall wonder at the view,
And ask in what fair groves they grew;
And sojourners beyond the sea
Shall think of childhood's careless day
And long, long hours of summer play,
In the shade of the apple-tree.

Each year shall give this apple-tree
A broader flush of roseate bloom,
A deeper maze of verdurous gloom,
And loosen, when the frost-clouds lower,
The crisp brown leaves in thicker shower.

The years shall come and pass, but we
Shall hear no longer where we lie,
The summer's songs, the autumn's sigh,
In the boughs of the apple-tree.

And time shall waste this apple-tree.
O, when its aged branches throw
Thin shadows on the ground below,
Shall fraud and force and iron will
Oppress the weak and helpless still?

What shall the tasks of mercy be,
Amid the toils, the strifes, the tears
Of those who live when length of years
Is wasting this apple-tree?

"Who planted this old apple-tree?"
The children of that distant day
Thus to some aged man shall say;
And, gazing on its mossy stem,
The gray-haired man shall answer them

"A poet of the land was he,
Born in the rude but good old times ;
'T is said he made some quaint old rhymes
On planting the apple-tree."

William Cullen Bryant.

THE WATCHER BY THE SEA.

I LINGERED by the sea-girt shore,
Where surging waves, with ceaseless roar,
Chant their weird music evermore.

I saw a lonely watcher there ;
Her hands were clasped, as if in prayer —
Her sad eyes gleamed with wild despair.

Far o'er the waste of waters drear,
Her gaze was fixed, as if in fear —
While raged the billows far and near.

I heard her cry — "Oh, treacherous sea,
I wait to claim my trust from thee !
Oh, cruel waves, give heed to me !

"Beguile me not with mocking song,
Oh, sea ! if meanest thou no wrong ;
For I have waited — oh, so long !

"Restore, O cruel, restless sea,
The treasure that I lent to thee !
Oh, waves ! give back my child to me !"

I lingered still, with listening ear,
For the reply I fain would hear
Of billows surging far and near.

When lo! one wave, above the main,
Tossed its white arms as if in pain,
And hoarsely spake in solemn strain :

“Oh, weary watcher by the sea,
In vain thy lonely vigils be!
’T is God alone can comfort thee!”

And then each wave upon the main
Their voices joined in sad refrain :
“ Watcher, thy vigils are in vain ! ”

Upon the lonely sea-girt shore,
Where surging billows wildly roar,
The mourning mother waits no more !

But oft, when wild winds lash the sea,
I seem to hear, so mournfully,
“Oh, waves! give back my child to me!”

Rebecca R. Pierce.

BEN FISHER.

BEN FISHER had finished his hard day’s work,
And he sat at the cottage door ;
His good wife Kate sat by his side,
The moonlight danced on the floor,
The moonlight danced on the cottage floor ;
Her beams were as clear and bright
As when he and Kate, twelve years before,
Talked love in her mellow light.

Ben Fisher had never a pipe of clay,
And never a dram drank he,
But loved at home with his wife to stay
When from daily labor free.

A cherub rogue, with a rosy smile,
On his fatherly knee found rest,
And merrily chatted they on, the while
Kate's babe slept on her breast.

Ben told how fast his potatoes grew,
And the corn in the lower field ;
That the wheat on the hill was yellow turned,
And promised a glorious yield,
A glorious yield in the harvest-time ;
And his orchard was doing fair,
His sheep and his stock were in their prime,
His farm in good repair.

Kate said her farm looked beautiful ;
The fowls and the calves were fat ;
The butter Tommy this morning churned
Would buy him a Sunday hat ;
That Jenny for papa a shirt had made —
'T was made, too, " by the rule " —
That Neddy the garden could nicely spade,
And Anne was " the head " at school.

Ben slowly passed his toil-worn hand
Through his locks of gray and brown,
" I tell you, Kate, what I think," said he,
" We're the happiest folks in town."
" I know," said Kate, " that we all work hard ;
Work and Health are friends, I've found ;
There's Mrs. Bell does not work at all,
And she's sick the whole year round.

" They're worth their thousands, so people say,
I ne'er saw them happy yet ;
'T would not be me that would take their wealth,
And live in a constant fret.

My humble home has a light within
Mrs. Bell's gold could not buy ;
Six healthy children, a merry heart,
And a husband's love-lit eye."

I fancied a tear was in Ben's blue eye —
The moon shone out still clearer —
I could not tell why the man should cry,
But he drew to Kate yet nearer ;
He leaned his head on her shoulder there,
And took her hand in his ;
I guess — though I looked at the moon just then —
He left on her lips a kiss.

Frances D. Gage.

THE DYING CHILD.

I KNEW a collier in Staffordshire who had one dear little girl, the last of four or five. This child was the light of his eyes ; and as he came from the pit at night, she used to meet him at the door of his cot to welcome him home. One day, when he came in to dinner, he missed his little darling, and going into the house with his heavy coal-pit clogs, his wife called him up-stairs. The stillness of the place and her quiet voice made his heart sick, and a foreboding of evil came upon him. His wife told him they were going to lose their little lamb ; she had a convulsive fit, and the doctor said she could n't live. As the tears made furrows down his black face, and he leaned over his darling, she said, "Father, sing

'Here is no rest, is no rest.'"

"No, my child, I can't sing ; I'm choking ; I can't sing."

"Oh ! do, father, sing 'Here is no rest.'"

The poor fellow tried to sing

“Here o’er the earth as a stranger I roam,
Here is no rest, is no rest,”

but his voice could make no way against his trouble.
Then he tried again, for he wanted to please his sweet
little girl.

“Here are afflictions and trials severe,
Here is no rest, is no rest;
Here I must part with the friends I hold dear,
Yet I am blest, I am blest.”

Again his voice was choked with weeping, but the little
one whispered, “Come, father, sing, ‘Sweet is the promise;’” and the poor father goes on again,

“Sweet is the promise I read in Thy word,
Blessed are they who have died in the Lord,
They have been called to receive their reward;
There, there is rest, there is rest.”

“That’s it, father!” cried the child, “that’s it;” and
with her arms around the collier’s neck, she died.

THE DESTRUCTION OF SENNACHERIB.

THE Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold,
And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold;
And the sheen of their spears was like stars on the sea,
When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee.

Like the leaves of the forest when summer is green,
That host with their banners at sunset were seen;
Like the leaves of the forest when Autumn hath blown,
That host on the morrow lay withered and strown.

*For the Angel of Death spread his wings on the blast,
And breathed in the face of the foe as he passed;*

And the eyes of the sleepers waxed deadly and chill
And their hearts but once heaved, and forever grew ill!

And there lay the steed with his nostrils all wide,
But through it there rolled not the breath of his pride;
And the foam of his gasping lay white on the turf,
And cold as the spray of the rock-beating surf.

And there lay the rider distorted and pale,
With the dew on his brow and the rust on his mail;
And the tents were all silent, the banners alone,
The lances unlifted, the trumpet unblown.

And the widows of Ashur are loud in their wail,
And the idols are broke in the temple of Baal;
And the might of the Gentile, unsmote by the sword,
Hath melted like snow in the glance of the Lord!

Byron.

BINGEN ON THE RHINE.

A SOLDIER of the Legion lay dying in Algiers,
There was lack of woman's nursing, there was dearth of
 woman's tears;
But a comrade stood beside him while his life-blood ebbed
 away,
And bent, with pitying glances, to hear what he might
 say.
The dying soldier faltered, as he took that comrade's
 hand,
And he said, "I nevermore shall see my own, my native
 land;
Take a message and a token to some distant friends of
 mine,
For I was born at Bingen, — at Bingen on the Rhine.

“Tell my brothers and companions when they meet and
crowd around,
To hear my mournful story in the pleasant vineyard
ground,
That we fought the battle bravely, and when the day was
done,
Full many a corse lay ghastly pale beneath the setting
sun ;
And, mid the dead and dying, were some grown old in
wars, —
The death-wound on their gallant breasts, the last of many
scars ;
And some were young, and suddenly beheld life’s morn
decline, —
And one had come from Bingen, — fair Bingen on the
Rhine.

“Tell my mother that her other son shall comfort her old
age ;
For I was aye a truant bird that thought his home a cage.
For my father was a soldier, and even as a child
My heart leaped forth to hear him tell of struggles fierce
and wild ;
And when he died, and left us to divide his scanty hoard,
I let them take whate’er they would, — but kept my fa-
ther’s sword ;
And with boyish love I hung it where the bright light
used to shine,
On the cottage wall at Bingen, — calm Bingen on the
Rhine.

“Tell my sister not to weep for me, and sob with drooping
head,
*When the troops come marching home again with glad
and gallant tread,*

But to look upon them proudly, with a calm and steadfast
eye,

For her brother was a soldier too, and not afraid to die;
And if a comrade seek her love, I ask her in my name
To listen to him kindly without regret or shame,
And to hang the old sword in its place (my father's sword
and mine)

For the honor of old Bingen,—dear Bingen on the Rhine.

“There's another,—not a sister; in the happy days gone
by

You'd have known her by the merriment that sparkled in
her eye;

Too innocent for coquetry,—too fond for idle scorning,—
O friend! I fear the lightest heart makes sometimes
heaviest mourning!

Tell her the last night of my life (for, ere the moon be
risen,

My body will be out of pain, my soul be out of prison),
I dreamed I stood with *her*, and saw the yellow sunlight
shine

On the vine-clad hills of Bingen,—fair Bingen on the
Rhine.

“I saw the blue Rhine sweep along,—I heard, or seemed
to hear,

The German songs we used to sing, in chorus sweet and
clear;

And down the pleasant river, and up the slanting hill,
The echoing chorus sounded, through the evening calm
and still;

And her glad blue eyes were on me, as we passed, with
friendly talk,

*Down many a path beloved of yore, and well-remembered
walk!*

And her little hand lay lightly, confidingly in mine, —
But we'll meet no more at Bingen, — loved Bingen on
the Rhine."

His trembling voice grew faint and hoarse, — his grasp
was childish weak, —

His eyes put on a dying look, — he sighed and ceased to
speak ;

His comrade bent to lift him, but the spark of life had
fled, —

The soldier of the Legion in a foreign land was dead !

And the soft moon rose up slowly, and calmly she looked
down

On the red sand of the battle-field with bloody corpses
strewn ;

Yea, calmly on that dreadful scene her pale light seemed
to shine,

As it shone on distant Bingen, — fair Bingen on the Rhine.

Caroline E. Norton.

OUR HOMESTEAD.

OUR old brown homestead reared its walls

From the wayside dust aloof,

Where the apple-boughs could almost cast

Their fruitage on the roof:

And the cherry-tree so near it grew,

That when awake I've lain,

In the lonesome nights I've heard the limbs,

As they creaked against the pane ;

And those orchard trees — oh, those orchard trees !

I've seen my little brothers rocked

In their tops by the summer breeze.

The sweet-brier upon the window-sill,
Which the early birds made glad,
And the damask rose by the garden fence,
Were all the flowers we had.
I've looked at many a flower since then,
Far brought, and rich, and rare,
To other eyes more beautiful,
But not to me so fair;
For those roses bright — oh, those roses bright!
I've twined them with my sister's locks,
That are laid in the dust from sight!

We had a well, a deep old well,
Where the spring was never dry,
And the cool drops down from the mossy stones
Were falling constantly;
And there never was water half so sweet
As that in my little cup,
Drawn up to the curb by the rude old sweep
Which my father's hand set up;
And that deep old well — oh, that deep old well!
I remember yet the plashing sound
Of the bucket as it fell.

Our homestead had an ample hearth,
Where at night we loved to meet;
There my mother's voice was always kind,
And her smile was always sweet;
And there I've sat on my father's knee,
And watched his thoughtful brow,
With my childish hand in his raven hair —
That hair is silver now!
But that broad hearth's light — oh, that broad hearth's light!
And my father's look, and my mother's smile,
They are in my heart to-night.

Phoebe Cary.

PUT - OFFERS.

IF there is any small domestic vice more exasperating than the habit of putting off, I have yet to suffer from it.

Moreover, it's frightfully common. The man who does things when they are wanted is about as rare as a white blackbird ; and as precious, I was going to say.

Perhaps you think I'm extravagant with my big words, and magnify trifles. Is n't our life made up of trifles, I should like to know? and — but I will not argue, I'll illustrate.

To begin with: there is my stove-handle. Did n't I worry, and groan, and work over that tormenting bit of iron, which was too big, and would slip off at the critical moment, letting the coals down, and obliging me to have the whole stove cleared out, my carpet covered with ashes, and my temper — well, tried. Did n't I endure this annoyance for two blessed years, and when, at last, the rod wore so smooth that I could only shake it by screwing a small vise to it — then, I say, did n't John take it down to a blacksmith, and in one hour have a new handle made that works perfectly? Is n't that exasperating, I should like to know.

And then, did n't my door-latch get out of order, and did n't I have to keep it locked, and jump up a dozen times an hour to let in this one and let out that one; and at last, when the Great Mogul brought chisel and screw-driver and fairly got at it, did n't he fix it in five minutes?

And did n't my extension-table get tight, so that Bridget could not open it alone, and did n't I have to leave my work every time that obstinate piece of oak had to be set, and pull, and jerk, and drag till my patience and my strength gave out? And after three months of this trial of temper, did n't John just take a bit of soap, rub the *slides*, and, behold! a baby could open it.

And there is my carpet. Did n't it come home when I was out, and Bridget stupidly let the man go back, and my parlor all in confusion, and I expecting Mrs. Fussy on every train! And that evening did n't I ask John to help me put it down, and did n't he stretch a breadth or two, and then give it up with a groan, saying that we could never get the wrinkles out, and he would stop and send up the man in the morning. And notwithstanding the lessons I ought to have learned in years of experience, did n't I sit all the next day expecting that man, and start at every ring of the door-bell? And when John came home at night did n't he say, in the blandest tone: "Oh, my dear, I really forgot about that carpet man. I'll stop to-morrow." And did n't another day pass away, and John come home with another good excuse—he was too busy—though it came out during the evening that he had not been too busy to spend half an hour in a sale stable, looking at a promising young horse—which he did not want to buy.

Well, I hope nobody will think I am setting up for a model, but I shut my teeth together and said nothing, though sharp and bitter speeches fairly crowded to my lips. But in my heart I made a vow, namely, to put it down myself, and shame him.

So the next day while the children were in school, with what awkward help I could get from Bridget (she drove the tacks), I stretched it myself, put in the furniture, regulated the room, and went to bed with a headache—not to speak in polite society of a backache—for the rest of the day. And when John came home, and I expected he would sink through the floor with shame, he coolly remarked: "Well, I should n't have thought you could make it look so well."

Many a woman suffers from petty annoyances all her life, because her husband is a put-offer in matters relating

to her comfort, though in business he is prompt and energetic. Is man made for "business," I wonder? Somehow I have a dim idea—probably a relic of my youthful fancies—that business was made for man.

Instances crowd upon me. I could fill columns with them, but I will only tell one more.

I had the stove blacked and made ready for my room. John and the man carried it up-stairs and stood it in the hall. But something was not just right—I believe the oil-cloth was not tacked down. So John said he would leave it until the next evening. The next evening he was tired; the next—well, I forget, but there was a good excuse. Meantime, my room was cold: I had to take my work into the parlor, which, of course, was soon half full of Robbin's blocks, trains of cars, wooden villages, sets of ten-pins, etc., indispensable to his happiness. At last I grew desperate, and, as usual, went to the kitchen for aid. With Bridget's help, I lifted the stove in to its place, and then attached the pipe. Now, I never touched a stove-pipe before, and I had a sort of horror of it, because I noticed that it generally goes together with hard pounding and harder words. I always take my nerves to the other end of the house when men fit stove-pipe or bring in a piano. Therefore, it was in a faint-hearted, hopeless sort of a way that I took hold of the ugly black things. Of course, the obstinate cylinders would n't do what was expected of them; so, to my amazement, they slipped together in the most amiable way. We squared the stove around, put on the pipe, and the thing was done.

Well done, too, though I say it, and I did get the seam of the pipe in front at first, and my hands cracky and my dress all stove-blackening, and my carpet all soot.

But the worst thing I got in that exploit was a hard feeling toward Put-offers.

Olive Thorne.

THE LORD OF BUTRAGO.

"YOUR horse is faint, my King, my lord! your gallant
horse is sick, —

His limbs are torn, his breast is gored, on his eye the film
is thick ;

Mount, mount on mine, O, mount apace, I pray thee,
mount and fly !

Or in my arms I'll lift your Grace, — their trampling
hoofs are nigh !

"My King, my King! you're wounded sore, — the blood
runs from your feet ;

But only lay a hand before, and I'll lift you to your seat;
Mount, Juan, for they gather fast! — I hear their coming
cry, —

Mount, mount, and ride for jeopardy, — I'll save you
though I die !

"Stand, noble steed! this hour of need, — be gentle as a
lamb ;

I'll kiss the foam from off thy mouth, — thy master dear
I am, —

Mount, Juan, mount; whate'er betide, away the bridle
fling,

And plunge the rowels in his side. — My horse shall save
my King !

"Nay, never speak ; my sires, Lord King, received their
land from yours,

And joyfully their blood shall spring, so be it thine secures;
If I should fly, and thou, my King, be found among the
dead,

How could I stand 'mong gentlemen, such scorn on my
gray head ?

“Castile’s proud dames shall never point the finger of
disdain,
And say there’s one that ran away when our good lords
were slain !
I leave Diego in your care, — you ’ll fill his father’s place ;
Strike, strike the spur, and never spare, — God’s blessing
on your Grace !”

So spake the brave Montanez, Butrago’s lord was he ;
And turned him to the coming host in steadfastness and glee ;
He flung himself among them, as they came down the
hill, —
He died, God wot ! but not before his sword had drunk
its fill.

John Gibson Lockhart.

BALAKLAVA.

O THE charge at Balaklava !
O that rash and fatal charge !
Never was a fiercer, braver,
Than that charge at Balaklava,
On the battle’s bloody marge !
All the day the Russian columns,
Fortress huge, and blazing banks,
Poured their dread destructive volumes
On the French and English ranks,
On the gallant allied ranks !
Earth and sky seemed rent asunder
By the loud incessant thunder !
When a strange but stern command --
Needless, heedless, rash command --
Came to Lucan’s little band, --
Scarce six hundred men and horses
Of those vast contending forces : --

“England’s lost unless you save her!
Charge the pass at Balaklava!”

O that rash and fatal charge,
On the battle’s bloody marge!

Down yon deep and skirted valley,
Where the crowded cannon play, —
Where the Czar’s fierce cohorts rally,
Cossack, Calmuck, savage Kalli, —

Down that gorge they swept away!
Down that new Thermopylæ,
Flashing swords and helmets see!
Underneath the iron shower,

To the brazen cannon’s jaws,
Heedless of their deadly power,
Press they without fear or pause, —
To the very cannon’s jaws!

Gallant Nolan, brave as Roland
At the field of Roncesvalles,
Dashes down the fatal valley,
Dashes on the bolt of death,
Shouting with his latest breath,
“Charge, then, gallants! do not waver,
Charge the pass at Balaklava!”

O that rash and fatal charge,
On the battle’s bloody marge!

Now the bolts of volleyed thunder
Rend that little band asunder,
Steed and rider wildly screaming,
Screaming wildly, sink away;
Late so proudly, proudly gleaming,
Now but lifeless clods of clay, —
Now but bleeding clods of clay!

Never, since the days of Jesus,
Saw such sight the Chersonesus!

Yet your remnant, brave Six Hundred,
Presses onward, onward, onward,
Till they storm the bloody pass, —
Till, like brave Leonidas,
They storm the deadly pass !
Sabring Cossack, Calmuck, Kalli,
In that wild shot-rended valley, —
Drenched with fire and blood, like lava,
Awful pass at Balaklava !
O that rash and fatal charge,
On that battle's bloody marge !

For now Russia's rallied forces,
Swarming hordes of Cossack horses,
Trampling o'er the reeking corpses,
Drive the thinned assailants back,
Drive the feeble remnant back,
O'er their late heroic track !
Vain, alas ! now rent and sundered,
Vain your struggles, brave Two Hundred !
Thrice your number lie asleep,
In that valley dark and deep.
Weak and wounded you retire
From that hurricane of fire, —
That tempestuous storm of fire, —
But no soldiers, firmer, braver,
Ever trod the field of fame,
Than the Knights of Balaklava, —
Honor to each hero's name !
Yet their country long shall mourn
For her rank so rashly shorn, —
So gallantly, but madly shorn
In that fierce and fatal charge,
On the battle's bloody marge.

Alexander B. Meek.

COUSIN SARAH.

"COME here, little sweet-voiced Katie,
And sit beside my knee;
There, let me take your hand in mine,
For grandma cannot see.
Look at the clock, the kind old clock,
And tell me when it is ten;
I feel as if my heart would break,
When they toll the bell again."

Grandma, here is a little rose;
I knew they would not care,
If I took just one from the pretty crown
They plaited for her hair;
It did n't seem she could be dead,
She looked so sweet and fair.

"Pretty rose! she was always fair,
And she came so every day
To smooth my pillow, and set my chair
Out of the sunshine's way.
Ah me! to be so old and blind,
And she to go the first;
Katie, I wish that I could cry,
For my heart is like to burst."

Grandma, here is a little shred
I picked up from the floor,
Because you always liked to know
What Cousin Sarah wore;
I think a dress so soft and white
She never had before.

"Pretty lamb! it was not too white,
It was none too soft for her;

But, Kittie, the folds that lie on her heart
No breath of life shall stir.
She wears in heaven the spotless robe,
Whiter than this I know ;
It may be wrong for me to grieve,
But, Katie, I miss her so."

Grandma, here is a little braid.
When you went to see her last,
You smoothed the damp locks of her hair,
And when her hand you clasped,
She turned her head that you should not feel
The tear that flowed so fast.

"Pretty one, did she grieve so much ?
It is someway sweet to know ;
Turn my chair to the window west —
That is the way they will go.
Hark ! the bell ! and I hear the wheels, —
I did not think it was ten ;
She never used to pass my door,
But it is not *now* as *then*."

Grandma, grandma, Katie is here ;
I will love you all the more ;
There, let me wipe your tears away,
And sing you the "Shining Shore."
You have not *lost* your pretty lamb, —
She has only *gone before*.

"So it is best, — I see it now ;
But it seems so long to wait.
Katie, to be so old and blind,
I have murmured at my fate.
But sing me again the hymn we love —
It tells of the cross and crown ;
When the shock of corn is fully ripe,
Then will He cut it down."

IS THERE ROOM IN ANGEL LAND?

These lines were written after hearing the following touching incident related by a minister: A mother, who was preparing some flour to bake into bread, left it for a moment, when little Mary, with childish curiosity to see what it was, took hold of the dish, when it fell to the floor, spilling the contents. The mother struck the child a severe blow, saying, with anger, that she was always in the way! Two weeks after, little Mary sickened and died. On her death-bed, while delirious, she asked her mother if there would be room for her among the angels. "I was always in your way, mother; you had no room for little Mary! And will I be in the angels' way? Will they have room for me?"

Is there room among the angels
For the spirit of your child?
Will they take your little Mary
In their loving arms so mild?
Will they ever love me fondly,
As my story-books have said?
Will they find a home for Mary —
Mary numbered with the dead?
Tell me truly, darling mother,
Is there room for such as me?
Will I gain the home of spirits,
And the shining angels see?

I have sorely tried you, mother —
Been to you a constant care,
And you will not miss me, mother,
When I dwell among the fair;
For you have no room for Mary!
She was ever in your way,
And she fears the good will shun her;
Will they, darling mother, say?
Tell me — tell me truly — mother,
Ere life's closing hour doth come,
Do you think that they will keep me
In the shining angels' home?

I was not so wayward, mother,
Not so very, very bad,
But that tender love would nourish,
And make Mary's heart so glad!
Oh! I yearned for pure affection,
In this world of bitter woe!
And I long for bliss immortal,
In the land where I must go.
Tell me once again, dear mother,
Ere you take the parting kiss,
Will the angels bid me welcome
To that land of perfect bliss?

CLEON AND I

CLEON hath a million acres,
Ne'er a one have I:
Cleon dwelleth in a palace,
In a cottage I:
Cleon hath a dozen fortunes,
Not a penny I:
But the poorer of the twain is
Cleon, and not I.

Cleon, true, possesseth acres,
But the landscape I:
Half the charm to me it yieldeth,
Money cannot buy:
Cleon harbors sloth and dullness,
Freshening vigor I:
He in velvet, I in fustian,
Richer man am I.

*Cleon is a slave to grandeur,
Free as thought am I:*

Cleon fees a dozen doctors,
Need of none have I :
Wealth-surrounded, care-environed,
Cleon fears to die :
Death may come, he'll find me ready,
Happier man am I.

Cleon sees no charm in nature,
In a daisy I :
Cleon hears no anthems ringing
In the sea and sky :
Nature sings to me forever,
Earnest listener I :
State for state, with all attendance,
Who would change? Not I.

BOADICEA.

WHEN the British warrior-queen,
Bleeding from the Roman rods,
Sought, with an indignant mien,
Counsel of her country's gods,

Sage beneath the spreading oak
Sat the druid, hoary chief ;
Every burning word he spoke
Full of rage and full of grief.

" Princess ! if our aged eyes
Weep upon thy matchless wrongs,
'T is because resentment ties
All the terrors of our tongues.

" Rome shall perish — write that word
In the blood that she has spilt —

Perish, hopeless and abhorred,
Deep in ruin as in guilt.

“Rome, for empire far renowned,
Tramples on a thousand states;
Soon her pride shall kiss the ground, —
Hark! the Gaul is at her gates!

“Other Romans shall arise,
Heedless of a soldier’s name;
Sounds, not arms, shall win the prize,
Harmony the path to fame.

“Then the progeny that springs
From the forests of our land,
Armed with thunder, clad with wings,
Shall a wider world command.

“Regions Cæsar never knew,
Thy posterity shall sway;
Where his eagles never flew,
None invincible as they.”

Such the bard’s prophetic words,
Pregnant with celestial fire,
Bending as he swept the chords
Of his sweet but awful lyre.

She, with all a monarch’s pride,
Felt them in her bosom glow;
Rushed to battle, fought, and died, —
Dying, hurled them at the foe.

Ruffians, pitiless as proud,
Heaven awards the vengeance due;
Empire is on us bestowed,
Shame and ruin wait for you.

William Couper.

BRAVE JOHN MAYNARD.

JOHN was well known as a sturdy, intelligent, and God-fearing pilot on Lake Erie. He had charge of a steamer from Detroit to Buffalo, one summer afternoon. At that time those steamers seldom carried boats.

Smoke was seen ascending from below, and the captain called out :

"Simpson, go down and see what that smoke is."

Simpson came up with his face as pale as ashes, and said :

"Captain, the ship is on fire!"

"Fire! fire! fire! fire!" instantly responded in all directions.

All hands were called up. Buckets of water were dashed upon the flames, but in vain. There were large quantities of rosin and tar on board, and it was useless to try to save the ship. The passengers rushed forward, and inquired of the pilot :

"How far are we from land?"

"Seven miles."

"How long before we reach it?"

"Three-quarters of an hour at our present rate of steam."

"Is there any danger?"

"Danger enough *here* — see the smoke bursting out! Go *forward*, if you would save your lives!"

Passengers and crew, men, women, and children, crowded to the forward part of the ship. John Maynard stood at his post. The flames burst forth in a sheet of fire, clouds of smoke arose: the captain cried out through his trumpet :

"John Maynard!"

"Ay, ay, sir!" responded the brave tar.

"How does she head?"

"Southeast by east, sir."

"Head her southeast, and run her on shore."

Nearer, yet nearer, she approached the shore.

Again the captain cried out, "John Maynard!"

The response came feebly, "Ay, ay, sir!"

"Can you hold on five minutes longer, John?"

"By God's help, I will!"

The old man's hair was scorched from the scalp, one hand was disabled, and his teeth were set, but he stood firm as a rock. He beached the ship—every man, woman, and child was saved, as John Maynard dropped overboard, and his spirit took its flight to God.

He sacrificed his life to save the life of others. Noble John Maynard! It is worth a greater effort to save a man from *moral ruin!*

J. B. Gough.

THE CHILDREN.

WHEN the lessons and tasks are all ended,
And the school for the day is dismissed,
And the little ones gather around me,
To bid me good-night and be kissed;
O! the smiles that are halos of heaven,
Shedding sunshine of love on my face.

And when they are gone, I sit dreaming
Of my childhood too lovely to last;
Of love that my heart will remember,
While it wakes to the pulse of the past,
Ere the world and its wickedness made me
A partner of sorrow and sin;
When the glory of God was about me,
And the glory of gladness within.

O! my heart grows weak as a woman's,
And the fountains of feeling will flow,
When I think of the paths steep and stony
Where the feet of the dear ones must go;

Of the mountains of sin hanging o'er them,
Of the tempest of Fate blowing wild ;
O! there's nothing on earth half so holy
As the innocent heart of a child.

They are idols of hearts and of households ;
They are angels of God in disguise ;
His sunlight still sleeps in their tresses ;
His glory still gleams in their eyes.
O! those truants from home and from heaven,
They have made me more manly and mild !
And I know now how Jesus could liken
The Kingdom of God to a child.

I ask not a life for the dear ones,
All radiant, as others have done ;
But that life may have just enough shadow
To temper the glare of the sun ?
I would pray God to guard them from evil,
But my prayer would bound back to myself ;
Ah ! a seraph may pray for a sinner,
But a sinner must pray for himself.

The twig is so easily bended,
I have banished the rule and the rod,
I have taught them the goodness of knowledge,
They have taught me the wisdom of God.
My heart is a dungeon of darkness,
Where I shut them from breaking a rule ;
My frown is sufficient correction,
My love is the law of the school.

I shall leave the old house in the autumn,
To traverse its threshold no more ;
Ah ! how I shall sigh for the dear ones,
That meet me each morn at the door !

I shall meet the good-nights and the kisses
And the gush of their innocent glee,
The group on the green, and the flowers
That are brought every morning to me.

I shall miss them at morn and at eve —
Their song in the school and the street ;
I shall miss the low hum of their voices,
And the tramp of their delicate feet
When the lessons are all ended,
And death says, "the school's dismissed !"
May the little ones gather around me,
To bid me good-night and be kissed.

Charles Dickens.

ONLY THE BABY.

THEY have only lost the baby,
The little, little one,
Who came when the April blossoms
Were smiling to the sun !
As frail and sweet as a flower
The wind might blow away,
It grew in the golden sunshine
When April wore to May.

Then summer brought her roses,
Her butterflies and bees,
And her birds to sing for the baby,
Up in the rocking trees.
"No bud in all the garden,
No birdling in the nest,
Is half so sweet," cried the mother,
"As the baby on my breast."

Such hopes as hovered o'er it,
Such happy dreams as wove
Their silver-threaded fancies
Through the mother's brooding love !
Though all were dear and dearest,
Yet were their fond hearts set
On the tiny, helpless darling,
The precious household pet.

Now by the snowy ribbon
That flutters from the door,
By windows closed and curtained,
Lest the merry sun in pour,
I know that 'mid the shadows
Of a dim and darkened room
They are weeping o'er the broken bud
That never more may bloom.

Wee hands like crumpled rose-leaves,
Restless and round and fair,
Are folded still on the little breast,
As still as a saint's at prayer !
And through her grief the mother
Shivers with sudden pain,
That the angels first shall see them
Restless and round again.

Ah me ! a little baby
Leaves an aching blank of space,
When God stoops down and takes it
From an earthly dwelling-place !
Speak by-and-by of Heaven ;
For the shadowed home to-day,
A flower, a kiss, a silent tear,
And softly come away.

Harper's Bazar.

NURSERY SONGS.

I.

Rosy maiden Winifred,
With a milk-pail on her head,
Tripping through the corn,
While the dew lies on the wheat,
In the sunny morn.
Scarlet shepherds' weather-glass
Spread wide open at her feet
As they pass;
Corn-flowers give their almond smell
While she brushes by,
And a lark sings from the sky,
"All is well."

II.

When the cows come home the milk is coming;
Honey's made while the bees are humming;
Duck and drake on the rushy lake;
And the deer live safe in the breezy brake;
And timid, funny, pert little bunny
Winks his nose, and sits all sunny.

III.

Roses blushing red and white,
For delight;
Honeysuckle wreaths above,
For love;
Dim sweet-scented heliotrope,
For hope;
Shining lilies tall and straight,
For royal state;
Dusky pansies — let them be
For memory;
With violets of fragrant breath,
For death.

Christina G. Rossetti, in Old and New.

MIDSUMMER IN THE CATSKILLS.

WE went berrying the other day, but the berries were only an excuse for a ramble, as children take tea to reach the sugar at the bottom of the cup. We might easily have forgotten the object of our walk, for we had, besides the whole of the Kauterskill Clove, mountains in the direction of Hunter that seemed playing all hands round against the horizon's rim, a sky full of glorious clouds, a cool, sweet wind blowing off Round Top and High Peak, and bursts of radiant sunshine.

I saw the first autumn leaves yesterday, August fourth, on the road to the Mountain House. It was a low maple shrub that blazed, torch-like, amid the forest-green. There is a fairy bluebell that grows in the most difficult places on the edge of rocks, and in high and breezy situations. It is of the color of a deep June sky, strung on a delicate, almost invisible thread-like stem. The lightest touch of the breeze seems to shake out airy chimes too fine for mortal ears. This fragile thing of beauty fringes the edge of the grim cliff above which the Mountain House stands, and lays its pretty face against the pitiless stone like a prayer for mercy.

One fancies the loneliness of this place in the late autumn, with wild sad winds wailing and sobbing in the forest, the mighty jaws of the Clove yawning below, and clouds sweeping the mountain sides like funereal veils. The few scattered houses along the turnpike seem the outposts of civilization. Nature stands ready to snatch back the hard-won fields, and use them for her own wild husbandry. A year or two of abandonment would plant brambles and berry-bushes in the grass meadows, and fill the few gaps culture has made even full with these forest-clad slopes. Now this road is enlivened by a throng of *tourists* journeying to and fro. Stages go rumbling past

to the various hotels and boarding-houses, and almost stagger under the load of baggage strapped upon their backs. Large mountain-wagons dash by conveying excursionists to points of interest. The lady pedestrians, in their short walking-dresses, are undeniably picturesque. They carry long, white, wood poles to assist them in climbing; and the costume disguises the wearer almost as effectually as a bathing-suit. One sees a trim figure tripping lightly away, in short skirt and neat belted blouse, with the air of a sylph, but a peep under the broad-brimmed hat sometimes reveals wrinkles and gray hair — sixty instead of sixteen.

We have loitered long on the road to our berry-patch; but it was not the fault of that delectable spot that it lay over in the direction of the Kauterskill Fall, and gave us some bewitching glimpses into the Clove, with its sunken road reeling off as thread from the spindle, and laden teams crawling ant-like over the track. You feel here that you have almost reached the end of the world, and there is only a single barrier-wall shutting you out from that sea which breaks along the shores of the infinite.

These mountains are remarkably well dressed, clothed in living green up to their throats. The pass seems tunneled through solid verdure. Its curves and slopes melt and flow together with soft sinuosity, and the foliage has a precision and unvarying greenness seldom seen elsewhere. One is tempted to reach out and stroke the mountain's fur coat. But it is a beautiful wall to hang cloud shadows upon, and readily loses its own color to take the finest atmospheric hues.

A hard bit of climbing brought us to the top of a stony pasture, where the herd's grass is scant, but so sweet we fancy it imparts a mountain aroma to the milk and butter it helps to produce. Round Top and High Peak began to peer down upon us, anxious to find out what is going

on in the world. High Peak is always on tip-toe, and for the last few days has played a weird game of hide-and-seek with sun and vapor. We rose the other morning and saw the outlook through the Clove filled with a white frozen sea, which appeared to have stiffened while dashing its waves against the bases of the hills. The whole valley was submerged and petrified into a strange image of death. Toward noon the mist drew up like a heavenly portcullis raised by invisible hands, and spanned the gorge with a shining bridge fit for the feet of angels. It lingered all day, and grew more and more exquisite, like carved pearl and silver filigree.

The Clove at times seems to form a huge ear-trumpet, and bring the faintest vibrations of sound to the auditory nerve. I have heard the wind murmuring and sighing in a grove of pines far up the mountain side when it was perfectly still elsewhere. The effect was that of spirit-whispers, that could only make themselves heard in a peculiarly awe-struck hush of the air. When vapor hangs as low as the old barn across the road, and the capacity for sound is much augmented, one can discern the cawing of crows in the forest perhaps a mile away. It is curious how this startling bird-note seems to accent the solitude, and end it with two or three exclamation points.

The long-standing dispute in regard to the superior altitude and importance of Round Top and High Peak is at length ended. Professor Guyot has brought scientific accuracy to bear upon the subject, and gives the palm to Hunter Mountain, which lies off a little to the southwest. Its beetling side is deeply graded by the abrasion of winter torrents, and looks like the score of some universal harmony. Walking along the solitary road, remote from any house, with this mountain in view, one seems in the midst of a vast cathedral, with the noblest architecture, frescoed walls, pictured windows, chantries filled with sweet singing-

birds, dim aisles of solid pines, and on the topmost peak the ark of the covenant, in its silver cloud-house, and cherubim and seraphim veiling their faces with their wings.

We passed on our walk a mean farm-house hidden in the fields, with nothing but a zig-zag cattle-track leading out to civilization. There was a little thin, wiry, mountain-hay scattered about by the handful, and a piece of corn edged with potatoes. We seemed to have reached the minimum of human needs, and our berry-patch, at the same moment. There it was, lavishing itself over acres of this rocky upland, red with delicious fruit. It is impossible to do justice, in words, to a feast of this kind, partaken of in the midst of wild scenery. The pretty lonely place, the tinkle of cattle-bells, the sweet air and smell of pines and immortelles, the sky bewilderingly blue overhead, the fine mountain-grass in which our feet were set, all added flavor to the repast.

A little farther on, our way led to a fine surprise called Prospect Rock, where we peered over a dizzy precipice into the Kauterskill ravine. The rocky basin is closely environed by a dense forest growth, and from here suggests the idea that some mighty giant, ages ago, scooped out the hollow with one hand, and with the other emptied a beaker over the brink. The fall was increased while we were there by the patent contrivance so often described. We got the sight without paying for it, which did not trouble us much. There is something painful in the thought of forcing this free, wild cascade to the menial service of turning a money-mill, and augmenting its charms by a paltry trick. I liked the natural aspect of the fall much better, especially when the wind took the slender thread of beaten spray and waved it from side to side like a gauze, scarf about the shoulders of a dancer. The Laurel House, from this distance, looks like a smart, new *martin-box* perched on top of the cliff.

We came upon a party of six or eight, mostly stout ladies, who appeared to be enjoying the view. One meets such specimens of the sex all through the mountains. They crowd stage-coaches inside and out, booking themselves as one, when they ought to pay for two. In a country where the roads are steep and difficult, it would be just to regulate fares by a sliding scale according to the weight. Passengers should be brought through the Clove at so much the pound. As it is, thin people are terribly wronged. These stout ladies make good pedestrians. For the reduction of flesh they evidently prefer the panting system to that of Banting.

Life up here is now given over to the enjoyments of beautiful scenery, out-of-door exercise, cheerful, brisk walks through spicy woods, laurel-bordered paths, and fields scented with sweet fern. Early hours are kept, from the healthy fatigue which comes after inhaling so much pure air. Then follows sweet sleep and early waking in the roseate dawn, with mists rolled like wool along the flanks of the mountains.

This is heaven in contrast to the feverish Babel of the city.

Augusta Larned.

GREEN APPLES.

PULL down the bough, Bob! Is n't this fun!
Now give it a shake, and — there goes one!
Now put your thumb up to the other and see
If it is n't as mellow as mellow can be!

I know by the stripe

It must be ripe!

That's one apple for you and me.

Green are they! Well, no matter for that!
Sit down on the grass, and we'll have a chat;

And I'll tell you what old Parson Bute
Last Sunday said of unripe fruit.

“Life,” said he,

“Is a bountiful tree

Heavy laden with beautiful fruit.

“For the youth there's love, just streaked with red,
And great joys hanging just over his head;
Happiness, honor, and great estate,
For those who patiently work and wait.

Blessings,” said he,

“Of every degree,

Ripening early, and ripening late.

“Take them in season, pluck and eat,
And the fruit is wholesome, the fruit is sweet;
But, O, my friends!” here he gave a rap
On his desk, like a regular thunder-clap,

And made such a bang,

Old deacon Lang

Woke up out of his Sunday nap.

“Green fruit,” he said, “God would not bless;
But half life's sorrows and bitterness,
Half the evil, and ache, and crime,
Came from tasting before their time

The fruit Heaven sent.”

Then on he went

To his Fourthly and Fifthly — was n't it prime?

But, I say, Bob, we fellows don't care
So much for a mouthful of apple or pear;
But what we like is the fun of the thing
When the fresh winds blow and the hang-birds bring

Home grubs, and sing

To their young ones a-swing

In their basket-nest, tied up with a string.

I like apples in various ways ;
They 're first-rate roasted before the blaze
Of a winter's fire ; and O, my eyes !
Are n't they nice, though, made into pies ?

I scarce ever saw

One cooked or raw,

That was n't good for a boy of my size !

But shake your fruit from the orchard tree,
And the tune of the brook and the hum of the bee,
And the chipmonks chippering every minute,
And the clear sweet note of the gay little linnet,
And the grass and the flowers,
The long summer hours,
And the flavor of sun and the breeze are in it.

But this is a hard one ! Why did n't we
Leave them another week on the tree ?
Is yours as bitter ? Give us a bite ?
The pulp is tough, and the seeds are white,
And the taste of it puckers
My mouth like a sucker's !
I vow, I believe the old parson was right !

Trowbridge.

LOCHIEL'S WARNING.

WIZARD.—LOCHIEL.

WIZARD.

LOCHIEL, Lochiel ! beware of the day
When the Lowlands shall meet thee in battle-array,
For a field of the dead rushes red on my sight,
And the clans of Culloden are scattered in fight.
They rally, they bleed, for their kingdom and crown,
Woe, woe to the riders that trample them down !
*Proud Cumberland prances, insulting the slain,
And their hoof-beaten bosoms are trod to the plain.*

But hark! through the fast-flashing lightning of war,
What steed to the desert flies frantic and far?
'T is thine, O Glenullin! whose bride shall await,
Like a love-lighted watch-fire, all night at the gate.
A steed comes at morning: no rider is there;
But its bridle is red with the sign of despair.
Weep, Albin! to death and captivity led!
O, weep! but thy tears cannot number the dead;
For a merciless sword on Culloden shall wave,
Culloden! that reeks with the blood of the brave.

LOCHIEL.

Go, preach to the coward, thou death-telling seer;
Or, if gory Culloden so dreadful appear,
Draw, dotard, around thy old wavering sight
This mantle, to cover the phantoms of fright.

WIZARD.

Ha! laugh'st thou, Lochiel, my vision to scorn?
Proud bird of the mountain, thy plume shall be torn!
Say, rushed the bold eagle exultingly forth
From his home in the dark rolling clouds of the north!
Lo! the death-shot of foemen outspeeding, he rode
Companionless, bearing destruction abroad;
But down let him stoop from his havoc on high!
Ah! home let him speed, — for the spoiler is nigh.
Why flames the far summit? Why shoot to the blast
Those embers, like stars from the firmament cast?
'T is the fire-shower of ruin, all dreadfully driven
From his eyry, that beacons the darkness of heaven.
O crested Lochiel! the peerless in might,
Whose banners arise on the battlements' height,
Heaven's fire is around thee, to blast and to burn;
Return to thy dwelling! all lonely return!
For the blackness of ashes shall mark where it stood,
And a wild mother scream o'er her fanishing brood.

LOCHIEL.

False Wizard, avaunt! I have marshaled my clan,
Their swords are a thousand, their bosoms are one!
They are true to the last of their blood and their breath,
And like reapers descend to the harvest of death.
Then welcome be Cumberland's steed to the shock!
Let him dash his proud foam like a wave on the rock!
But woe to his kindred, and woe to his cause,
When Albin her claymore indignantly draws;
When her bonneted chieftains to victory crowd,
Clanronald the dauntless, and Moray the proud,
All plaided and plumed in their tartan array —

WIZARD.

— Lochiel, Lochiel! beware of the day;
For, dark and despairing, my sight I may seal,
But man cannot cover what God would reveal;
'Tis the sunset of life gives me mystical lore,
And coming events cast their shadows before.
I tell thee, Culloden's dread echoes shall ring
With the bloodhounds that bark for thy fugitive king.
Lo! anointed by Heaven with the phials of wrath,
Behold where he flies on his desolate path!
Now in darkness and billows he sweeps from my sight.
Rise, rise! ye wild tempests, and cover his flight!
'Tis finished. Their thunders are hushed on the moors.
Culloden is lost, and my country deplores,
But where is the iron-bound prisoner? Where?
For the red eye of battle is shut in despair.
Say, mounts he the ocean-wave, banished, forlorn,
Like a limb from his country cast bleeding and torn?
Ah no! for a darker departure is near;
The war-drum is muffled, and black is the bier;
His death-bell is tolling: O mercy, dispel
Yon sight, that it freezes my spirit to tell

Life flutters convulsed in its quivering limbs,
 And his blood-streaming nostril in agony swims.
 Accursed be the fagots that blaze at his feet,
 Where his heart shall be thrown ere it ceases to beat,
 With the smoke of its ashes to poison the gale —

LOCHIEL.

— Down, soothless insulter ! I trust not the tale ;
 For never shall Albin a destiny meet
 So black with dishonor, so foul with retreat.
 Though my perishing ranks should be strewed in their gore,
 Like ocean-weeds heaped on the surf-beaten shore,
 Lochiel, untainted by flight or by chains,
 While the kindling of life in his bosom remains,
 Shall victor exult, or in death be laid low,
 With his back to the field, and his feet to the foe !
 And leaving in battle no blot on his name,
 Look proudly to Heaven from the death-bed of fame.

Thomas Campbell.

ONLY AN OLD MAN.

UPON the corner, where one of the many streets enters the broad avenue, and loses everything but its name, yesterday, for hours, even down to when the dusky shadows were settling down on street and housetop, sat an old man. He was ragged, had a gaunt, starved look, his shoes were out at the toes, and his long, white hair fell down like a snowdrift to his shoulders. In the whirl and bustle of a busy day, men hurried by, ladies swept on, children paused to look, and then scampered away. No one knew him. None cared whence he came or whither he would go. Head bowed down, a little dog lying between his feet, a little red bundle lying on the step beside him, the old man sat and dreamed. Men did not know he was dreaming.

His eyes were not shut. He saw silks and velvets, carriages, lace, jewelry, men, women, and children. But he was dreaming. All the long hours he was looking back down the lane to other days — to days of youth, manhood. He saw dead forms come up, felt old heartaches come back. No one spoke to him. He was an old man! To-morrow, you may read that he has been sent to the work-house because he had no money, or to the poor-house that his body may find a burial.

What did the old man dream? He went back down the way to where he never felt a pain, never knew sorrow, never hungered. His white head falls over one side. It is a pleasant dream. He puts a golden ring on a slender white finger. There is lace and jewelry, friends, a minister, bride and groom. A new world is opening to the gaze of each. Henceforth, nothing but death parts them. The white head sinks down to his breast, the dog moves up to watch the bundle. No one would steal it, but the dog has learned to distrust human nature, which sometimes pours acid into wounds instead of oil. The dream grows brighter. The wife is a mother. He dances a boy upon his knee, laughs at his merry prattle, repeats back the bright smile which the proud mother wears. Wife — child — home — heaven. And now the passers hear him groan, see shadows of pain come and go across the wrinkled face. The dream has turned to a black cloud of sorrow, and the dreamer raises his head, stares wildly around, and he falls back with a great sob in his throat. He is nothing but an old man! He does not slumber again. He looks down at his shoes, shivers in the damp night air, lays a hand on the dog, which has been crawling up to lick his face. He is nothing but an old man, an old tree, a withered branch. No one cares for him, no one listens for his step, pities *him* when his heart aches. The world wants no old men. *They are in the way.* We can't stop to lift them when

they fall, to help them over the rough places which once they passed with ease.

As the shadows deepen, and the roar of traffic grows fainter, the old man picks up the little red bundle, heaves a sigh, and disappears down a street toward the river. The dog follows close at his heels, walking slowly, with head bent down, and thus they vanish from sight. Perhaps, during the long hours of night, a body went floating down the current toward the great lake, and men will pick it up below, some day, and give it a hasty burial. They will know no name. No one will care to put up a monument of marble, but some kind hand may put up one of pine, and cut deep in its side the only words that the busy, bustling world will care to know: "He was an old man." And the dog will find a stranger hand to give him that which his master could not get.

Anon.

DEATH OF LITTLE PAUL.

"FLOY," said Paul, "what is that?" "Where, dearest?" "There! at the bottom of the bed." "There's nothing there except papa!" The figure lifted up its head and rose, and, coming to the bedside, said, "My own boy, don't you know me?" Paul looked it in the face, and thought, Was this his father? But the face, so altered to his thinking, thrilled, while he gazed, as if it were in pain; and, before he could reach out both his hands to take it between them and draw it toward him, the figure turned away quickly from the little bed, and went out at the door. Paul looked at Florence with a fluttering heart, but he knew what she was going to say, and stopped her with his face against her lips. The next time he observed the figure sitting at the bottom of the bed, he called to it, "Don't be so sorry for me, dear papa; indeed, I am quite

happy!" His father coming, and bending down to him—which he did quickly, and without first pausing by the bedside—Paul held him round the neck, and repeated these words to him several times, and very earnestly; and Paul never saw him again in his room at any time, whether it were day or night, but he called out, "Don't be sorry for me; indeed, I am quite happy." This was the beginning of his always saying in the morning that he was a great deal better, and that they were to tell his father so.

How many times the golden water danced upon the wall—how many nights the dark, dark river rolled toward the sea in spite of him—Paul never counted, never sought to know. If their kindness, or his sense of it, could have increased, they were more kind, and he more grateful every day; but whether they were many days or few appeared of little moment now to the gentle boy. One night he had been thinking of his mother and her picture in the drawing-room down stairs, and had thought she must have loved sweet Florence better than his father did, to have held her in her arms when she felt that she was dying; for even he, her brother, who had such dear love for her, could have no greater wish than that. The train of thought suggested to him to inquire if he had ever seen his mother; for he could not remember whether they had told him yes or no—the river running very fast, and confusing his mind. "Floy, did I ever see mamma?" "No, darling: why?" "Did I ever see any kind face, like mamma's, looking at me when I was a baby, Floy?" he asked, incredulously, as if he had some vision of a face before him. "Oh, yes, dear." "Whose, Floy?" "Your old nurse's, often." "And where is my old nurse?" said Paul. "Is she dead, too? Floy, are we *all* dead, except you?"

There was a hurry in the room for an instant—longer, perhaps, but it seemed no more—then all was still again;

and Florence, with her face quite colorless, but smiling, held his head upon her arm. Her arm trembled very much. "Show me that old nurse, Floy, if you please." "She is not here, darling. She shall come to-morrow." "Thank you, Floy." * * * *

"And who is this? Is this my old nurse?" said the child, regarding with a radiant smile a figure coming in. Yes, yes! No other stranger would have shed those tears at sight of him, and called him her dear boy, her pretty boy, her own poor blighted child. No other woman would have stooped down by his bed, and taken up his wasted hand, and put it to her lips and breast, as one who had some right to fondle it. No other woman would have so forgotten everybody there but him and Floy, and been so full of tenderness and pity. "Floy, this is a kind, good face," said Paul. "I am glad to see it again. Don't go away, old nurse! Stay here."

"Now lay me down," he said; "and, Floy, come close to me, and let me see you!" Sister and brother wound their arms around each other, and the golden light came streaming in and fell upon them, locked together. "How fast the river runs between its green banks and the rushes, Floy! But it's very near the sea. I hear the waves. They always said so." Presently he told her that the motion of the boat upon the stream was lulling him to rest. How green the banks were now! how bright the flowers growing on them! and how tall the rushes! Now the boat was out at sea, but gliding smoothly on; and now there was a shore before them. Who stood on the bank? He put his hands together, as he had been used to do at his prayers. He did not remove his arms to do it; but they saw him fold them so behind her neck. "Mamma is like you, Floy: I know her by the face! But tell them *that the print upon the stairs at school is not divine enough. The light about the head is shining on me as I go!*"

The golden ripple on the wall came back again, and nothing else stirred in the room. The old, old fashion. The fashion that came in with our first garments, and will last unchanged until our race has run its course, and the wide firmament is rolled up like a scroll. The old, old fashion — Death! Oh, thank God, all who see it, for that older fashion yet, of Immortality! And look upon us, angels of young children, with regards not quite estranged, when the swift river bears us to the ocean.

Charles Dickens.

THE OLD MAN IN THE STYLISH CHURCH.

WELL, wife, I've been to church, to-day, been to a stylish one,

And, seeing you can't go from home, I'll tell you what was done.

You would have been surprised to see what I saw there to-day;

The sisters were fixed up so fine they hardly bowed to pray.

I had on these old clothes of mine, and not much the worse for wear,

But then they knew I was n't one they call a millionaire;
So they led the old man to a seat away back by the door,
'T was bookless and uncushioned — a reserved seat for the poor.

Pretty soon in came a stranger, with gold ring and clothing fine;

They led him to a cushioned seat, far in advance of mine;
I thought 'twas not exactly right to seat him up so near,
When he was young, and I was old, and very hard to hear.

But then there's no accounting for what some people do,
The finest clothing, nowadays, oft gets the finest pew;
But when we reach the blessed home, all undefiled by sin,
We'll see wealth begging at the gate, while poverty goes in.

While I sat there, looking all around upon the rich and
great,
I kept thinking of the rich man and the beggar at his
gate;
How, by all but dogs forsaken, the poor beggar's form
grew cold,
And the angels bore his spirit to the mansions built of
gold.

How, at last, the rich man perished, and his spirit took its
flight
From the purple and fine linen to the home of endless
night;
There he learned, as he stood gazing at the beggar in the
sky,
"It is n't all of life to live, nor all of death to die."

I doubt not there were wealthy sires in that religious fold,
Who went up from their dwellings like the Pharisees of
old;
Then returning home from their worship, with a head up-
lifted high,
To spurn the hungry from their door, with naught to
satisfy.

But with such professions! They are doing more to-day
To stop the weary sinner from the gospel's shining way,
Than all the books of infidels — than all that has been
tried

*Since Christ was born in Bethlehem — since Christ was
crucified.*

How simple are the works of God ! and yet how very
grand !—

The shells in oceans' caverns, the flowers on the land !
He gilds the clouds of evening with the gold light from
his throne,

Not for the rich man only — nor for the poor alone.

Then why should man look down on man, because of lack
of gold ?

Why seat him in the poorest pew, because his clothes are
old ?

A heart with noble motives, heart that God has blest,
May be beating heaven's music 'neath that faded coat and
vest.

I'm old, I may be childish, but I love simplicity,
I love to see it shining in a Christian's piety.
Jesus told us in his sermon, in Judea's mountains wild,
He that wants to go to heaven must be like a little child.

Our heads are growing gray, dear wife, our hearts are
beating slow,

In a little while the Master will call for us to go ;
When we reach the pearly gateways, and look in with
joyful eyes,

We'll see no stillysh worship in the temple of the skies.

John Yates.

THE FISHERMEN.

THREE fishers went sailing out into the west —

Out into the west as the sun went down ;

Each thought of the woman who loved him the best,

And the children stood watching them out of the town ;

For men must work, and women must weep ;

And there's little to earn, and many to keep,

Though the harbor bar be moaning.

Three wives sat up in the lighthouse tower,
And trimmed the lamps as the sun went down ;
And they looked at the squall, and they looked at the
shower,
And the rack it came rolling up, ragged and brown ;
But men must work, and women must weep,
Though storms be sudden and waters deep,
And the harbor bar be moaning.

Three corpses lay out on the shining sands
In the morning gleam, as the tide went down,
And the women are watching and wringing their hands,
For those who will never come back to the town ;
For men must work, and women must weep,
And the sooner it's over, the sooner to sleep, —
And good-by to the bar and its moaning.

Charles Kingsley.

LIFE UNDER THE OCEAN WAVE.

As every man carries within himself an inner self, a hidden life, that casual acquaintances know nothing of, so the ocean has within its bosom a life which is never revealed except to long acquaintance and an almost loving familiarity. It has a life more multitudinous, quite as wonderful, and not less beautiful, than that of the land. Its mountains rise higher than Mount Blanc. Its valleys and gorges are unequaled by those of the Lebanon, the Pyrenees, or even the Himalayas. It has great steppes and immense plains, which rival those of North America or Central Asia. It has vast and illimitable forests, which the eye of man has never discerned, and never shall, in their entirety — forests that are fuller by far of busy life than the most prolific of the tropics. "The terrestrial forests," says Charles Darwin, "do not contain anything

like the number of animals that those of the sea do." The surface of the waters, which, plowed by storms, are such a source of dread to man, are the protection of these children of the mother ocean. At five hundred and fifty fathoms there is a perfectly uniform temperature, the same in all latitudes. No cold pierces this wonderful coverlet, no storm ever disturbs the waters beneath. Here, in their hidden homes, safe from the disturbances of this upper life, are myriads of creatures living, marrying, dying; warring one upon the other; organizing into kingdoms, republics, families; working in every form of manufacture, as spinners, weavers, architects, builders; endowed with mysterious instincts which are quite as wonderful in their way as our higher reason, and bound together by mysterious ties which we are equally unable to comprehend or to call in question. So true is it that the mysteries of science far outweigh those of morals and theology.

Harper's Magazine.

IRELAND.

THEY are dying! they are dying! where the golden corn
is growing;
They are dying! they are dying! where the crowded herds
are lowing:
They are gasping for existence where the streams of life
are flowing,
And they perish of the plague where the breeze of health
is blowing!

God of justice! God of power!
Do we dream? Can it be,
In this land, at this hour,
With the blossom on the tree,

In the gladsome month of May,
When the young lambs play,
When Nature looks around
On her waking children now,
The seed within the ground,
The bud upon the bough?
Is it right, is it fair,
That we perish of despair
In this land, on this soil,
Where our destiny is set,
Which we cultured with our toil,
And watered with our sweat?

We have plowed, we have sown,
But the crop was not our own;
We have reaped, but harpy hands
Swept the harvest from our lands;
We were perishing for food,
When, lo! in pitying mood,
Our kindly rulers gave
The fat fluid of the slave,
While our corn filled the manger
Of the war-horse of the stranger!

God of mercy! must this last?
Is this land preordained,
For the present, and the past,
And the future, to be chained,
To be ravaged, to be drained,
To be robbed, to be spoiled,
To be hushed, to be whipt,
Its soaring pinions clipt,
And its every effort foiled?

Do our numbers multiply
But to perish and to die?

Is this all our destiny below,
That our bodies, as they rot,
May fertilize the spot
Where the harvests of the stranger grow?

If this be, indeed, our fate,
Far, far better now, though late,
That we seek some other land, and try some other zone;
The coldest, bleakest shore
Will surely yield us more
Than the storehouse of the stranger that we dare not call
our own.

Kindly brothers of the West,
Who from Liberty's full breast
Have fed us, who are orphans beneath a step-dame's frown,
Behold our happy state,
And weep your wretched fate
That you share not in the splendors of our empire and
our crown!

Kindly brothers of the East, —
Thou great tiara'd priest,
Thou sanctified Rienzi of Rome and of the earth, —
Or thou who bear'st control
Over golden Istambol,
Who felt for our misfortunes and helped us in our dearth, —

Turn here your wondering eyes,
Call your wisest of the wise,
Your muftis and your ministers, your men of deepest lore;
Let the sagest of your sages
Ope our island's mystic pages,
And explain unto your highness the wonders of our shore.

A fruitful, teeming soil,
Where the patient peasants toil

Beneath the summer's sun and the watery winter sky;
Where they tend the golden grain
Till it bends upon the plain,
Then reap it for the stranger, and turn aside to die.

Where they watch their flocks increase,
And store the snowy fleece,
Till they send it to their masters to be woven o'er the
waves;
Where, having sent their meat
For the foreigner to eat,
'Their mission is fulfilled, and they creep into their graves.
'T is for this they are dying where the golden corn is
growing,
'T is for this they are dying where the crowded herds are
lowing,
'T is for this they are dying where the streams of life are
flowing,
And they perish of the plague where the breeze of health
is blowing!

Denis Florence MacCarthy.

CAVALRY SONG.

FROM "ALICE OF MONMOUTH."

OUR good steeds snuff the evening air,
Our pulses with their purpose tingle;
The foeman's fires are twinkling there;
He leaps to hear our sabres jingle!
HALT!
Each carbine sends its whizzing ball:
Now, cling! clang! forward all,
Into the fight!

Dash on beneath the smoking dome :
 Through level lightnings gallop nearer !
 One look to Heaven ! No thoughts of home :
 The guidons that we bear are dearer.

CHARGE !

Cling ! clang ! forward all !
 Heaven help those whose horses fall :
 Cut left and right !
 They flee before our fierce attack !
 They fall ! they spread in broken surges
 Now, comrades, bear our wounded back,
 And leave the foeman to his dirges.

WHEEL !

The bugles sound the swift recall :
 Cling ! clang ! backward all !
 Home, and good-night !

Edmund Clarence Steadman.

WHO SHALL BE KING?

Who shall be our king? Let us go out among the sons of men, and take our oil of consecration, and let them pass in great procession and array before us, that we may choose our king. Shall it be Adam, or Noah, or Moses, or Solomon, or Alexander, or Plato, or Socrates, or Cæsar, or Charlemagne, or Napoleon? See how these stand head and shoulders above surrounding men! What loftiness, what breadth, what grandeur! What strength in each right arm, what speculation in each eye, what command on each brow, what leadership in each man! Which shall be king?

But, see. HE comes. Up from the loneliness of Judea, out from a Jewish peasant girl's arms, out of a mechanic's shop, there comes a MAN, statelier than the most monarchic

ruler, solemn as eternity, clear as the mid-day, deep as the heavens, purer than infancy, sweeter than womanhood, older than Adam, more solitary than Noah, grander than Moses, wiser than Solomon, more splendid than Alexander, broader than Plato, acuter than Socrates, more imperial than Julius, greater than Charlemagne, more glorious than Napoleon. Let us crown Him! Bring forth the royal diadem! Bring crowns and coronets and garlands and wreaths! Pour out the anointing oil on that lofty head of strength and beauty. He has been grandest Martyr to all grandest truths. He must be King, Emperor, whatsoever designates supremacy. The order of the universe, the demands of truth, the exigencies of humanity, require it. Henceforth can no man tear that crown away. It adheres to Jesus. He shall wear it forever. Forever can He appeal to the utter kingliness of His nature, which is incapable of degradation or deposition. Forever can He appeal to the fact that "to this end He had been born, and for this cause had He come into the world that He should bear witness to the truth." And that martyrdom is so splendid that there is no point of space so remote from the earth, and no point of eternity so remote from His earthly history, that it shall not be made brilliant by the glory of the sacrifice of our Martyr King.

Charles F. Deems.

THE BRIDGE.

DARKNESS around me fell, and far before
Stretched the abyss which hath no end nor shore,
Gloomy, immense, and without life or sound;
My soul seemed lost in the vast depths profound.
Through the dark vail impenetrable, far,
I saw the Eternal as a burning star.

Then cried I, "O my soul! alas, my soul!
To cross this gulf, to reach this night that goal,
A bridge on million arches thou must rear!
What mortal hath the power? Not one." Grief, fear,
And horror seized me. Then before there
A phantom stood, as angel pure and fair,
In form it seemed a tear, but as I gazed,
It grew in beauty, and I saw amazed
An infant's hands and lovely virgin face,
Seeming a lily, whose own spotless grace
Defends from harm. From its joined hands shone light.
It pointed to the abyss of fearful night —
The gulf whose sullen depths e'en echo stilled —
And said, "The bridge thou needest, I will build."
Toward the form I turned, with doubting air;
"What is thy name?" I asked. It answered, "Prayer!"
Victor Hugo.

A SOUTHERN SNOW-STORM.

WE have heard of nothing but snows from you, North Poleites, this season. Well, it is snowing here in another fashion — snowing orange blossoms! The ground is white with the falling showers. They fill the boat which has been drawn up under the trees to be newly painted. They snow down on Frank's black head; they lie in little whirls and drifts on the flat roof of the kitchen, and are floating about in clouds of perfume through the lazy air. Never was such a blossoming! The trees seem delicious with blossoms — over-blooming, crowding the branches. Fair art thou among trees, oh lovely orange, queen and bride of trees! We see now why the orange blossom has been *sacred to weddings*, — symbol of sweetness, and fruitfulness, and ever-exuberant life. Now comes the lovely prodigy

of golden fruits and pearly blossoms on one bough. The tree before us, covered and sheeted with blossoms, shows yet, here and there in its dusky green recesses, golden lamps shining out; the oranges yet waiting to be picked. The orange blossoms, however, are not thick upon the trees where we have left the fruit. They are most profuse where the tree has been relieved by early gathering. Trees, too, have their humors. Some are a sheet of blossoms on one side; but the side which bore last year has this year only a sprinkle.

We have been asked, is any picking and thinning necessary to the orange-tree, as with some northern fruit trees? Generally speaking, the orange-tree takes care of itself. If a branch overbears one year it rests, and another branch takes up the duty. The trees of an orchard take turn and turn about, and the full ones of one year rest the next. In short, Nature manages matters her own way with admirable skill.

Think of it! There are here in Florida thousands of acres of wild orange-trees at this moment, white with blooms, and weighed down with ungathered fruit, where no footstep of man comes — God's own wild fruit garden, as it has been for hundreds of years. For silent years and ages the golden fruit has ripened and fallen, and gone back into soil at the root of these old trees, and been received back into the tree, and come out again in leaves and blossoms. Flocks of green paroquets, bands of jays and mocking-birds, and red birds and orioles have built, and reared, and sung, and chattered in their shade, and only to-day the tramp of the tourist is beginning to profane the shadows and lay bare the secrets of these orange wildernesses. We must confess it seems a pity! Is there nothing that is not to be made common? — nothing that Brown, Jones, and Robinson are not to tramp over and *through*, carpet-bag in hand, touching, tasting, smelling, and firing guns at every wild and tame thing they see?

These acres of ever-blooming orange-trees *were* a field for the imagination ; one might fancy them as belonging to a region beyond the vulgar life of earth ; but all *that* is over now. The Philistines are upon them, and they will be cut up into lots for speculators.

Harriet Beecher Stowe.

THE HEAVENLY JERUSALEM.

BATHED in unfallen sunlight,
Itself a sun-born gem,
Fair gleams the glorious city,
The new Jerusalem !
City fairest,
Splendor rarest,
Let me gaze on thee !

Calm in her queenly glory,
She sits all joy and light,
Pure in her bridal beauty,
Her raiment festal white !
Home of gladness,
Free from sadness,
Let me dwell in thee !

Shading her golden pavement,
The tree of life is seen,
Its fruit-rich branches waving,
Celestial evergreen.
Tree of wonder,
Let me under
Thee forever rest !

Fresh from the throne of Godhead,
Bright in its crystal gleam,

Bursts out the living fountain,
Swells on the living stream.
Blessed river,
Let me ever
Feast my eye on thee!

Stream of true life and gladness,
Spring of all health and peace;
No harps by thee hang silent,
No happy voices cease.
Tranquil river,
Let me ever
Sit and sing by thee!

River of God, I greet thee,
Not now afar, but near;
My soul to thy still waters
Hastes in its thirstings here.
Holy river,
Let me ever
Drink of only thee.

Horatius Bonar, D. D.

THE BRIDAL VAIL.

WE'RE married, they say, and you think you have won
me, —
Well, take this white vail from my head, and look on me;
Here's matter to vex you, and matter to grieve you,
Here's doubt to distrust you, and faith to believe you, —
I am all, as you see, common earth, common dew;
Be wary, and mould me to roses, not rue!

*Ah! shake out the filmy thing, fold after fold,
And see if you have me to keep and to hold, —*

Look close on my heart, — see the worst of its sinning, —
It is not yours to-day for the yesterday's winning, —
The past is not mine, — I am too proud to borrow, —
You must grow to new heights if I love you to-morrow.

We're married! I'm plighted to hold up your praises
As the turf at your feet does its handful of daises;
That way lies my honor — my pathway of pride;
But, mark you, if greener grass grow either side,
I shall know it, and keeping in body with you,
Shall walk in my spirit with feet on the dew!

We're married! Oh, pray that our love do not fail!
I have wings flattened down and hid under my vail;
They are subtle as light — you can never undo them,
And, swift in their flight, you can never pursue them,
And spite of all clasping, and spite of all bands,
I can slip like a shadow, a dream, from your hands.

Nay, call me not cruel, and fear not to take me;
I am yours for my lifetime, to be what you make me, —
To wear my white vail for a sign or a cover,
As you shall be proven my lord or my lover;
A cover for peace that is dead, or a token
Of bliss that can never be written or spoken.

Alice Cary.

AT THE EASEL.

THE ruddy sunlight travels on
From window-ledge to door,
And turns to many a golden grain
The dust upon the floor:
It shines in Jewish Myrian's eyes,
And blazes fitfully
Among the drifted ashes, where
A dancing flame should be.

I, hopeless at my easel, sit,
With anguished thoughts and wild;
My fingers tremble as they touch
The red lips of the child —
So red! my lips are drawn and white,
With hunger's parching breath;
Mine eyes are weary of the light:
God send me help or death.

There was a day — ah! hope doth crown
More royally than kings —
I left my mother's garden gate
And all life's meaner things;
I read my future in the stars,
Laughed at my low estate:
I'd give my life to stand again
Within that garden gate.

O Fame! you mocked me to my face;
Your smiles were siren-sweet;
I worshiped you with patient faith,
Knelt humbly at your feet.
While meaner men, with bold career,
Your fickle fancy won,
I, like a laborer at the loom,
Unpaid, am starving on.

Two by the clock! the shadows creep
With phantom step and slow;
In happy homes the sun is bright,
And red fires burn and glow,
And dainty dishes deck the board,
And light hearts banish doubt —
My God! the tempting viands wait,
While beggars die without.

Enter Reporter.

Ah! so — an item! man found dead,
Still loyal to his brush.

Mem., garret — two worn carpet chairs,
And one of broken rush.

Mem., easel — one fine painting left
Unfinished; on the wall
Some studies, sharp pre-Raphaelite:
A song would buy them all.

This Jewish face is Myrian;
There's power in the touch;
Too little purpose in the eye,
And shade a thought too much.

Mem., broken promises, like ghosts,
Invade this stifled place;
They've left the impress of despair
Upon the dead man's face.

Mem., plaster bust, a pewter spoon,
A Rembrandt study — so!
The man had genius — half a loaf —
Broken on canvas, though.

He painted what he needed most —
Worked with a famished laugh;
Fancied, perchance, some poorer soul
Enjoyed the other half.

I wonder if he had a home?
Mem., Bible — "Martha Shed,"
Name on the fly-leaf. "To my boy?
Heaven grant she may be dead!

A wretched lesson ! so we go !
For one who wins the crown
In these great cities, rich in arts,
Hundreds go down — go down.

Harper's Weekly.

THE THREE BELLS.

BENEATH the low-hung night-cloud,
That raked her splintering mast,
The good ship settled slowly,
The cruel leak gained fast.

Over the awful ocean
Her signal-guns pealed out.
Dear God ! was that thy answer
From the horror round about ?

A voice came down the wild wind,
"Ho ! ship-ahoy !" its cry ;
"Our stout Three Bells of Glasgow
Shall stand till daylight by !"

Hour after hour crept slowly,
Yet on the heaving swells
Tossed up and down the ship-lights,
The lights of the Three Bells !

And ship to ship made signals,
Man answered back to man,
While oft, to cheer and hearten,
The Three Bells nearer ran ;

And the captain from her taffrail
Sent down his hopeful cry :
"Take heart ! Hold on !" he shouted,
"The Three Bells shall stand by !"

All night across the waters
The tossing lights shone clear ;
All night from reeling taffrail
The Three Bells sent her cheer.

And when the dreary watches
Of storm and darkness passed,
Just as the wreck lurched under,
All souls were saved at last.

Sail on, Three Bells, forever,
In grateful memory sail !
Ring on, Three Bells of rescue,
Above the wave and gale !

As thine, in night and tempest,
I hear the Master's cry ;
And, tossing through the darkness,
The lights of God draw nigh !

Atlantic Monthly.

THE FAMINE.

O THE long and dreary Winter !
O the cold and cruel Winter !
Ever thicker, thicker, thicker
Froze the ice on lake and river ;
Ever deeper, deeper, deeper,
Fell the snow o'er all the landscape,
Fell the covering snow, and drifted
Through the forest, round the village.
Hardly from his buried wigwam
Could the hunter force a passage ;
With his mittens and his snow-shoes
Vainly walk'd he through the forest,
Sought for bird or beast, and found none ;

Saw no track of deer or rabbit,
In the snow beheld no footprints,
In the ghastly, gleaming forest
Fell, and could not rise from weakness,
Perish'd there from cold and hunger.

O the famine and the fever!
O the wasting of the famine!
O the blasting of the fever!
O the wailing of the children!
O the anguish of the women!
All the earth was sick and famished;
Hungry was the air around them,
Hungry was the sky above them,
And the hungry stars in heaven,
Like the eyes of wolves glared at them!

Into Hiawatha's wigwam
Came two other guests, as silent
As the ghosts were, and as gloomy,
Waited not to be invited,
Did not parley at the doorway,
Sat there without word of welcome
In the seat of Laughing Water;
Looked with haggard eyes and hollow
At the face of Laughing Water.
And the foremost said: "Behold me!
I am Famine, Bukadawin!"
And the other said: "Behold me!
I am Fever, Ahkosewin!"
And the lovely Minnehaha
Shudder'd as they look'd upon her,
Shudder'd at the words they uttered,
Lay down on her bed in silence,
Hid her face, but made no answer;
Lay there trembling, freezing, burning

At the looks they cast upon her,
At the fearful words they utter'd.

Forth into the empty forest
Rush'd the madden'd Hiawatha ;
In his heart was deadly sorrow,
In his face a stony firmness,
On his brow the sweat of anguish
Started, but it froze and fell not.
Wrapp'd in furs and arm'd for hunting,
With his mighty bow of ash-tree,
With his quiver full of arrows,
With his mittens, Minjekahwun,
Into the vast and vacant forest
On his snow-shoes strode he forward.

"Gitche Manito, the Mighty !"
Cried he, with his face uplifted
In that bitter hour of anguish,
"Give your children food, O Father !
Give us food, or we must perish !
Give me food for Minnehaha,
For my dying Minnehaha !"
Through the far-resounding forest,
Through the forest vast and vacant,
Rang that cry of desolation ;
But there came no other answer
Than the echo of his crying,
Than the echo of the woodlands,
"MINNEHAHA ! MINNEHAHA !"

All day long roved Hiawatha
In that melancholy forest,
Through the shadow of whose thickets,
In the pleasant days of summer,
Of that ne'er forgotten summer,

He had brought his young wife homeward
From the land of the Dakotahs ;
When the birds sang in the thickets,
And the streamlets laugh'd and glisten'd,
And the air was full of fragrance,
And the lovely Laughing Water
Said with voice that did not tremble,
" I will follow you, my husband ! "

In the wigwam with Nokomis,
With those gloomy guests that watch'd her,
With the Famine and the Fever,
She was lying, the beloved,
She the dying Minnehaha.
" Hark ! " she said, " I hear a rushing,
Hear a roaring and a rushing,
Hear the Falls of Minnehaha
Calling to me from a distance ! "
" No, my child ! " said old Nokomis,
" 'T is the night-wind in the pine-trees ! "
" Look ! " she said ; " I see my father
Standing lonely in his doorway,
Beckoning to me from his wigwam
In the land of the Dakotahs ! "
" No, my child ! " said old Nokomis,
" 'T is the smoke that waves and beckons ! "

" Ah ! " she said, " the eyes of Pauguk
Glare upon me in the darkness,
I can feel his icy fingers
Clasping mine amid the darkness !
Hiawatha ! Hiawatha ! "
And the desolate Hiawatha,
Far away amid the forest,
Miles away among the mountains,
Heard that sudden cry of anguish,

Heard the voice of Minnehaha
Calling to him in the darkness,
"HIAWATHA! HIAWATHA!"

Over snow-fields waste and pathless,
Under snow-encumber'd branches,
Homeward hurried Hiawatha,
Empty-handed, heavy-hearted,
Heard Nokomis moaning, wailing :
"Wahonowin! Wahonowin!
Would that I had perish'd for you,
Would that I were dead as you are!
Wahonowin! Wahonowin!"
And he rush'd into the wigwam,
Saw the old Nokomis slowly
Rocking to and fro and moaning,
Saw his lovely Minnehaha
Lying dead and cold before him,
And his bursting heart within him
Utter'd such a cry of anguish,
That the forest moan'd and shudder'd,
That the very stars in heaven
Shook and trembled with his anguish.

Then he sat down still and speechless,
On the bed of Minnehaha,
At the feet of Laughing Water,
At those willing feet, that never
More would lightly run to meet him,
Never more would lightly follow.
With both hands his face he cover'd,
Seven long days and nights he sat there,
As if in a swoon he sat there,
Speechless, motionless, unconscious
Of the daylight or the darkness.

Then they buried Minnehaha ;
In the snow a grave they made her,
In the forest deep and darksome,
Underneath the moaning hemlocks ;
Cloth'd her in her richest garments ;
Wrapp'd her in her robes of ermine,
Cover'd her with snow like ermine :
Thus they buried Minnehaha.
And at night a fire was lighted,
On her grave four times was kindled,
For her soul upon its journey
To the Islands of the Blessed.
From his doorway Hiawatha
Saw it burning in the forest,
Lighting up the gloomy hemlocks ;
From his sleepless bed uprising,
From the bed of Minnehaha,
Stood and watch'd it at the doorway,
That it might not be extinguish'd,
Might not leave her in the darkness.

“Farewell !” said he, “Minnehaha !
Farewell, O my Laughing Water !
All my heart is buried with you,
All my thoughts go onward with you !
Come not back again to labor,
Come not back again to suffer,
Where the Famine and the Fever
Wear the heart and waste the body.
Soon my task will be completed,
Soon your footsteps I shall follow
To the Islands of the Blessed,
To the Kingdom of Ponemah,
To the Land of the Hereafter !”

H. W. Longfellow.

MRS. BEAN'S COURTSHIP.

DID I ever tell you how it happened that I did n't live and die an old maid? No? Well, I thought so. If you'll just keep quiet, and stop twirling the handle of your parasol, I don't mind intertaining you with an account of my airy life, while I bind off the heel of this stocking.

Who in creation is that going into Brown's? A woman with a blue shawl on! 'Taint none of the nabors, for there haint a blue shawl in the naborhood; and she's got an amberill in her hand. 'Pears to me, Brown's folks have a tremenjuous sight of company. I don't believe, just atween you and me, that they've had a mite of pork in their house for months! Danil seed an empty pork-barril a setting afore their door the first of April, and there it's sot ever sense. It's a mystery to me what makes 'em invite folks so hard to visit 'em.

But I was agwine to tell you something about old times. It's nigh on to twenty years ago, that father sold the Benson place, and moved into the State of Maine. Maine is one of the powerfulest regions that ever you seed! Famous place for white-pine gum, big pumpkins, and ship-timber. Beats the world, and all the starry spears, on them kind of things. Great place for folks to grow big there, too. I've seen a girl of sixteen that was as much as two inches taller than Grandfather Lynitt's brother Eben, without stockings!

When father fust moved to Pineville, I was jest as discontented as I could be; but after awhile I got acquainted with some of the folks, and then I felt as much at home as a sheep in clover.

There! there's that same woman coming out of Brown's *agin!* She's got a bundle! A piece of fresh meat, I'll *warrant!* Brown's folks killed a steer yesterday. *Strange*

now, that they do give away things so! If I was Miss Brown, and my husband had to work as hard as Brown does for everything, I'd try and see if I could n't be a little more equinomical with my pervisions. It's singular that some folks haint got no more thought!

Less see — where did I leave off? I declare, I feel so curis about that blue shawl, that I can't keep the run of what I'm saying; and if I haint dropped three stitches on the heel of this stocking! Now, that's too bad! I guess I can fix 'em though — I'm a pretty good hand fixing knittin' work.

Joshua Bean was the great beau at Pineville. He beat all the rest of the fellers holler. All the girls in the place were sot together to captivate him, and if he happened to turn his eyes in the direction of one of 'em, all the others was madder than hatters! It did seem as if Sally Price and Betsy Walker would break their necks to see which should get him! They would have gone through fire and water, if he had asked 'em to, and never got scorched nor drowned.

Every girl that I was acquainted with kept up an everlasting talking about Joshua Bean, and as I'd never seen him, I concluded he must be more of a sight than the elephant. One evening Sally Price had a party, and then, for the first time, I seed Joshua Bean. He was a tall, light-haired feller, with eyes that looked as if they would n't wash and bile well, and the pertest turned-up nose that ever came out of the ark!

I was introduced to him, and we played Copenhagen, and Button, and Hunt the Slipper together; and I kissed him through the back of a cheer, and he kissed me over the top of the looking-glass.

After the performance was all through with, he asked if he might escort me home; and I let him. I made believe I did n't want him to go; but then, you see, I was

just as willing as could be, and terrible 'feard he'd take me as I sed, and not as I meant. Forchuntly, he was acquainted with the girls, and understood their folder-rols; so he did n't pay no attention at all to what I sed, but just grabbed my arm and marched off with me.

Wasn't all of the rest of the girls provoked? Did n't they turn up their noses at me? Did n't they call Joshua a half-baked, sneaking sky-scraper? Did n't they, now? I rather guess they did.

The next Sunday about four o'clock in the afternoon, an hour after we'd got home from meeting, mother looked out of the window, down the road, and sez she:

"Lawful heart! If there haint Joshua Bean a-coming up the street."

When I heerd what she said, I blushed like a piny; and Sam and Danil they just whistled.

"I wonder," sez marm, "what his bizness can be? He haint got no tin pail, nor nothing, that I can see. He can't be coming to borry meal; and we've paid his father for that quarter of veal, and I've kerried home his mother's hand reel."

"Guess it's more'n as likely as not," sez pa, "that he's coming to see our Dorothy. I seed him give her a pond-lily to meeting this morning; and I declare she's got it in her hair now."

"Humph," sez marm; "you did, indeed! Well, then I guess we'll scramble out of the room as fast as ever we can, and leave the young folks to theirselves. Come, Sam and Dan."

And off they went. In about a minit, I heard Joshua knock at the door. My heart went pitty-patty, but I ariz and opened the door. Joshua was there, looking skeered nigh about to death.

"How de do?" sez he.

"How de do?" sez I; "won't you come in?"

"I dunno," sez he.

"You'd better," sez I.

"Where's your par?" sez he.

"He's to home," sez I; "do you want to see him?"

"No, I dunno as I do," sez he; "it's kinder warm to-day, haint it?" and he wiped his face with his red bandith' handkercher.

"Yes," sez I, "'t is warm; you'd better come in."

"I don't keer if I do," sez he, and in he came, and took a cheer on the settle. I sat down on a stool a little ways off.

"Kinder cool for the season, haint it?" sez he, buttoning up his coat.

"Yes," sez I, though I perspired like a washerwoman.

Then there was an orful long spell of nothing's being sed. I pleated up a newspaper, and fanned myself; Joshua pared his finger-nails, and tied his handkercher up in knots.

Finally, Joshua kinder sidled up toward me, and arter he'd looked at me a spell sideways, sez he:

"Dorothy, sugar is almost as sweet as anything else, now is n't it?"

"Yes, 't is," sez I, "unless sap molasses is sweeter."

"Don't you think honey is sweeter than any one of 'em?" sez he.

"Yes, I do," sez I.

"Well, Dorothy," sez he, "you beat all three of 'em."

Then there was another spell of saying nothing. I felt so fluctuated that I could n't think of nothing to say, and Joshua was run out of subjects. At last a new idea struck him. Sez he:

"Dorothy, where do you 'spose I got this weskit?"

"I dunno," sez I.

"Guess," sez he.

"Down to Burnham's store?" sez I.

"No," sez he.

"To Nelson's, then?"

"No, sir!"

"Then your mother wove it for you?"

"Not by a good deal! It was made out of Aunt Peggy's old red gownd."

Then it seemed as if he never would think of anything more to say, till bymeby sez he:

"Dorothy, how many chickens has your folks got?"

"Only twenty-three," sez I; but we had as much as fifty.

"Well, I declare! what has become of 'em?"

"The hawks ketched some, and some died a-shedding their feathers."

"That's bad," sez he.

"Yes," sez I, "that's so."

Then we sot still another spell, and then mother she came in. Joshua blushed, and I must have turned the colors of the rainbow.

"Mr. Bean," sez she, "did you come a-courting to-day? If so, why don't you say what you're got to say? If you want Dorothy, I am willing; she's got the warp and fillin' for a coverlid, and a bran new feather bed."

"Old lady," sez he, a kinder startin' up, "*You're a whole team!*"

Then mother went out, and Joshua he dropped rite down on his knees, and sez he, with a great deal of emotion,

"Dorothy, your mother has give me liberty. She broke the ice. Will you be my pardner?"

"Joshua," sez I, "I'm jest as willin' as I can be," and in a minute more I was grabbed up close to the red weskit.

Well, he made me a dreadful charmin' husband; but I do believe, if it had n't been for mother, he would n't have *popped* the question to this day. *Clara Augusta.*

BETSEY DESTROYS THE PAPER.

SEQUEL TO "BETSEY AND I ARE OUT."

I'VE brought back the paper, lawyer, and fetched the
parson here,
To see that things are regular, settled up fair and clear ;
For I've been talking with Caleb, and Caleb has talked
with me,
And the 'mount of it is we're minded to try once more to
agree.

So I came here on the business — only a word to say,
(Caleb is staking pea-vines, and could n't come to-day,)
Just to tell you and parson how that we've changed our
mind ;
So I'll tear up the paper, lawyer ; you see it is n't signed.

And now if parson is ready, I'll walk with him toward
home ;
I want to thank him for some things ; 't was kind of him
to come.
He's showed the Christian spirit, stood by us firm and
true ;
We might n't have changed our mind, squire, if he'd been
a lawyer too.

There! — How good the sun feels, and the grass and
blowin' trees ;
Something about them lawyers makes me feel fit to freeze.
I was n't bound to state particulars to that man,
But it's right *you* should know, parson, about our change
of plan.

*We'd been some days a waverin' a little, Caleb and me,
And wished the hateful paper at the bottom of the sea ;*

But I guess 't was the prayer last evening, and the few
words you said,
That thawed the ice between us, and brought things to a
head.

You see, when we came to division, there was things that
would n't divide;

There was our twelve-year-old baby, she could n't be
satisfied

To go with one or the other, but just kept whimperin' low,
"I'll stay with papa and mamma, and where they go I'll
go."

Then there was grandsire's Bible — he died on our wed-
ding-day;

We could n't halve the old Bible, and should it go or stay?
The sheets that was Caleb's mother's, her sampler on the
wall,

With the sweet old names worked in — Tryphena, and
Eunice, and Paul.

It began to be hard then, parson, but it grew harder still,
Talkin' of Caleb established down at McHenrysville;

Three dollars a week 't would cost him; no mendin' nor
sort of care,

And board at the Widow Meacham's, a woman that wears
false hair.

Still we went on a talkin'; I agreed to knit some socks,
And make a dozen striped shirts, and a pair of wa'mus
frocks;

And he was to cut a doorway from the kitchen to the shed;
"Save you climbing steps much, in frosty weather," he
said.

*He brought me the pen at last; I felt a sinkin', and he
Looked as he did with the agur, in the spring of sixty-
three.*

"T was then you dropleed in, parson ; 't was n't much that
was said,
" Little children, love one another," but the thing was
killed stone dead.

I should like to make confession; not that I'm going to
say
The fault was *all* on my side, that never was my way,
But it may be true that women — tho' how 't is I can't see —
Are a trifle more aggravatin' than men know how to be.

Then, parson, the neighbors' meddlin' — it was n't pourin'
oil ;
And the church a laborin' with us, 't was worse than
wasted toil ;
And I've thought, and so has Caleb, though maybe we
are wrong,
If they'd kept to their own business, we should have got
along.

There was Deacon Amos Purdy, a good man as we know,
But had n't a gift of laborin' except with the scythe and
hoe ;
Then a load came over in peach time from the Wilbur
neighborhood,
" Season of prayer," they called it ; did n't do an atom of
good.

I'll tell you about the heifer — one of the kindest and
best —
That brother Ephraim gave me the fall he moved out
West ;
I'm free to own it riled me that Caleb should think and
say
*She died of convulsions — a cow that milked four gallons
a day.*

But I need n't have spoke of turnips, need n't have been
so cross,
And said hard things, and hinted as if 't was all *my* loss ;
And I'll take it all back, parson ; that fire sha'n't ever
break out,
Though the cow was choked with a turnip, I never had a
doubt.

Then there are p'int's of doctrine, and views of a future
state,
I'm willing to stop discussin' ; we can both afford to wait ;
'T won't bring the millennium sooner, disputin' about when
it's due,
Although I feel an assurance that mine's the Scriptural
view.

But the blessedest truths of the Bible, I've learned to
think, don't lie
In the texts we hunt with a candle to prove our doctrines
by,
But them that come to us in sorrow, and when we're on
our knees ;
So if Caleb won't argue on free will, I'll leave alone the
decrees.

One notion of Caleb's, parson, seems rather misty and dim ;
I wish if it comes convenient, you'd change a word with
him.
It don't quite stand to reason, and for gospel it is n't clear,
That folks love better in heaven for having quarreled here.

I've no such an expectation ; why, parson, if that is so,
You need n't have worked so faithful to reconcile folks
below.

*I hold another opinion, and hold it straight and square,
If we can't be peaceable here, we won't be peaceable there.*

But there's the request he made, you know it, parson, about
Bein' laid under the maples that his own hand set out,
And me to be laid beside him when my time come to go,
As if—as if—don't mind me; but 't was that onstrung
me so.

And now that some scales, as we think, have fallen from
our eyes,
And things brought so to a crisis have made us both more
wise,
Why, Caleb says, and so I say, till the Lord parts him
and me,
We'll love each other better, and try our best to agree.

Helen Barron Bostwick.

NOTE. — The above poem has been improperly attributed to "Nasby,"
probably because it first appeared in his paper, the Toledo Blade.

MY LADY, THE SANDS, AND I.

OH, shining sea, did she pass this way?
Did she hate your gold with her foot, oh sands?
Did she spurn your sheen as she spurned to-day
My heart? Did she crush you hard, I say?
No more than she did by me, oh sands!

Swept she on in her cold disdain,
She, a lady, with royal grace?
Saw you that pity, nor joy, nor pain,
Nor love told over and over again,
Could soften the look of her haughty face?

Aye, that was my lady, for only she
Doth wear her hair in a yellow crown
Of thickest braid right regally, —
The wealth of the rest of it, half to her knees
In a golden torrent rippling down.

Yestere'en was she graciously pleased to be,
Heaping you full as her hands could hold,
Sifting and sifting you tenderly?
Did she let the love of the winds of the sea
Be in her hair, oh never so bold?

So kind to me as she was to you,
(As counting us fairly alike, you see!)
She dallied, and listened, and lingered too,
And suffered the touch of the falling dew
On lips she had hardly denied to me.

And to-day she scorns us, my lady, my queen,
Who so indulgently through her hands
Slipped and sifted us yestere'en:
Your offence? — You but kissed her foot, I ween;
And mine? — I but loved her, oh, shining sands!
Kate Kendall.

SHAMUS O'BRIEN.

JUST afther the war, in the year '98,
As soon as the boys wor all scattered and bate,
'T was the custom, whenever a pisant was got,
To hang him by thrial — barrin' sich as was shot.
There was trial by jury goin' on by daylight,
And the martial-law hangin' the lavins by night.
It's them were hard times for an honest gossoon:
If he missed in the judges, he'd meet a dragoon;
An' whether the sodgers or judges gev sentence,
An' sorry a much time they allowed for repentance.
An' it's many's the fine boy was then on his keepin'
Wid small share iv restin', or atin', or sleepin',
An' because they loved Erin, an' scorned to sell it,
A prey for the bloodhound, a mark for the bullet,—

Unsheltered by night, and unrested by day,
With the heath for their barrack, revenge for their pay;
An' the bravest and hardiest boy iv them all
Was Shamus O'Brien, from the town iv Glingall.
His limbs were well set, an' his body was light,
An' the keen-fanged hound had not teeth half so white;
But his face was as pale as the face of the dead,
And his cheek never warmed with the blush of the red.
An' for all that he was n't an ugly young bye,
For the mischief himself that would blaze in his eye,
So droll an' so wicked, so dark and so bright,
Like a fire-flash that crosses the depth of the night!
An' he was the best mower that ever has been,
An' illigantest hurler that ever was seen.
An' his dancin' was sich that the men used to stare,
An' the women turn crazy, he done it so quare;
An' to be sure, the whole world gev it into him there,
An' it's he was the boy that was hard to be caught,
An' it's often he run, an' it's often he fought.
But the fox must sleep sometimes, the wild deer must
rest,
An' treachery prey on the blood iv the best;
After many a brave action of power and pride,
An' many a hard night on the mountain's bleak side,
An' a thousand great dangers and toils overpast,
In the darkness of night he was taken at last.

Now, Shamus, look back on the beautiful moon,
For the door of the prison must close on you soon,
An' take your last look on her dim lovely light,
That falls on the mountain and valley this night;
One look at the village, one look at the flood,
An' one at the sheltering, far-distant wood;
Farewell to the forest, farewell to the hill,
An' farewell to the friends that will think of you still;

Farewell to the patherin, the hurlin' an' wake,
And farewell to the girl that would die for your sake.
An' twelve sodgers brought him to Maryborough jail,
An' the turnkey resaved him, refusin' all bail;
The fleet limbs wor chained, an' the sthrong hands wor
bound,

An' he laid down his length on the cowl'd prison-ground,
An' the dreams of his childhood kem over him there
As gentle an' soft as the sweet summer air;
An' happy remembrances crowding on ever,
As fast as the foam-flakes dhrift down on the river,
Bringing fresh to his heart merry days long gone by,
Till the tears gathered heavy and thick in his eye.
But the tears did n't fall, for the pride of his heart
Would not suffer one drop down his pale cheek to start;
An' he sprang to his feet in the dark prison cave,
An' he swore with the fierceness that misery gave,
By the hopes of the good an' the cause of the brave,
That when he was mouldering in the cold grave,
His enemies never should have it to boast
His scorn of their vengeance one moment was lost;
His bosom might bleed, but his cheek should be dhry,
For, undaunted he lived, and undaunted he'd die.

Well, as soon as a few weeks was over and gone,
The terrible day iv the thrial kem on,
There was sich a crowd there was scarce room to stand,
An' sodgers on guard, an' dhragoons sword in hand;
An' the court-house so full that the people were bothered,
An' attorneys an' criers on the point iv bein' smothered;
An' counselors almost gev over for dead,
An' the jury sittin' up in their box overhead;
An' the judge settled out so detarmined an' big,
With his gown on his back, and an illegant new wig;
An' silence was called, an' the minute it was said,
The court was as still as the heart of the dead,

An' they heard but the openin' of one prison lock,
An' Shamus O'Brien kem into the dock.
For one minute he turned his eye round on the throng,
An' he looked at the bars, so firm and so strong,
An' he saw that he had not a hope nor a friend,
A chance to escape, nor a word to defend ;
An' he folded his arms as he stood there alone,
As calm and as cold as a statue of stone ;
And they read a big writin', a yard long at laste,
An' Jim did n't understand it, nor mind it a taste ;
An' the judge took a big pinch iv snuff, and he says,
"Are you guilty or not, Jim O'Brien, av you plase?"

An' all held their breath in the silence of dhread,
An' Shamus O'Brien made answer and said :
"My lord, if you ask me, if in my lifetime
I thought any treason, or did any crime
That should call to my cheek, as I stand alone here,
The hot blush of shame or the coldness of fear,
Though I stood by the grave to receive my death-blow,
Before God and the world I would answer you, no !
But if you would ask me, as I think it like,
If in the rebellion I carried a pike,
An' fought for ould Ireland from the first to the close,
An' shed the heart's blood of her bitterest foes,
I answer you, yes ; and I tell you again,
Though I stand here to perish, it's my glory that then
In her cause I was willing my veins should run dhry,
An' that now for her sake I am ready to die."

Then the silence was great, and the jury smiled bright,
An' the judge was n't sorry the job was made light.
When Shamus' mother in the crowd standin' by,
Called out to the judge with a pitiful cry :
"O, judge! darlin', don't, O, don't say the word !
The crathur is young, have mercy, my lord ;

He was foolish ; he did n't know what he was doin' ;
You don't know him, my lord — O, don't give him to ruin !
He's the kindest crathur, the tenderest hearted ;
Don't part us forever, we that 's so long parted.
Judge mavourneen, forgive him, forgive him, my lord,
An' God will forgive you — O, don't say the word ! ”
That was the first minute that O'Brien was shaken,
When he saw that he was not quite forgot or forsaken :
An' down his pale cheeks, at the word of his mother,
The big tears were running fast, one after the other ;
An' two or three times he endeavored to spake,
But the strong, manly voice used to falter and break ;
But at last by the strength of his high-mountaining pride,
He conquered and mastered his grief's swelling tide,
“ An',” says he, “ mother, darlin', don't break your poor
heart,

For, sooner or later, the dearest must part ;
And God knows it's better than wandering in fear
On the bleak, trackless mountain, among the wild deer,
To lie in the grave where the head, heart, and breast
From thought, labor, and sorrow forever shall rest.
Then, mother, my darlin', don't cry any more,
Don't make me seem broken in this my last hour ;
For I wish, when my head 's lyin' under the raven,
No true man can say that I died like a craven ! ”
Then toward the judge Shamus bent down his head,
An' that minute the solemn death-sentence was said.

The mornin' was bright, an' the mists rose on high,
An' the lark whistled merrily in the clear sky ;
But why are the men standin' idle so late ?
An' why do the crowds gather fast in the street ?
What come they to talk of ? what come they to see ?
An' why does the long rope hang from the cross-tree ?
O, Shamus O'Brien ! pray fervent and fast,
May the saints take your soul, for this day is your last ;

Pray fast an' pray sthrong, for the moment is nigh,
When, sthrong, proud, an' great as you are, you must die.
An' faster an' faster, the crowd gathered there,
Boys, horses, and gingerbread, just like a fair ;
An' whisky was sellin', and cussamuck too,
Au' ould men and young women enjoying the view.
An' ould Tim Mulvany, he med the remark,
There was n't sich a sight since the time of Noah's ark,
For thousands were gathered there, if there was one,
Waitin' till such time as the hangin' 'id come on.

At last they threw open the big prison-gate,
An' out came the sheriffs and sodgers in state,
An' a cart in the middle, an' Shamus was in it,
Not paler, but prouder than ever, that minute,
An' as soon as the people saw Shamus O'Brien,
Wid prayin' and blessin' and all the girls cryin',
A wild wailin' sound kem on by degrees,
Like the sound of the lonesome wind blowin' through
trees.

On, on to the gallows the sheriffs are gone,
An' the cart an' the sodgers go steadily on ;
An' at every side swellin' around of the cart,
A wild, sorrowful sound, that id open your heart.
Now under the gallows the cart takes its stand,
An' the hangman gets up with the rope in his hand ;
An' the priest, havin' blest him, goes down on the ground,
An' Shamus O'Brien throws one last look round.
Then the hangman dhrew near, an' the people grew still,
Young faces turned sickly, and warm hearts turn chill ;
An' the rope bein' ready, his neck was made bare,
For the gripe iv the life-strangling coord to prepare ;
An' the good priest has left him, havin' said his last prayer.
But the good priest did more, for his hands he unbound,
And with one daring spring Jim has leaped on the ground ;

Bang! bang! goes the carbines, and clash goes the sabres :
He's not down! he's alive still! now stand to him, neighbors!
bors!

Through the smoke and the horses he's into the crowd, —
By the heavens, he's free! — than thunder more loud,
By one shout from the people the heavens were shaken —
One shout that the dead of the world might awaken.
The sodgers ran this way, the sheriffs ran that,
An' Father Malone lost his new Sunday hat;
To-night he'll be sleepin' in Aherloe Glin,
An' they'll not have the luck to catch him ag'in.
Your swords they may glitter, your carbines go bang,
But if you want hangin', it's yourself you must hang.

He has mounted his horse, and soon he will be
In America, darlint, the land of the free.

James Sheridan Le Fanu. Adapted.

THE RAINBOW.

I SOMETIMES have thoughts in my loneliest hours,
That lie on my heart like the dew on the flowers,
Of a ramble I took one bright afternoon
When my heart was as light as a blossom in June;
The green earth was moist with the late-fallen showers,
The breeze fluttered down and blew open the flowers,
While a single white cloud, to its haven of rest
On the white wing of peace, floated off in the west.

As I threw back my tresses to catch the cool breeze,
That scattered the rain-drops and dimpled the seas,
Far up the blue sky a fair rainbow unrolled
Its soft-tinted pinions of purple and gold.
'T was born in a moment, yet, quick as its birth,
It was stretched to the uttermost ends of the earth,

And, fair as an angel, it floated as free,
With a wing on the earth and a wing on the sea.

How wide was the sweep of its beautiful wings !
How boundless its circle ! how radiant its rings !
If I looked on the sky, 't was suspended in air ;
If I looked on the ocean, the rainbow was there ;
Then forming a girdle, as brilliant and whole
As the thoughts of the rainbow, that circled my soul
Like the wings of the Deity, calmly unfurled,
It bent from the cloud and encircled the world.

There are moments, I think, when the spirit receives
Whole volumes of thought on its unwritten leaves ;
When the folds of the heart in a moment uncloze,
Like the innermost leaves of the heart of the rose.
And thus, when the rainbow had passed from the sky,
The thoughts it awoke were too deep to pass by ;
It left my full soul, like the wing of a dove,
All fluttering with pleasure and fluttering with love.

I know that each moment of rapture or pain
But shortens the links in Life's mystical chain ;
I know that my form, like that bow from the wave,
Must pass from the earth and lie cold in the grave ;
Yet, oh ! when Death's shadows my bosom encloud,
When I shrink at the thought of the coffin and shroud,
May Hope, like the rainbow, my spirit enfold
In her beautiful pinions of purple and gold.

Mrs. Amelia B. Welby.

FREE SPEECH.

MY reason for loving a republican form of government, and for preferring it to any other — to monarchical and despotic governments — is, not that it clothes me with rights which these withhold from me, but that it makes fewer encroachments, than they do, on the rights which God gave me — on the divinely appointed scope of man's agency. I prefer, in a word, the republican system because it comes up more nearly to God's system. It is not, then, to the constitutions of my nation and state that I am indebted for the right of free discussion — though I am thankful for the glorious defence with which those instruments surround that right. No; God himself gave me this right; and a sufficient proof that He did so is to be found in the fact that He requires me to exercise it. Take from the men who compose the church of Christ on earth the right of free discussion, and you disable them for His service. They are now the lame and the dumb and the blind. In vain is it now that you bid them "hold forth the word of life" — in vain that you bid them "not to suffer sin upon a neighbor, but in any wise to rebuke him" — in vain is it that you bid them "go into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature." If God made me to be one of his instruments for carrying forward the salvation of the world, then is the right of free discussion among my inherent rights; then may I, must I, speak of sin, any sin, every sin, that comes in my way — any sin, every sin, which it is my duty to search out and to assail. When, therefore, this right is called in question, then is the invasion not of something obtained from human convention and human concession, but the invasion of a birthright — of that which is as old as our *being*, and a part of the original man.

Gerrit Smith.

MARGUERITE.

Mocking little Marguerite !

Artful little Marguerite !

See how she loves to tease me —

Just now her words were soft and sweet,

As if she meant to please me ;

Yet, look you, if we chance to meet

To-morrow in the village street,

She'll be so cruelly discreet,

Her very looks will freeze me !

Saucy little Marguerite !

Scornful little Marguerite !

She'll sometimes try to charm me ;

Or else, her triumph to complete,

With cold disdain alarm me.

And then, with laughter wild and sweet,

She'll taunt me with my own defeat,

Dance round me on bright twinkling feet,

And once again disarm me !

Heartless little Marguerite !

Faithless little Marguerite !

I vow you've so bewitch'd me

That I am more than half inclined

To call your very scornings kind,

And say that, though my peace of mind

Be stolen, you've enrich'd me !

Amelia B. Edwards.

A HUNDRED YEARS TO COME.

WHERE, where will be the birds that sing,

A hundred years to come ?

The flowers that now in beauty spring,

A hundred years to come ?

The rosy lip, the lofty brow,
The heart that beats so gaily now ;
O ! where will be love's beaming eye,
Joy's pleasant smile, and sorrow's sigh,
A hundred years to come ?

Who 'll press for gold the crowded street,
A hundred years to come ?
Who 'll worship God with willing feet,
A hundred years to come ?
Pale, trembling age, and fiery youth,
And childhood, with its heart of truth ;
The rich, the poor, on land and sea :
Where will the mighty millions be
A hundred years to come ?

We all within our graves shall sleep,
A hundred years to come ;
No living soul for us shall weep,
A hundred years to come ;
But other men our lands shall till,
And others then our streets shall fill,
While other birds will sing as gay,
And bright the sunshine as to-day,
A hundred years to come.

HAMLET AND HIS MOTHER.

Hamlet. Leave wringing of your hands: peace! sit you
down,

And let me wring your heart: for so I shall,
If it be made of penetrable stuff ;
If damnéd custom have not brazed it so,
That it be proof and bulwark against sense.

Queen. What have I done, that thou dar'st wag thy tongue

In noise so rude against me?

Ham. Such an act,
'That blurs the grace and blush of modesty ;
Calls virtue, hypocrite ; takes off the rose
From the fair forehead of an innocent love,
And sets a blister there ; makes marriage vows
As false as dicers' oaths : O, such a deed
As from the body of contraction plucks
The very soul ; and sweet religion makes
A rhapsody of words : Heaven's face doth glow ;
Yea, this solidity and compound mass,
With tristful visage, as against the doom,
Is thought-sick at the act.

Queen. Ah me, what act,
That roars so loud, and thunders in the index ?

Ham. Look here, upon this picture, and on this,
The counterfeit presentment of two brothers.
See, what a grace was seated on this brow :
Hyperion's curls ; the front of Jove himself ;
An eye like Mars, to threaten and command ;
A station like the herald Mercury
New-lighted on a heaven-kissing hill ;
A combination, and a form, indeed,
Where every god did seem to set his seal,
To give the world assurance of a man :
This was your husband. — Look you now, what follows :
Here is your husband ; like a mildewed ear,
Blasting his wholesome brother. Have you eyes ?
Could you on this fair mountain leave to feed,
And batten on this moor ? Ha ! have you eyes ?
You cannot call it love ; for, at your age,
The hey-day in the blood is tame, it's humble,
And waits upon the judgment : and what judgment
Would step from this to this ? Sense, sure, you have.

Else, could you not have motion : but, sure, that sense
Is apoplexed : for madness would not err ;
Nor sense to ecstasy was ne'er so thrall'd,
But it reserved some quantity of choice,
To serve in such a difference. What devil was 't
That thus hath cozened you at hoodman-blind ?
Eyes without feeling, feeling without sight,
Ears without hands or eyes, smelling sans all,
Or but a sickly part of one true sense
Could not so mope.

O shame ! where is thy blush ? Rebellious hell,
If thou canst mutine in a matron's bones,
To flaming youth let virtue be as wax,
And melt in her own fire : proclaim no shame,
When the compulsive ardor gives the charge ;
Since frost itself as actively doth burn,
And reason panders will.

Queen. O Hamlet, speak no more :
Thou turn'st mine eyes into my very soul ;
And there I see such black and grainéd spots
As will not leave their tinct.

• O, speak to me no more ;
These words, like daggers, enter in mine ears ;
No more, sweet Hamlet !

Ham. A murderer, and a villain :
A slave, that is not twentieth part the tithe
Of your precedent lord ; a vice of kings ;
A cutpurse of the empire and the rule,
That from a shelf the precious diadem stole,
And put it in his pocket !

Queen. No more.

Enter Ghost.

Ham. A king of shreds and patches, —
Save me, and hover o'er me with your wings,
You heavenly guards ! — What would your gracious figur

Queen. Alas, he's mad!

Ham. Do you not come your tardy son to chide,
That, lapsed in time and passion, lets go by
The important acting of your dread command?
O, say!

Ghost. Do not forget: this visitation
Is but to whet thy almost blunted purpose.
But look! amazement on thy mother sits:
O, step between her and her fighting soul,
Conceit in weakest bodies strongest works,
Speak to her, Hamlet.

Ham. How is it with you, lady?

Queen. Alas, how is't with you,
That you do bend your eye on vacancy,
And with the incorporal air do hold discourse?
Forth at your eyes your spirits wildly peep;
And, as the sleeping soldiers in the alarm,
Your bedded hair, like life in excrements,
Starts up, and stands on end. O gentle son,
Upon the heat and flame of thy distemper
Sprinkle cool patience. Whereon do you look?

Ham. On him! on him! Look you, how pale he glares!
His form and cause conjoined, preaching to stones,
Would make them capable.—Do not look upon me;
Lest, with this piteous action, you convert
My stern effects: then what I have to do
Will want true color; tears, perchance, for blood.

Queen. To whom do you speak this?

Ham. Do you see nothing there?

Queen. Nothing at all; yet all, that is, I see.

Ham. Nor did you nothing hear?

Queen. No, nothing, but ourselves.

Ham. Why, look you there! look, how it steals away!
My father, in his habit as he lived!
Look, where he goes, even now, out at the portal!
[Exit Ghost.]

Queen. This is the very coinage of your brain :
This bodiless creation ecstasy
Is very cunning in.

Ham. Ecstasy !

My pulse, as yours, doth temperately keep time,
And makes as healthful music : it is not madness
That I have uttered : bring me to the test,
And I the matter will re-word ; which madness
Would gambol from. Mother, for love of grace,
Lay not that flattering unction to your soul,
That not your trespass, but my madness, speaks :
It will but skin and film the ulcerous place,
Whilst rank corruption, mining all within,
Infects unseen. Confess yourself to heaven ;
Repent what's past ; avoid what is to come ;
And do not spread the compost on the weeds
To make them ranker. Forgive me this my virtue ;
For in the fatness of these pursy times,
Virtue itself of vice must pardon beg,
Yea, curb and woo, for leave to do him good.

Queen. O Hamlet, thou hast cleft my heart in twain !

Ham. O, throw away the worser part of it,
And live the purer with the other half.
Good night : but go not to mine uncle's room ;
Assume a virtue, if you have it not.
Once more, good night :
And when you are desirous to be blessed,
I'll blessing beg of you.
I must be cruel, only to be kind :
Thus bad begins, and worse remains behind.

Shakspeare.

THE INQUIRY.

TELL me, ye winged winds,
That round my pathway roar,
Do you not know some spot
Where mortals weep no more?
Some lone and pleasant dell —
Some valley in the West,
Where, free from toil and pain,
The weary soul may rest?
The loud wind dwindled to a whisper low,
And sighed for pity as it answered, "No!"

Tell me, thou mighty deep,
Whose billows round me play,
Knowest thou some favored spot —
Some island far away,
Where weary man may find
The bliss for which he sighs;
Where sorrow never lives,
And friendship never dies?
The loud waves, rolling in perpetual flow,
Stopped for awhile, and sighed to answer, "No!"

And thou, serenest moon,
That with such lovely face
Dost look upon the earth,
Asleep in night's embrace,
Tell me, in all thy round,
Hast thou not seen some spot
Where miserable man
Might find a happier lot?
Behind a cloud the moon withdrew in woe,
And a voice sweet, but sad, responded, "No!"

Tell me, my secret soul —
Oh tell me, Hope and Faith.

Is there no resting-place
From sorrow, sin, and death?
Is there no happy spot
Where mortals may be bless'd —
Where grief may find a balm,
And weariness a rest?
Faith, Hope, and Love — best boons to mortals given —
Waved their bright wings, and whispered, "Yes, in heaven!"

Thurlow W. Brown.

NOTE.—This poem has been improperly attributed to Charles Makay.

THE EXECUTION OF SIR THOMAS MORE.

THE scaffold had been awkwardly erected, and shook as he placed his foot upon the ladder. "See me safe up," he said to Kingston; "for my coming down I can shift for myself." He began to speak to the people, but the sheriff begged him not to proceed, and he contented himself with asking for their prayers, and desiring them to bear witness for him that he died in the faith of the Holy Catholic Church, and a faithful servant of God and the king. He then repeated the Miserere psalm on his knees; when he had ended and had risen, the executioner, with an emotion which promised ill for the manner in which his part in the tragedy would be accomplished, begged him forgiveness. More kissed him. "Thou art to do me the greatest benefit that I can receive," he said. "Pluck up thy spirit, man, and be not afraid to do thine office. My neck is very short; take heed, therefore, that thou strike not awry for saving of thine honesty." The executioner offered to tie his eyes. "I will cover them myself," he said; and binding them in a cloth which he had brought with him, he knelt and laid his head upon the block. The fatal stroke was about to fall, when he signed

for a moment's delay while he moved aside his beard. "Pity that should be cut," he murmured; "that has not committed treason!" With which strange words, the strangest perhaps ever uttered at such a time, the lips most famous through Europe for eloquence and wisdom closed forever.

James Anthony Froude.

THE BUGLE.

FROM "THE PRINCESS."

THE splendor falls on castle walls
And snowy summits old in story :
The long light shakes across the lakes,
And the wild cataract leaps in glory.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
Blow, bugle ; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O hark ! O hear ! how thin and clear,
And thinner, clearer, farther going !
O sweet and far, from cliff and scar,
The horns of Elfland faintly blowing !
Blow, let us hear the purple glens replying :
Blow, bugle ; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O love, they die in yon rich sky,
They faint on hill or field or river ;
Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
And grow forever and forever.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying
And answer, echoes, answer, dying, dying, dying.

Alfred Tennyson

TRENTON FALLS.

TIRED and dusty traveler, if you have reached that city on the Central Railroad bearing the classic name of Utica, turn aside from your course and take the train through the Black River country. In forty minutes the conductor will call out lustily, "Trenton Falls," and here you must alight and hurry for a seat in the coach in waiting. The four horses will have all the load they can carry, for every day in summer and until late in autumn pleasure-seekers and scenery-hunters will find their way thither.

Down the hill you go, catching glimpses of beautiful pictures on every side, until just upon the outskirts of a forest, one mile from the station, you find a handsome house, its porches filled with gayly-dressed people who gather daily to witness the fresh arrivals.

A dinner will be in waiting, and the bracing air will be sure to give you such an appetite that you will do it ample justice. You will not rest long after the noonday-meal, for the singing of birds, the chirping of squirrels, with the distant music of the cataract, will call you out for a stroll in the glen. A well-trodden path leads you to a staircase which you descend by fifty steps, then another, and another, until five flights are passed, and you reach the water's edge. The Indians called the stream the *Kay-a-hoo-ra*, or "Leaping Water;" but the march of Yankee progress has unfortunately changed the name to one more easily spoken. In a state of rest the water is of a clear amber color, but when lashed into foam it has a beautiful creamy hue.

At the base of the lower staircase the torrent comes dashing with great power; you hear the mingled roar of falls and cataracts, but the cliffs shut out the view. Along the stream, winding with the course, is a footpath, which has been blasted in the solid rocks, and which affords an

easy and safe passage. Here, the other morning, I overtook two lovers hand in hand, — the girl in white, with gay ribbons, and the young man carefully carrying a dainty yellow parasol.

"Isn't this lovely?" said she, looking up the stream and on either side.

"Perfectly so," answered he, looking not at the towering walls of nature's masonry, nor yet into the stream below, but straight into the eyes of the girl. Upon a rustic seat beneath a sheltered cliff, I left the pair, and hurried on my way. Up the stream a little way is Sherman's Falls, named in honor of the gentleman who first made this beautiful glen accessible. Up the long flight of stone steps one climbs until above the cataract, though in the shower of its spray he looks directly into its yawning throat, and here, if the sun is shining, you get a prismatic picture, which Mr. Sherman calls a dancing fairy, who blushed all colors when visitors looked into her face.

High Falls, which is, perhaps, the grandest sight which the place affords, is too varied to be described. Over the rocks forty feet the water dashes, breaking into a great white table-cloth of foam, then, suddenly veering, makes another descent equal to the first. The solid walls rise on either side two hundred feet; the harebells and the ferns grow from between the ledges and hemlocks, and hang over from above.

A little way farther on is the Rural Retreat, where visitors stop to rest and chat with the talkative young man who there keeps watch and ward. Then there are the Mill-Dam Falls, then the Cascade of the Alhambra, and, last of all, the Cascade of the Rocky Heart. A picnic party may often be found upon the amphitheatre below, where they boil eggs and prepare coffee by a crackling fire under a jutting cliff.

The ages have left their imprint upon the rocks.

Trilobites, nautili, univalves, and bivalves innumerable, wrapped in their winding-sheets of felspar and quartz, lie in their adamantine tombs. With a geologist's hammer, the visitor may secure a few specimens which will prove a valuable addition to his cabinet.

Back to the hotel one goes by a forest path, under the shade of interlacing trees, and entertained by the music of countless birds and the roar of the cataract. The story is told that Jenny Lind sang for her own amusement here in the woods, and that a little bird came up to hear the music, and then opened his mouth and tried to outsing the Swedish songstress; but after a few rounds the poor fellow gave up entirely, and listened silently until the close. Trenton Falls was the favorite resort of N. P. Willis, as it has been of many artists and poets. By the roaring waters of the *Kay-a-hoo-ra*, Pierce Butler made love to Fanny Kemble, and she left the shades of Trenton his affianced bride. All the future was rose-colored; but when the gifted woman again sought the quiet of the place, she longed to throw herself over the abyss and bury her troubles in one last, long sleep. Family misunderstandings had come, and the two who had plighted troth by the "Leaping Water," were separated forever in heart and life.

Anna Randall Diehl.

OUR FOLKS.

"Hi! Harry Holly! Halt, — and tell
A fellow just a thing or two;
You've had a furlough, been to see
How all the folks in Jersey do.
It's months ago since I was there, —
I, and a bullet from Fair Oaks."

When you were home, — old comrade, say,
Did you see any of our folks?
You did? Shake hands, — Oh, I'm so glad;
For, if I do look grim and rough,
I've got some feeling. — People think
A soldier's heart is mighty tough;
But, Harry, when the bullets fly,
And hot saltpetre flames and smokes,
While whole battalions lie afield,
One's apt to think about his folks.
And so you saw them — when? and where?
The old man — is he lively yet?
And mother — does she fade at all?
Or does she seem to pine and fret
For me? And little Sis? — has she grown tall?
And did you see her friend — you know
That Annie Ross — (How this pipe chokes!)
Where did you see her? — tell me, Hal,
A lot of news about our folks.
You saw them in the church, you say;
It's likely, for they're always there.
On Sunday. No! A funeral? Who?
Who, Harry? how you shake and stare!
All well, you say, and all were out.
What ails you, Hal? Is this a hoax?
Why don't you tell me, like a man,
What is the matter with our folks?"
"I said all well, old comrade, true;
I say all well, for He knows best
Who takes His young lambs in His arms, .
Before the sun goes to the west.
The axe-man Death deals right and left,
And flowers fall as well as oaks;
And so — fair Annie blooms no more!
And that's the matter with your folks.

Here, this long curl 't was sent to you ;
And this white blossom from her breast.
And here — your sister Bessie wrote
This letter, telling all the rest.
Bear up, old friend." Nobody speaks ;
Only the old camp-raven croaks,
And soldiers whisper : " Boys, be still ;
There 's some bad news from Grainger's folks."
He turns his back — the only foe
That ever saw it — on his grief,
And, as men will, keeps down the tears
Kind Nature sends to Woe's relief.
Then answered, " Ah well, Hal, I 'll try ;
But in my throat there 's something chokes,
Because, you see, I 've thought so long
To count her in among our folks.
All may be well,
But yet I can't help thinking too,
I might have kept this trouble off,
By being tender, kind, and true.
But maybe not. She 's safe up there,
And when His hand deals other strokes,
She 'll stand at heaven's gate, I know,
And wait to welcome in our folks."

Ethel Lynn.

THE COVENANTERS.

Two Margarets sat at close of day,
With knitting-sheath at side,
And sung and talked as women may,
And listened to the tide,
As landward turned the wild Solway,
And from his caverns cried.

Up Margery sprang, with bounding feet,
And held her bright hair back,
And listened ; for a horseman fleet —
Nor whip, nor spur was lack —
Came dashing through the foaming sheet,
Nor pausing on his track.

He cried, "The Graham's at the ford —
Thy lover lieth dead —
Fly, fly, from shot and sword!"
A blood-red scarf aloft he spread,
And Margery, at the word,
Knew all her doom was said.

The Solway heaves his briny tide,
And there, within its roar,
The Margarets stand them side by side,
The Claverhouse before.
Pale is the matron, pale the bride,
But steadfast as of yore.

With scoffing jest and smiling lip,
The Graham bent his head,
And sat his horse with hand on hip:
"Repeat the prayer," he said;
"I fain those pretty lips would sip,
Were I not soldier bred."

"Now God thee save from deadly sin!"
The aged matron spoke;
"Not e'en a worthless life to win,
Can covenant be broke:
We bow unto the truth within,
And know no other yoke.

"O daughter Margery! fear thee not —
The pang will soon be o'er.

O steadfast child ! a glorious lot,
To die amid this roar;
Remembering Christ, who for us wrought
Through pangs a thousand more."

The Solway fiercer breaks and roars,
The cold moon shineth clear,
And onward as the Solway pours,
His voice is drowned, to hear
A holy hymn along his shores,
As from another sphere.

The moon looked down, where mid the sea
Old Margaret's white hair shone ;
The moon looked down where fair and free
Sweet Margery's locks are strown ;
And strong men trembled, haunch and knee,
To hear the waters moan.

But Graham sat his champion steed,
That pawed the oozy shore,
And saw the billows in their greed
Heave lapdward more and more,
And whitened hair and dark sea-weed
Tell that the pang is o'er.

Nor moved her lip, nor moved her hand,
As higher, higher grew
The raging waters to the strand,
And back his horse he drew ;
While Margery's voice, exultant, grand,
Swelled all the turmoil through.

The Solway roars at turn of tide
A thousand years the same ;
The Solway to the cold moon cried,
A deed too black to name.

On that dread night the Margarets died,
Staked where the low tide came.

Ere flood of tide, aghast, men note,
The Solway sweeping on ;
Upon his breast nor speck, nor mote,
To tell what hath been done —
A wild sea-bird, with open throat,
Sails over it alone.

Two ghastly shapes, at ebb of tide,
Rise slowly to the sight ;
And pitying sea-weeds strive to hide
The work of yester-night.
Ah ! sea and earth such wrongs must bide —
Wrongs for great God to right.

Elizabeth Oakes Smith.

WOMAN'S RIGHTS IN OLDEN TIMES.

“Why will you thus employ your eloquence,
Which our whole council would with liking hear,
To help impossibilities?”

“HORTENSIA, a celebrated Roman lady, exemplified the power of eloquence over the human mind. Her father Hortensius was the most celebrated orator of his time, and his talents were inherited by his daughter. The triumvirs had obliged four thousand women to give upon oath an account of their possessions, to defray the expenses of the state ; and the Roman ladies in this emergency had recourse to Hortensia, who undertook to plead their cause, and accompanied them to the tribunal of the triumvirs, where she made a speech in their name to the following effect :

“ ‘My lords, these unhappy ladies whom you see here,

imploring your justice and bounty, would never have presumed to appear in this place, had they not first made use of all possible means which either their native modesty might allow, or their best understanding could inform them of. Though our appearing here may seem contrary to the rules of decency prescribed to our sex, which we have hitherto most strictly observed, yet the loss of our fathers, our children, our brothers, and our husbands, is sufficient to excuse us; nay, and to vindicate us too, when their unhappy deaths are made a pretence for our further misfortunes. You pretend that you have been affronted; but what have the women done that they must be impoverished? If they are as blamable as the men, why do you not proscribe them too? Certainly none of our sex have ever declared you your country's enemies: we have neither plundered your goods, nor suborned your soldiers; we have raised no troops against you, nor opposed those honors and offices to which you pretend. We presume not to govern the republic; nor is it our ambition which has drawn the present miseries and misfortunes on your heads; empire, dignities, and honors were never designed for our sex. We, alas! have done nothing to affront you, nothing to offend you, nor anything to move you to this severe treatment of us. But you tell us, you have a war to support; and when have mankind been free from war? and yet, have women ever been taxed on that account? The universal consent of nations has confirmed an exception in their favor, which nature herself has granted us. Formerly, indeed, the Roman women, in the extreme exigency of the republic, when in danger of becoming a prey to the Carthaginians, contributed towards the expenses of the state, but they *did it voluntarily*; that which they gave was not levied upon their estates, doweries, and houses; they only appropriated it to the ornaments of their persons; nor were

they subject to any estimation, or informations of accusers. What is then the danger which you apprehend at present? Do the Gauls or Parthians invade Italy? In that case you will find us no less generous than our mothers; but think not we will contribute our estates to maintain civil wars, and enable you to destroy one another. Such a demand was never made either by Cæsar or Pompey in their wars; nor by Marius and Cinna during their cruelties; no, not by Sylla himself, who first set up tyranny in Rome: yet, after all, you adorn yourselves with the glorious title of reformers of the state.'

"This discourse appeared so bold and dangerous to the triumvirs, that they immediately sent their lictors to cause the ladies to retire; but perceiving that the multitude began to cry out against such violence, they promised to reconsider the affair, and afterwards drew up another list of four hundred women instead of four thousand; but to make good the sum they wanted, they taxed all the citizens and foreigners, without distinction, who were worth one hundred thousand drachmas, or upwards of thirty-two hundred pounds sterling."

JACK AND ME.

HERE y' are — ? Black your boots, boss;
Do it for jest five cents;
Shine 'em up in a minute,
That is 'f nothin' prevents.
Set your foot right on there, sir;
The mornin's kinder cold —
Sorter rough on a feller
When his coat's a gettin' old. —

Well, yes — call it coat, sir,
Though 'taint much more 'n a tear;
Can't get myself another —
Ain't got the stamps to spare.
Make as much as most on 'em —
That's so; but then, yer see,
They 've only got one to do for;
There's two on us, Jack and me:

Him? Why — that little feller,
With a double-up sorter back,
Sittin' there on the gratin'
Sunnin' hisself — that's Jack.
Used to be round sellin' papers;
The cars there was his lay,
But he got shoved off the platform
Under the wheels, one day;
Yes, the conductor did it —
Gave him a reg'lar throw —
He did n't care if he killed him.
Some on 'em is just so.
He's never been all right since, sir,
Sorter quiet and queer —
Him and me go together.
He's what they call cashier.

High old style for a boot-black —
Made all the fellers laugh —
Jack and me had to take it,
But we did n't mind no chaff.
Trouble — I guess not much, sir,
Sometimes when biz gets slack,
I don't know how I'd stand it
If 't was n't for little Jack.
Why, boss, you ought to hear him,
He says we need n't care

How rough luck is down here, sir,
if some day we git up there.
All done now — how 's that, sir?
Shine like a pair of lamps.
Mornin'! — give it to Jack, sir;
He looks after the stamps.
G. A. Baker, Jr., in New York Evening Mail.



SKETCHES OF AUTHORS.

ALDRICH, THOMAS BAILEY, was born in Portsmouth, New Hampshire, in 1836. He is the author of *When the Sultan goes to Ispahan*, *The Face against the Pane*, etc.

AUGUSTA, CLARA, has written stories and humorous sketches for the *New York Ledger*, and other periodicals.

AYTOUN, WILLIAM EDMONSTONE, was born in Edinburgh, 1813. For many years he occupied the chair of Rhetoric and Belles-Lettres in the Edinburgh University, but is now a parliamentary solicitor in London. He has written much fine martial poetry, among which may be named the *Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers*. He has also attained a just celebrity in satirical and humorous composition, both in prose and verse, and has made many fine translations from the German and the Danish. From the latter language, *King René's Daughter* has attracted most attention.

BAYLY, THOMAS HAYNES, was born near Bath, England, in 1797. He wrote many very popular songs.

BEECHER, REV. HENRY WARD, was born at Litchfield, Connecticut, in 1813. He graduated at Amherst College in 1834, and studied theology under his father, Dr. Lyman Beecher. For more than a quarter of a century he has been pastor of Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, and is justly placed at the head of pulpit orators in this country. He has written various books, among which are *Lectures to Young Men*, *Star Papers*, *Yale Lectures on Preaching*, *Norwood*, etc.; but his most elaborate work is the *Life of Jesus the Christ*. He is the nominal editor of the *Christian Union*.

BOKER, GEORGE HENRY, was born in Philadelphia in 1824. His contribution to our poetic literature during the war was very creditable.

and his Oriental poem, *Prince Adeb*, and the *Ballad of Sir John Franklin*, are justly popular.

BONAR, HORATIUS, D. D., was born in Scotland in 1810. His writings are principally of a religious character.

BOSTWICK, HELEN BARRON, is a native of Charleston, New Hampshire. Of her writings, W. D. Howells — an acute critic — remarks: "I bestow upon Mrs. Bostwick a sincere praise that need not waste itself in compliment. Her choice of words is rich and felicitous; her rhyme is rich and full; her verse is always sweet and harmonious. With extreme warmth and color of style, her thought is always delicate and womanly. Her poems betray the study of the best authors in our language, without being the less original. She is a favorite contributor for many literary journals; her only published books as yet being charming bouquets for the little folks, whom she has the happiest faculty of interesting." Mrs. Bostwick's present home is Cleveland, Ohio.

BOSWELL, REV. JAMES I., is a native of Philadelphia, a graduate of Dickinson College, and a member of the New Jersey Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

BROWNING, ELIZABETH BARRETT, was born in England in 1809. She was educated with great care, and gave very early proofs of genius, beginning to write, both in prose and verse, at ten years of age. She was married in 1846 to Mr. Robert Browning. She resided for several years in Italy. In 1848, Mrs. Browning witnessed the revolutionary outbreak, and this furnished the theme for her poem *Casa Guidi Windows*. She was greatly interested in the unification of Italy, but died in 1861, nearly ten years before its accomplishment. She is buried at Florence.

BROWNING, ROBERT, born at Camberwell, England, in 1812. He was educated at the London University, and is one of the most eminent poets of the day.

BRYANT, WILLIAM CULLEN, our unrivaled poet of nature, was born at Cummington, Massachusetts, November, 1797. With wonderful precocity he published translations from the Latin poets at ten years of age; and, when only thirteen, wrote *The Embargo*, a political satire, which was so successful that a second edition was called for in a few months. He was educated at Williams College, and for some years practiced law, relinquishing his profession, finally, to engage his time more fully in literary pursuits. Perhaps nothing more beautiful than *Thanatopsis* and the *Forest Hymn* have been written. When more than seventy-five years of age, he prepared a translation of the Iliad of Homer, which is said to be the best made in the English language. Mr. Bryant has been editor of the New York Evening Post for nearly fifty years.

BUCHANAN, ROBERT, was born in Scotland in 1835.

BYRON, GEORGE GORDON, LORD, was born at London on the 22d of January, 1788. He studied at Cambridge, but was an irregular student, eagerly devouring all sorts of learning except what was prescribed for him; preparing himself thoroughly, however, upon whatever subject he wished to write. *Childe Harold*, his greatest work, was the result of foreign wanderings. He died at Missolonghi, Greece, April, 1824.

CAMPBELL, THOMAS, was born in Glasgow, Scotland, in 1777. He was educated in his native city, and distinguished himself in classical studies. He witnessed the battle of Hohenlinden, December 3d, 1800, and commemorated the terrible scene in those lines with which every school-boy is familiar. He should be especially admired by Americans for his *Gertrude of Wyoming*, in which he sketches, with the pencil of a true artist, pictures of Pennsylvania scenery, throwing a new halo over the beautiful valley in which the scenes are laid. He died in 1844, and his remains lie in Westminster Abbey.

CARY, ALICE, was born at Hamilton, Ohio, in 1820. She began to write for the press at eighteen years of age, contributing principally for Western periodicals. Her first volume, which was a joint production with her sister, was published in 1849. She removed to New York in 1850, and, until a short time previous to her death, wrote for the *Atlantic Monthly*, *The New York Ledger*, *The Independent*, and many other periodicals. She died February 12th, 1871. She was the first president of *Sorosis*, and the society attended her funeral in a body.

For funeral address, by Dr. Deems, see page 76.

CARY, PHEBE, was born in Ohio in 1825. She had genuine wit, which came sparkling from her tongue and flashing from her pen. Though her writings were principally of a humorous character, she wrote many very beautiful hymns. *Nearer Home* is sung by Christians of all denominations, and will be one of the enduring hymns of the ages. She died in 1871, a short time after her sister Alice.

CHOATE, RUFUS, was born at Ipswich, Massachusetts, in 1799. He was an eminent lawyer, and his orations have been greatly admired. He was elected to the United States Senate in place of Daniel Webster, resigned. He is buried at Mount Auburn, near Boston.

COWPER, WILLIAM, was born at Berkhamstead, England, November 15th, 1731, and was one of the most popular poets of his generation. For several years he lived the life of a religious recluse, and for a time his mind was clouded by insanity. He recovered sufficiently, however, to write his best poems; and the success which met his efforts restored him to comparative cheerfulness; but he sank again under the shadow of religious despondency, and died April 25th, 1800.

DEEMS, CHARLES F., D.D., was born at Baltimore in 1820. He graduated at Dickinson College, and was afterward professor in the University of North Carolina. His greatest literary work is *Jesus*, published in 1872. He is a fine pulpit orator, and is now the pastor of the Church of the Strangers in New York city.

DEMOSTHENES was a Greek orator, who died 320 B.C.

DICKENS, CHARLES, was born in Landport, Portsmouth, in 1812. His father was first a paymaster in the navy department, and afterward a reporter for the daily press. The young man was induced to study law, but the confinement of the attorney's office proving irksome, he adopted his father's profession, that of parliamentary reporter. His first sketches appeared in the *Morning Chronicle* and the *Monthly Magazine*. They were republished in book form in 1836 and 1837, and were entitled *Sketches by Boz*. His *Pickwick Papers* followed soon after, and were not only immensely popular in England and America, but were translated in many languages. *David Copperfield*, *Oliver Twist*, *Nicholas Nickleby*, etc., were no less enthusiastically received. Dickens made a visit to America in 1842, after which he published a caustic account of his trip, under the title of *American Notes for General Circulation*. He came to this country again in 1867, giving a tour of "Readings" from his own works, drawing large crowds and reaping a fine profit in money. His last literary work, the *Mystery of Edwin Drood*, was left unfinished at the time of his death. He died, suddenly, on the 9th of June, 1870, and is buried in the "Poets' Corner" of Westminster Abbey.

DIEHL, ANNA RANDALL (Mrs. Randall), is a native of Oswego County, New York. She is the author of *Reading and Elocution* and *The Choice-Reading Series*.

DOBELL, SIDNEY, was born at Peckham Rye, England, in 1824. He wrote a dramatic poem, *The Roman, England in Time of War*, etc. He was for many years associated in a literary copartnership with Mr. Alexander Smith.

EASTMAN, CHARLES G., was born at Burlington, Vermont, in 1849. He has been highly successful in delineating rural life in New England.

FROUDE, JAMES ANTHONY, the historian, was born at Totness, Devonshire, England, in 1818. He was the son of R. H. Froude, Archdeacon of Totness, and was educated at Westminster and Oxford, where he early developed abilities which forecast his future brilliant career. He has written *The Lives of the English Saints*, *Shadows of the Clouds*, *The Nemesis of Faith*, *Short Studies on Great Subjects*, and other works. He is now engaged upon a History of Ireland. In 1872 he lectured in this country under the auspices of the American Literary Bureau. His statements concerning Ireland and the Irish pro-

evoked much controversy, and he was very ably opposed by Father Tom Burke, an eloquent Irish divine.

GAGE, FRANCES DANA, is a native of Ohio, but has been for several years a resident of New York city. She has published a volume of poems, *The Old Distillery*, and *Steps Upward*, and has contributed for most of the best periodicals of the day. Her "Aunt Fanny" stories have made thousands of children happy. Though somewhat advanced in years, and in feeble health, she has not laid down the pen.

GOUGH, JOHN B., was born at Sandgate, in Kent, England, in 1817. He is the greatest temperance orator in the world.

GRAY, THOMAS, was born at Cornhill, London, November 26th, 1716. He was educated at Eton and Cambridge, and upon leaving college traveled through France and Italy. He was fond of classical study, and his devotion to the Greek poets was such that his compositions seemed tinged with their spirit. The *Elegy in a Country Church-Yard*, written in 1751, is one of the finest poems which the English language furnishes. He died July 30th, 1771.

HARTE, FRANCIS BRET, was born in 1837. He resided for many years in California, and his descriptions of mining and border life first made him famous. In his lecture, "The Argonauts of 1849," he gives a vivid picture of the modern golden-fleecers who flocked to California in search of wealth.

HAWTHORNE, NATHANIEL, was born in Salem, Massachusetts, in 1807. He was an unique writer, displaying a remarkable power of mental analysis and vivid portrayal.

HEMANS, FELICIA, (Felicia Dorothea Browne,) was born at Liverpool, England, on the 25th of September, 1793. She published her first volume at fifteen. This childish attempt at poetry was not successful; but the young author did not despair, and the next publication placed her upon a firm literary footing. In 1812 she was married to Captain Hemans; but the union was far from being a happy one, and in 1818 he removed to Italy, while his wife remained in England, and they never met again. Mrs. Hemans died May 16, 1835, and was buried at St. Ann's Church, Dublin.

HOOD, THOMAS, who was born in 1798, and who died in 1845, was chiefly known as a comic writer and satirist, but he excelled also in sentimental and pathetic poetry, thus showing a versatility of talent seldom seen. Hood's works are published in four volumes: *Poems*, *Poems of Wit and Humor*, *Hood's Own*, or *Laughter from Year to Year*, and *Whims and Oddities in Prose and Verse*.

HOGG, JAMES, better known as the "Ettrick Shepherd," was born in December, 1776, at Selkirkshire, Scotland. In childhood he spent his

days as a shepherd boy, wandering with staff and crook among his native hills and glens, while his evenings were most delightfully occupied in listening to his mother as she recited old romances and legendary stories. In this manner were the materials gathered for those wild lyrics which have made his name so famous. In 1801 his first volume of songs was published, and shortly after he assisted Sir Walter Scott in collecting old ballads for the *Border Minstrelsy*. He died on the 21st of November, 1835, regretted throughout the world of letters, and deeply mourned in his dear Ettrick vale.

HOLMES, OLIVER WENDELL, was born in Cambridge, Massachusetts, in 1809. He was professor of anatomy and physiology at Harvard University for many years. His poetry sparkles with humor, and his prose is quaint and witty. *The Autocrat at the Breakfast Table* and *The Poet at the Breakfast Table* are his best prose works.

HUGO, VICTOR, is a French writer of great dramatic power.

IRVING, WASHINGTON, was born in New York, in 1783. He wrote voluminously. Books upon travel, history, and romance poured from his pen. He took great interest in studying the manners and customs of the original Dutch inhabitants of New York. The Tappan Zee, Sleepy Hollow, and the Kaatskills are made classical by his tale of Rip Van Winkle. This story has been dramatized, the inimitable Joe Jefferson taking the part of the poor old Dutch sleeper. Irving was very popular in England, and his works have been translated into many languages. His house at Sunnyside, where he lived for many years and where he died, can be seen by travelers over the Hudson River Railroad, or from the steamers which ply up and down the river.

JAMESON, MRS. ANNA, is an English lady who writes upon taste, art, biography, etc. She has received warm praise from Professor Wilson, who says "she is one of the most eloquent of female writers; full of feeling and fancy; a true enthusiast with a glowing soul." She has an intense love for the beautiful, cultivated taste, and rare attainments in knowledge.

JENKINS, J. JOSHUA, (Mr. E. D. Taylor,) was born in Euclid, Ohio. He became local editor of the *Utica Herald* in 1869, and his racy descriptions and droll illustrations soon attracted attention. His humor is free from coarseness, exhibiting itself in unexpected turns of expression and grotesque associations. He is also achieving success as a public lecturer.

KEY, FRANCIS SCOTT, was born in Frederick County, Maryland, in 1779. The *Star-Spangled Banner*, which is the best known of his poems, was inspired by the author's position as prisoner with the British in 1814, and was written during the bombardment of Fort McHenry, which guards the entrance to Baltimore. He died in 1843.

KINGSLEY, CHARLES, was born in Devonshire, England, in 1819. He has made a marked success as novelist, essayist, and poet.

LARCOM, LUCY, was born at Beverly, Massachusetts. A volume of her poems has been published by Osgood & Co. She is a charming writer for children as well as for grown people, having been, until quite recently, engaged editorially upon *Our Young Folks*.

LARNED, AUGUSTA, is a native of Jefferson County, New York, where she spent her childhood, and received the impressions of country life which she has so skillfully woven into her stories. She has written six volumes entitled *Home Stories*, and is a contributor for the *New York Independent*, *Christian Union*, and many other magazines and papers.

LOCKHART, JOHN GIBSON, was born in Lanarkshire, Scotland, in 1794. He was the son-in-law of Sir Walter Scott, and became his biographer and literary executor. Mr. Lockhart edited the *Quarterly Review* for many years. He died in 1837.

LONGFELLOW, HENRY WADSWORTH, was born in Portland, Maine, in 1807. After studying at Bowdoin College, Brunswick, and traveling for three years in Europe, he became professor of modern languages in his own college; but in 1835 removed his professorship to Harvard University. He resides at Cambridge, near Boston, and occupies a house which was originally Washington's headquarters. He has written some prose and much poetry, and his translation of Dante throws a classic halo around his name. His poetry is not startling, but is singularly quaint and beautiful. The *Psalm of Life* and other of his shorter poems have attained a great popularity, while the *Song of Hiawatha* is as famous for its singular versification as for its wild melody.

LOVER, SAMUEL, was born in Dublin, Ireland, in 1797. He was the author of *Handy Andy*, *Treasure Trove*, *The Confession of Con Greogan*, etc. His Irish songs are very popular. Lover was a painter, poet, dramatist, musician, novelist, and orator. He died in 1866.

LOWELL, JAMES RUSSELL, was born at Cambridge, Massachusetts, in 1819. He is professor of modern languages and belles-lettres at Harvard University. As a humorist, satirist, and essayist, he is deservedly popular.

LYTTON, SIR EDWARD GEORGE LYTTON BULWER, was born in England in 1805. He was the youngest son of General Bulwer, of Heydon Hall, Norfolk. After the death of his father he succeeded to his mother's estate and took her ancient family name—Lytton. He displayed vigorous and varied powers as a novelist, dramatist, and poet. He is buried in the "Poets' Corner," at Westminster Abbey.

MACCARTHY, DENIS FLORENCE, is a native of Ireland. He has produced a volume of *Songs, Ballads, and Lyrics*, the *Poets and Dramatists of Ireland*, and has made a collection of the Ballad Poetry of Ireland.

MEER, ALEXANDER, is a native of Alabama. He is the author of *Songs and Poetry of the South*, *Romantic Passages in Southwestern History*, etc.

MITCHELL, ORMSBY MACKNIGHT, was born in Union County, Kentucky, in 1810. He graduated at West Point Military Academy in 1829, and was for some time a professor of mathematics in that institution. In 1834 he opened a scientific school at Cincinnati, and eventually took charge of the Observatory at that place. He was the author of several very valuable astronomical works, and by his writings and lectures did much toward spreading and popularizing scientific knowledge. He was made a brigadier-general during the late war, and died of fever at Port Royal.

MOORE, THOMAS, was born in Dublin, May 28th, 1779. He wrote lyrics for the ancient music of his country, which were entitled *Irish Melodies*. One writer has said of these national strains, "They are musical almost beyond parallel in words." His most elaborate work was *Lalla Rookh*, an Oriental romance, and a poem of most gorgeous imagery and splendor. Such was its accuracy and completeness that it was as welcome in India as if it had been a native production. He died February 26th, 1852.

MULOCK, MISS DINAH MARIA, was born at Stoke-upon-Trent, Staffordshire, in 1826. Her first novel appeared in 1849, and was entitled *Ogilvie*, since which a long list of books has followed. *John Halifax*, *Gentleman*, and *A Brave Lady*, are perhaps her most popular works. She has contributed a great number of short poems and essays to *Chambers' Journal* and other periodicals. With the happiest power of delineation, and a wonderful combination of humor and pathos, she contrives to introduce, so insidiously that her purpose is most skillfully hidden, more moralistic teaching than any other novelist of the day.

NASBY, REV. PETROLEUM V., (D. R. Locke,) was for many years editor of the *Toledo Blade*. He has written a great number of letters, which consist of humorous hits upon the times.

NORTON, The HON. MRS., was born in England in 1808, and is a grand-daughter of Richard Brinsley Sheridan. She was married in 1827 to Hon. George Chapple Norton; but the union was dissolved in 1840. She wrote verses from her childhood, and in her first publication, which was a satire, she added illustrative drawings. The *Quarterly Review* styles Mrs. Norton the Byron of our modern poetesses.

POE, EDGAR ALLEN, was born in Baltimore in 1811. He was a man of brilliant genius, and both his prose and poetry attracted great attention in England and America. He led a wild, reckless life, and died in a hospital in his native city at the early age of thirty-eight.

PROUT, FATHER, (Rev. Francis Mahony,) was born at Cork, Ireland, in 1805. He died in 1866.

READ, THOMAS BUCHANAN, was born in Guthrieville, Chester County, Pennsylvania, in 1822. He was a poet, a painter, and a sculptor, showing unmistakable genius in all his efforts. Hawthorne thus speaks of him in the *Marble Faun*, in the chapter headed "An Æsthetic Company:" "A poet-painter, whose song has the vividness of picture, and whose canvas is painted with angels, fairies, and water sprites, done to the ethereal life, because he sees them face to face in his poetic mood." For many years Mr. Read resided in Rome, Italy, where his kindness and polite attention to American travelers made him universally beloved by them. He returned to America early in the spring of 1872, and died at the Astor House, New York.

ROSSETTI, CHRISTIANA GEORGIANA, is a daughter of Gabriele Rossetti, an Italian patriot, who is professor of the Italian language and literature in King's College, London. She is a promising writer.

ROWE, MRS. H. C., resides at Bangor, Maine.

SAXE, JOHN GODFREY, was born at Highgate, Vermont, in 1816. He has written much poetry, chiefly of a humorous character, and has also made some valuable translations.

SCOTT, SIR WALTER, was born in Edinburgh, August 15th, 1771. When very young he read Percey's *Reliques*, gathering from it poetic inspiration; and at the early age of twelve he began to try his hand at verse. Determining to do for Scotland what Maria Edgeworth had done for Ireland, he gathered the legendary lore of his native land from its old ballads, romances, and tales of feudalism and highland bravery, and, with wonderful skill and most exquisite description of natural scenery, inwrought them in his poems and novels. The *Lay of the Last Minstrel*, *Marmion*, *The Lady of the Lake*, with *Ivanhoe*, *Guy Mannering*, *The Heart of Mid Lothian*, and *Rob Roy*, comprise only a very small portion of his vast contribution to the literary store of the world. His name was not at first prefixed to the *Waverly*, the first of his tales by that name, for fear that his poetic fame might suffer; but the applause with which it was received soon proved that the caution was unnecessary. Still, the name *Waverly* was affixed to the long line of novels that followed. In February, 1830, his health began to fail, and upon the 21st of September, 1832, he breathed his last.

SEWARD, WILLIAM HENRY, was born in Orange County, New York, May 16th, 1801. He was Governor of New York, for many years a member of the United States Senate, and was Secretary of State under Presidents Lincoln and Johnson. When in very feeble health he made a journey round the world, and embodied his observations in a book, which has appeared since his death.

SHAKESPEARE, WILLIAM, was born at Stratford on Avon, in the county of Warwick, England, April 23d, 1564. As a dramatic writer he has never been equaled in any land or at any time; and the versatility of his knowledge and his skill in delineation have been the wonder of the world for a century past. He died April 23d, 1616.

SHELLEY, PERCY BYSSHE, the son of a baronet of England, Sir Timothy Shelley, of Castle Garring, was born August 4th, 1792. While yet a school-boy, he seemed to have an equal attachment for poetry and metaphysics, and nearly every page of his writings gives evidence of the strange union. His idealisms are sometimes grandly beautiful, sometimes ghastly repulsive. He met an accidental death by drowning, off the coast of Italy, in 1822.

SMITH, GERRIT, resides at Peterboro, New York. He has long been prominent as a philanthropist and pamphleteer, and has contributed extensively to journals of reform. He is now (1873) seventy-six years of age.

SMITH, HORACE, was born in London, in 1779. He was associated with his brother James in many literary works, mostly of a humorous character. *The Rejected Addresses*, a joint production of the brothers, consisted of clever imitations of Southey, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Scott, and Moore, with parodies on Crabbe, Cobbett, and others. Horace Smith died July 12th, 1849.

STEDMAN, EDMUND CLARENCE, was born in New York city in 1837. He has written *Alice of Monmouth*, *The Blameless Prince*, and many other poems.

STOWE, HARRIET BEECHER, daughter of Dr. Lyman Beecher and wife of Rev. Calvin E. Stowe, was born in Litchfield, Connecticut, in 1812. The story of *Uncle Tom's Cabin* first appeared in the *National Era*, but was soon after published in book form. In less than a year 200,000 copies were sold in America, and a half million in England. She is now writing for the *Christian Union*.

TALMAGE, REV. T. DEWITT, is a distinguished clergyman of Brooklyn, New York. He has written *Crumbs Swept Up*, and other books. His sermons have been published by the Harpers, and he contributes regularly for *The Methodist* and other periodicals.

TAYLOR, BAYARD, was born in Kennett Square, Chester County, Pennsylvania, in 1825. Besides producing many books of travel, he has written several romances and lengthy poems, and has made many valuable translations from the German.

TENNYSON, ALFRED, the present poet-laureate of England, was born at Somersby, Lincolnshire, in 1810. He gave promise of superior talent in youth, taking a prize for a poem while still an under-graduate. The



SKETCHES OF AUTHORS.

ALDRICH, THOMAS BAILEY, was born in Portsmouth, New Hampshire, in 1836. He is the author of *When the Sultan goes to Ispahan*, *The Face against the Pane*, etc.

AUGUSTA, CLARA, has written stories and humorous sketches for the *New York Ledger*, and other periodicals.

AYTOUN, WILLIAM EDMONSTONE, was born in Edinburgh, 1813. For many years he occupied the chair of Rhetoric and Belles-Lettres in the Edinburgh University, but is now a parliamentary solicitor in London. He has written much fine martial poetry, among which may be named the *Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers*. He has also attained a just celebrity in satirical and humorous composition, both in prose and verse, and has made many fine translations from the German and the Danish. From the latter language, *King Rene's Daughter* has attracted most attention.

BAYLY, THOMAS HAYNES, was born near Bath, England, in 1797. He wrote many very popular songs.

BEECHER, REV. HENRY WARD, was born at Litchfield, Connecticut, in 1813. He graduated at Amherst College in 1834, and studied theology under his father, Dr. Lyman Beecher. For more than a quarter of a century he has been pastor of Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, and is justly placed at the head of pulpit orators in this country. He has written various books, among which are *Lectures to Young Men*, *Star Papers*, *Yale Lectures on Preaching*, *Norwood*, etc.; but his most elaborate work is the *Life of Jesus the Christ*. He is the nominal editor of the *Christian Union*.

BOKER, GEORGE HENRY, was born in Philadelphia in 1824. His contribution to our poetic literature during the war was very creditable.

and his Oriental poem, *Prince Adeb*, and the *Ballad of Sir John Franklin*, are justly popular.

BONAR, HORATIUS, D. D., was born in Scotland in 1810. His writings are principally of a religious character.

BOSTWICK, HELEN BARRON, is a native of Charleston, New Hampshire. Of her writings, W. D. Howells—an acute critic—remarks: “I bestow upon Mrs. Bostwick a sincere praise that need not waste itself in compliment. Her choice of words is rich and felicitous; her rhyme is rich and full; her verse is always sweet and harmonious. With extreme warmth and color of style, her thought is always delicate and womanly. Her poems betray the study of the best authors in our language, without being the less original. She is a favorite contributor for many literary journals; her only published books as yet being charming bouquets for the little folks, whom she has the happiest faculty of interesting.” Mrs. Bostwick’s present home is Cleveland, Ohio.

BOSWELL, REV. JAMES I., is a native of Philadelphia, a graduate of Dickinson College, and a member of the New Jersey Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

BROWNING, ELIZABETH BARRETT, was born in England in 1809. She was educated with great care, and gave very early proofs of genius, beginning to write, both in prose and verse, at ten years of age. She was married in 1846 to Mr. Robert Browning. She resided for several years in Italy. In 1848, Mrs. Browning witnessed the revolutionary outbreak, and this furnished the theme for her poem *Casa Guidi Windows*. She was greatly interested in the unification of Italy, but died in 1861, nearly ten years before its accomplishment. She is buried at Florence.

BROWNING, ROBERT, born at Camberwell, England, in 1812. He was educated at the London University, and is one of the most eminent poets of the day.

BRYANT, WILLIAM CULLEN, our unrivaled poet of nature, was born at Cummington, Massachusetts, November, 1797. With wonderful precocity he published translations from the Latin poets at ten years of age; and, when only thirteen, wrote *The Embargo*, a political satire, which was so successful that a second edition was called for in a few months. He was educated at Williams College, and for some years practiced law, relinquishing his profession, finally, to engage his time more fully in literary pursuits. Perhaps nothing more beautiful than *Thanatopsis* and the *Forest Hymn* have been written. When more than seventy-five years of age, he prepared a translation of the *Iliad* of Homer, which is said to be the best made in the English language. Mr. Bryant has been editor of the *New York Evening Post* for nearly fifty years.

Bugle Song is universally conceded to be the most exquisite specimen of lyrical poetry in our language. *Locksley Hall* is the most finished of all his more extended poems. Mr. Tennyson is known and loved as much in America as in England.

TROWBRIDGE, JOHN TOWNSEND, otherwise known as "Paul Creyton" and "Father Brighthopes," was born in Ogden, Monroe County, New York, in 1827. He is a versatile writer. *Darius Green and his Flying Machine* is inimitable in its rollicking humor, while the most touching pathos is found in the *Vagabonds*. He is now chief editor of that very excellent magazine, *Our Young Folks*.

THORNE, OLIVE, resides in Chicago. She writes for many periodicals.

TWAIN, MARK (Clemens, Samuel Langhorne), was born at Florida, Missouri, in 1835. He is a humorous writer of great popularity. *The Innocents Abroad, or the New Pilgrim's Progress* has had a great sale in this country; while in England, where it was published under the name of Mark Twain's *Travels on the Continent*, the demand has scarcely been less. He has been editor of the *Daily Alto*, California, the *Daily Express*, Buffalo, New York, and co-editor of *The Galaxy*.

WALLER, JOHN FRANCIS, was born at Limerick, Ireland, in 1810, and graduated at Trinity College in that city in 1831. He is a member of the Irish bar.

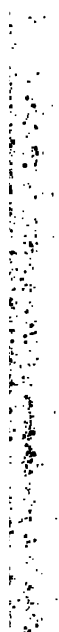
WELBY, AMELIA, was born in Maryland in 1821.

WHITTIER, JOHN GREENLEAF, was born at Haverhill, Massachusetts, in 1807. He is a stanch Quaker, an ardent lover of nature, an enthusiastic reformer, and an intense patriot; and these points of individualism are very clearly seen in his writings.

WILLIAMS, REV. DWIGHT, is upon the editorial staff of the *Northern Christian Advocate*. He has written many fine poems.

THE END.









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